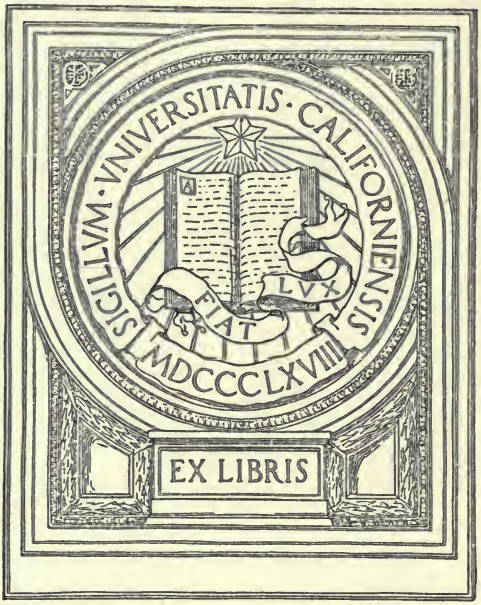
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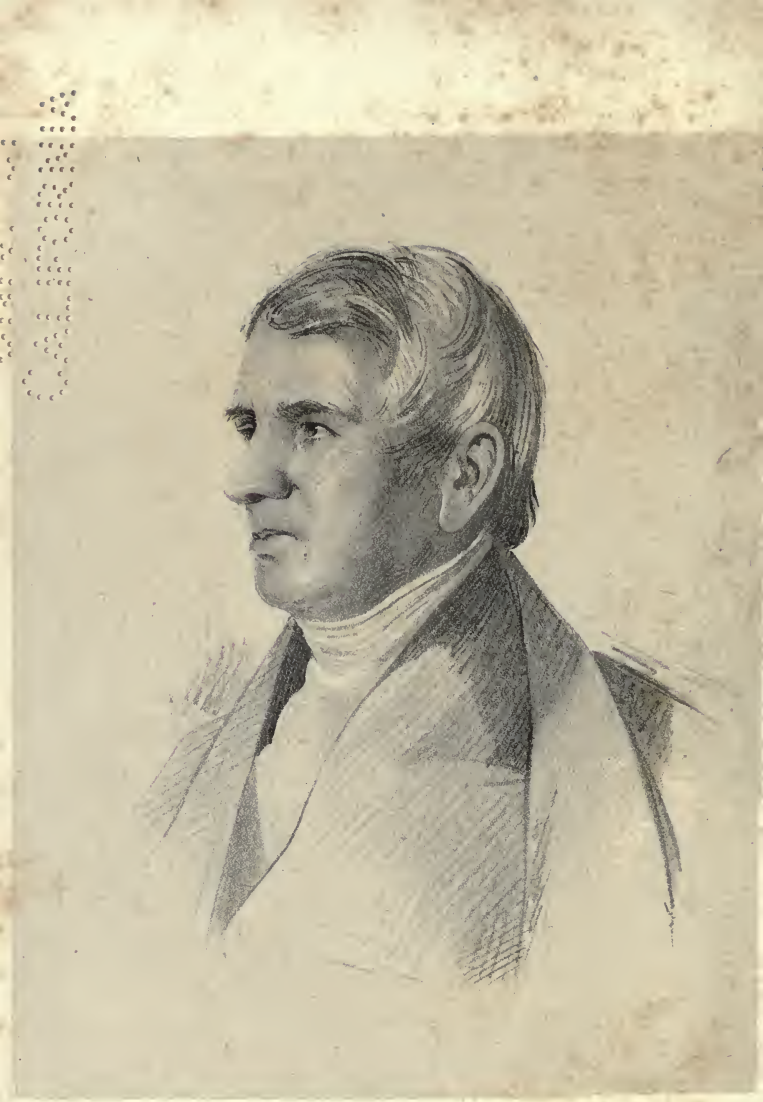

Bernard Barlow

I. Sanders lith. Phila

MEMOIR,

LETTERS, AND POEMS

OF

BERNARD BARTON.

EDITED

BY HIS DAUGHTER.

PHILADELPHIA:
LINDSAY AND BLAKISTON.
1850.

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mem

STEREOTYPED BY J. FAGAN.

PRINTED BY C. SHERMAN.

TO

MR. AND MRS. SHAWE,

OF

KESGRAVE HALL, SUFFOLK,

THE FRIENDS OF HER DEAR FATHER,

This Little Book is Dedicated,

WITH GRATEFUL AND AFFECTIONATE REGARD,

BY

THE EDITOR.

M185236

PREFACE.

In compiling the present little volume, it has been the wish of the Editor in some measure to carry out her dearest Father's favourite but unfulfilled design of an autobiography. It is with reference to this that both the Poems and Letters have been selected; and she begs to return her grateful thanks to the Publishers of his respective volumes, Messrs. Hatchard, Parker, Baldwin, Holdsworth, and Boys, for the readiness with which they have granted her the freedom of selecting what seemed most desirable;—to Mr. Orr, for the kindness which has permitted her to avail herself of his purchased right in some of the Poems:—and to Messrs. Virtue, for the liberality with which she has been allowed to glean so largely from his last published volume, "The Household Verses."*

* It is due to the Publishers of this last-named work to state, that the following Poems from its pages will be found in the present volume:—Sonnet to a Friend never yet seen, but corresponded with for above twenty years. To the Memory of Elizabeth Hodgkin.

It has been deemed allowable to give the Poems that general revision which they might have undergone from their Author, had he lived to re-publish them; a need of revision and condensation being evident to the Editor herself, and to some others, of whose advice and assistance she has not hesitated to avail herself.

The Ivy,—The Valley of Fern,—Stanzas written in the grounds of Martin Cole,—and some others, are given quite unaltered; being already so well known and liked by many persons in their original shape. In some instances the moral has been retrenched from the story, or the reflections from the scene that originated them, when those reflections and moral were obvious enough to suggest themselves, or were repeated in some better form elsewhere; as in the case of Great Bealings Churchyard, Bethesda, &c.

The great bulk of the Poems is religious; but

Selborne, a Sonnet. The Shunammite Woman. Memorial of John Scott. To the B. B. Schooner, on seeing her sail down the Deben for Liverpool. Sonnet to the Sister of an old Schoolfellow. Triplets for Truth's Sake. A Thought. Verses, suggested by a very curious Old Room at the Tankard, Ipswich. Faith, Hope, and Charity. Sonnets written at Burstal. John Evelyn. Orford Castle. The Departed. On a Drawing of Norwich Market-place, by Cotman, taken in 1807. To the Deben. To a very young Housewife.

there are not wanting those of a lighter character, which will be found to be the wholesome relaxation of a pure, good, and essentially religious mind. These may succeed each other as gracefully and beneficently as April sunshine and showers over the meadow. So indeed such moods followed in his own mind, and were so revealed in his domestic intercourse.

The Letters are none of them of a very distant date; few early ones having been preserved, and where preserved, possessing less interest than those of a later date. They have been chosen, so far as it was possible, from various correspondents, and are arranged, for brevity's sake, not in exact chronological order as regards *all* the correspondents, but only as regards each. They are not connected by Memoir, because few of them are found to relate to the passing events of life, but rather contain recollections of that which is already past; or, tell in his own way, what he thought and felt on subjects of the greatest interest to him. They are of various moods, on various subjects, but, like the Poems, at one with each other in this, they always reveal a heart which, though often playful and humorous, like Wordsworth's good old Matthew; like him, too, could never once be said to "go astray."

The Editor owes especial thanks to such of her dearest Father's correspondents, who, by kindly placing his letters at her disposal, have in great measure supplied to her the material by which she has been enabled to lay before her readers his own opinions in his own words.

That feeling which has made the Editor entirely unequal to write that part of the volume more directly biographical keeps her silent upon it here. She has intrusted it to one who knew her Father well, and on whom she can rely for an impartial relation of his history. It has been more amply detailed than it would have been for the public only, at her request, in order to satisfy many subscribers to whom the account of his life was likely to be especially interesting.

LUCY BARTON.

Woodbridge, August 14th, 1849.

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MEMOIR

OF

BERNARD BARTON.

[FROM A LETTER OF BERNARD BARTON'S.]

"2 *mo*, 11, 1839.

"THY cordial approval of my brother John's hearty wish to bring us back to the simple habits of the olden time, induces me to ask thee if I mentioned in either of my late letters the curious old papers he stumbled on in hunting through the repositories of our late excellent spinster sister? I quite forget whether I did or not; so I will not at a venture repeat all the items. But he found an inventory of the goods and chattels of our great-grandfather, John Barton of Ive-Gill, a little hamlet about five or seven miles from Carlisle; by which it seems our progenitor was one of those truly patriarchal personages, a Cumbrian statesman — living on his own little estate, and drawing from it all things needful for himself and his family. I will be bound for it my good brother was more gratified at finding his earliest traceable ancestor such a one than if he had found him in the college of heralds with *gules purpure* and argent emblazoned as his bearings. The total amount of his stock, independent of house, land, and any money he might have, seems by the valuation to have been £61 6*s*., and the copy of his admission to his little estate gives the fine as £5, so that I

suppose its annual value was then estimated at £2 15*s*. This was about a century back. Yet this man was the chief means of building the little chapel in the dale, still standing. (He was a churchman.) I doubt not he was a fine simple-hearted, noble-minded yeoman, in his day, and I am very proud of him. Why did his son, my grandfather, after whom I was named, ever leave that pleasant dale, and go and set up a manufactory in Carlisle; inventing a piece of machinery* for which he had a medal from the Royal Society?—so says Pennant. Methinks he had better have abode in the old grey stone slate-covered homestead on the banks of that pretty brooklet the Ive! But I bear his name, so I will not quarrel with his memory."

Thus far Bernard Barton traces the history of his family. And it appears that, as his grandfather's mechanical genius drew him away from the pastoral life at Ive-Gill, so his father, who was of a literary turn, reconciled himself with difficulty to the manufactory he inherited at Carlisle. "I always," he wrote, "perused a Locke, an Addison, or a Pope, with delight,† and ever sat down to my ledger with a sort of disgust;" and he at one time determined to quit a business in which he had been "neither successfully nor agreeably engaged," and become "a minister of some sect of religion—it will *then* be time," he says, "to determine of what sect, when I am enabled to judge of their respective merits. But this I will freely confess to you, that if there be any one of them, the tenets of which are more favourable to rational religion than the one in which I have been brought up, I shall be so far from thinking it a crime, that I cannot but consider it my duty to embrace it." This, however, was written when he was very young. He never gave up business, but changed one business for another, and shifted the scene of its transaction. His re-

* The manufactory was one of calico-printing. The "piece of machinery" is thus described by Pennant:—"Saw at Mr. Bernard Barton's a pleasing sight of twelve little girls spinning at once at a horizontal wheel, which set twelve bobbins in motion; yet so contrived, that should any accident happen to one, the motion of that might be stopped without any impediment to the others."

† See an amusing account of his portrait, with his favourite books about him, painted about this time, Letter I. of this Collection.

ligious inquiries led to a more decided result. He very soon left the Church of England, and became a member of the Society of Friends.

About the same time he married a Quaker lady, Mary Done, of a Cheshire family. She bore him several children: but only three lived to maturity; two daughters, of whom the elder, Maria, distinguished herself, afterward, as the author of many useful children's books under her married name, Hack; and one son, Bernard, the poet, who was born January 31, 1784.

Shortly before Bernard's birth, however, John Barton had removed to London, where he engaged in something of the same business he had quitted at Carlisle, but where he probably found society and interests more suited to his taste. I do not know whether he ever acted as minister in his Society; but his name appears on one record of their most valuable endeavours. The Quakers had from the very time of George Fox distinguished themselves by their opposition to slavery: a like feeling had gradually been growing up in other quarters of England; and in 1787 a mixed committee of twelve persons was appointed to promote the Abolition of the Slave-trade; Wilberforce engaging to second them with all his influence in parliament. Among these twelve stands the name of John Barton, in honourable companionship with that of Thomas Clarkson.

"I lost my mother," again writes B. B., "when I was only a few days old; and my father married again in my infancy so wisely and so happily, that I knew not but his second wife was my own mother, till I learned it years after at a boarding school." The name of this amiable step-mother was Elizabeth Horne; a Quaker also; daughter of a merchant, who, with his house in London and villa at Tottenham, was an object of B. B.'s earliest regard and latest recollection. "Some of my first recollections," he wrote fifty years after, "are looking out of his parlour windows at Bankside on the busy Thames, with its ever-changing scene, and the dome of St. Paul's rising out of the smoke on the other side of the river. But my most delightful recollections of boyhood are connected with the fine old country-house in a green lane diverging from the high road which runs through

Tottenham. I would give seven years of life as it now is, for a week of that which I then led. It was a large old house, with an iron palisade and a pair of iron gates in front, and a huge stone eagle on each pier. Leading up to the steps by which you went up to the hall door, was a wide gravel walk, bordered in summer time by huge tubs, in which were orange and lemon trees, and in the centre of the grass-plot stood a tub yet huger, holding an enormous aloe. The hall itself, to my fancy then lofty and wide as a cathedral would seem now, was a famous place for battledore and shuttlecock; and behind was a garden, equal to that of old Alcinous himself. My favourite walk was one of turf by a long strait pond, bordered with lime-trees. But the whole demesne was the fairy ground of my childhood; and its presiding genius was grandpapa. He must have been a handsome man in his youth, for I remember him at nearly eighty, a very fine looking one, even in the decay of mind and body. In the morning a velvet cap; by dinner, a flaxen wig; and features always expressive of benignity and placid cheerfulness. When he walked out into the garden, his cocked hat and amber-headed cane completed his costume. To the recollection of this delightful personage, I am, I think, indebted for many soothing and pleasing associations with old age."

John Barton did not live to see the only child — a son — that was born to him by this second marriage. He had some time before quitted London, and taken partnership in a malting business at Hertford, where he died in the prime of life. After his death his widow returned to Tottenham, and there with her son and step-children continued for some time to reside.

In due time, Bernard was sent to a much-esteemed Quaker school at Ipswich: returning always to spend his holidays at Tottenham. When fourteen years old, he was apprenticed to Mr. Samuel Jesup, a shopkeeper at Halstead in Essex. "There I stood," he writes, "for eight years behind the counter of the corner shop at the top of Halstead Hill, kept to this day" (Nov. 9, 1828) "by my old master, and still worthy uncle, S. Jesup."

In 1806 he went to Woodbridge: and a year after married

Lucy Jesup, the niece of his former master, and entered into partnership with her brother as coal and corn merchant. But she died a year after marriage, in giving birth to the only child, who now survives them both; and he, perhaps sickened with the scene of his blighted love,* and finding, like his father, that

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* The following verses were published in his first volume:—

O thou from earth for ever fled!
Whose reliques lie among the dead,
With daisied verdure overspread,
My Lucy!

For many a weary day gone by,
How many a solitary sigh
I've heaved for thee, no longer nigh,
My Lucy!

And if to grieve I cease awhile,
I look for that enchanting smile
Which all my cares could once beguile,
My Lucy!

But ah! in vain — the blameless art
Which used to soothe my troubled heart
Is lost with thee, my better part,
My Lucy.

Thy converse, innocently free,
That made the fiends of fancy flee,
Ah then I feel the want of thee,
My Lucy!

Nor is it for myself alone
That I thy early death bemoan;
Our infant now is *all my own*,
My Lucy!

Couldst thou a guardian angel prove
To the dear offspring of our love,
Until it reach the realms above,
My Lucy!

he had less taste for the ledger than for literature, almost directly quitted Woodbridge, and engaged himself as private tutor in the family of Mr. Waterhouse, a merchant in Liverpool. There Bernard Barton had some family connexions; and there also he was kindly received and entertained by the Roscoe family, who were old acquaintances of his father and mother.

After a year's residence in Liverpool, he returned to Woodbridge, and there became clerk in Messrs. Alexander's bank—a kind of office which secures certain, if small, remuneration, without any of the anxiety of business; and there he continued for forty years, working till within two days of his death.

He had always been fond of books; was one of the most active members of a Woodbridge Book Club, which he only quitted a month or two before he died; and had written and sent to his friends occasional copies of verse. In 1812 he published his first volume of poems, called "Metrical Effusions," and began a correspondence with Southey, who continued to give him most kind and wise advice for many years. A complimentary copy of verses which he had addressed to the author of the "Queen's Wake," (just then come into notice,) brought him

---

Could thy angelic spirit stray,
Unseen companion of my way,
As onward drags the weary day,
My Lucy!

And when the midnight hour shall close
Mine eyes in short unsound repose,
Couldst thou but whisper off my woes,
My Lucy!

Then, though my loss I must deplore,
Till next we meet to part no more
I'd wait the grasp that from me tore
My Lucy!

For, be my life but spent like thine,
With joy shall I that life resign,
And fly to thee for ever mine,
My Lucy!

long and vehement letters from the Ettrick Shepherd, full of thanks to Barton and praises of himself; and along with all this, a tragedy "that will astonish the world ten times more than the 'Queen's Wake' has done," a tragedy with so many characters in it of equal importance "that justice cannot be done it in Edinburgh," and therefore the author confidentially intrusts it to Bernard Barton to get it represented in London. Theatres, and managers of theatres, being rather out of the Quaker poet's way, he called into council Capel Lofft, with whom he also corresponded, and from whom he received flying visits in the course of Lofft's attendance at the county sessions. Lofft took the matter into consideration, and promised all assistance, but on the whole dissuaded Hogg from trying London managers; he himself having sent them three tragedies of his own; and others by friends of "transcendant merit, equal to Miss Baillie's," all of which had fallen on barren ground.*

In 1818 Bernard Barton published by subscription a thin 4to volume — "Poems by an Amateur," — and shortly afterward appeared under the auspices of a London publisher in a volume of "Poems," which, being favourably reviewed in the Edinburgh, reached a fourth edition by 1825. In 1822 came out his "Napoleon," which he managed to get dedicated and presented to George the Fourth. And now being launched upon the public with a favouring gale, he pushed forward with an eagerness that was little to his ultimate advantage. Between 1822 and 1828 he published five volumes of verse. Each of these contained many pretty poems; but many that were very hasty, and written more as task-work, when the mind was already wearied with the desk-labours of the day;† not waiting for the occasion to suggest, nor the im-

* This was not B. B's nearest approach to theatrical honours. In 1822, (just after the Review on him in the Edinburgh,) his niece Elizabeth Hack writes to him, "Aunt Lizzy tells us, that when one of the Sharps was at Paris some little time ago, there was a party of English actors performing plays. One night he was in the theatre, and an actor of the name of Barton was announced, when the audience called out to inquire if it was the Quaker poet."

† The "Poetic Vigils," published in 1824, have (he says in the Preface) "at least this claim to the title given them, that they are the production of hours snatched from recreation or repose."

pulse to improve. Of this he was warned by his friends, and of the danger of making himself too cheap with publishers and the public. But the advice of others had little weight in the hour of success with one so inexperienced and so hopeful as himself. And there was in Bernard Barton a certain boyish impetuosity in pursuit of anything he had at heart, that age itself scarcely could subdue. Thus it was with his correspondence; and thus it was with his poetry. He wrote always with great facility, almost unretarded by that worst labour of correction; for he was not fastidious himself about exactness of thought or of harmony of numbers, and he could scarce comprehend why the public should be less easily satisfied. Or if he did labour — and labour he did at that time — still it was at task-work of a kind he liked. He loved poetry for its own sake, whether to read or to compose, and felt assured that he was employing his own talent in the cause of virtue and religion,* and the blameless affections of men. No doubt he also liked praise; though not in any degree proportional to his eagerness in publishing; but inversely, rather. Very vain men are seldom so careless in the production of that from which they expect their reward. And Barton soon seemed to forget one book in the preparation of another; and in time to forget the contents of all, except a few pieces that arose more directly from his heart, and so naturally attached themselves to his memory. And there was in him one great sign of the absence of any inordinate vanity—the total want of envy. He was quite as anxious others should publish as himself; would never believe there could be too much poetry abroad; would scarce admit a fault in the verses of others, whether private friends or public authors, though after a while (as in his own case) his mind silently and unconsciously adopted only what was good in them. A much more likely motive for this mistaken activity of publication is, the desire to add to the slender income of his clerkship. For Bernard Barton was a generous, and not a provident man; and, few and modest as were his wants, he did not usually manage to square them to the still narrower limit of his means.

* "The Devotional Verses" (1827) were begun with a very serious intention, and seem written carefully throughout, as became the subject.

But apart from all these motives, the preparation of a book was amusement and excitement to one who had little enough of it in the ordinary routine of daily life: treaties with publishers — arrangements of printing—correspondence with friends on the subject—and, when the little volume was at last afloat, watching it for a while somewhat as a boy watches a paper boat committed to the sea.

His health appears to have suffered from his exertions. He writes to friends complaining of low spirits, head-ache, &c., the usual effect of sedentary habits, late hours, and overtasked brain. Charles Lamb advises after his usual fashion: some grains of sterling available truth amid a heap of jests.* Southey replies more gravely, in a letter that should be read and marked by every student.

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* "You are too much apprehensive about your complaint. I know many that are always ailing of it, and live on to a good old age. I know a merry fellow (you partly know him) who, when his medical adviser told him he had drunk away all *that part*, congratulated himself (now his liver was gone) that he should be the longest liver of the two. The best way in these cases is to keep yourself as ignorant as you can — as ignorant as the world was before Galen — of the entire inner constructions of the animal man; not to be conscious of a midriff; to hold kidneys (save of sheep and swine) to be an agreeable fiction; not to know whereabouts the gall grows; to account the circulation of the blood a mere idle whim of Harvey's; to acknowledge no mechanism not visible. For, once fix the seat of your disorder, and your fancies flux into it like so many bad humours. Those medical gentry choose each his favourite part, one takes the lungs—another the aforesaid liver, and refers to that whatever in the animal economy is amiss. Above all, use exercise, take a little more spirituous liquors, learn to smoke, continue to keep a good conscience, and avoid tamperings with hard terms of art — viscosity, schirrosity, and those bugbears by which simple patients are scared into their graves. Believe the general sense of the mercantile world, which holds that desks are not deadly. It is the mind, good B. B., and not the limbs, that taints by long sitting. Think of the patience of tailors — think how long the Lord Chancellor sits — think of the brooding hen."

Keswick, 27 *Jan.*, 1822.

"I am much pleased with the 'Poet's Lot' — no, not with his lot, but with the verses in which he describes it. But let me ask you — are you not pursuing your studies intemperately, and to the danger of your health? To be 'writing long after midnight' and 'with a miserable head-ache' is what no man can do with impunity; and what no pressure of business, no ardour of composition, has ever made me do. I beseech you, remember the fate of Kirke White; — and remember that if you sacrifice your health (not to say your life) in the same manner, you will be held up to your own community as a warning—not as an example for imitation. The spirit which disturbed poor Scott of Amwell in his last illness will fasten upon your name; and your fate will be instanced to prove the inconsistency of your pursuits with that sobriety and evenness of mind which Quakerism requires, and is intended to produce.—

"You will take this as it is meant I am, sure.

"My friend, go early to bed;—and if you eat suppers, read afterwards, but never compose, that you may lie down with a quiet intellect. There is an intellectual as well as a religious peace of mind; — and without the former, be assured there can be no health for a poet. God bless you.

Yours very truly,

R. SOUTHEY."

Mr. Barton had even entertained an idea of quitting the bank altogether, and trusting to his pen for subsistence.—An unwise scheme in all men: most unwise in one who had so little tact with the public as himself. From this, however, he was fortunately diverted by all the friends to whom he communicated his design.* Charles Lamb thus wrote to him:—

---

* So long ago as the date of his first volume he had written to Lord Byron on the subject; who thus answered him: —

"*St. James's Street, June* 1, 1812.

"SIR,

The most satisfactory answer to the concluding part of your letter is, that Mr. Murray will re-publish your volume if you still retain

"*9th January*, 1823.

"Throw yourself on the world without any rational plan of support beyond what the chance employ of booksellers would afford you!!!

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your inclination for the experiment, which I trust will be successful. Some weeks ago my friend Mr. Rogers showed me some of the Stanzas in MS., and I then expressed my opinion of their merit, which a further perusal of the printed volume has given me no reason to revoke. I mention this as it may not be disagreeable to you to learn that I entertained a very favourable opinion of your power before I was aware that such sentiments were reciprocal.——Waiving your obliging expressions as to my own productions, for which I thank you very sincerely, and assure you that I think not lightly of the praise of one whose approbation is valuable; will you allow me to talk to you candidly, not critically, on the subject of yours?—You will not suspect me of a wish to discourage, since I pointed out to the publisher the propriety of complying with your wishes. I think more highly of your poetical talents than it would perhaps gratify you to hear expressed, for I believe, from what I observe of your mind, that you are above flattery.—To come to the point, you deserve success; but we knew before Addison wrote his Cato, that desert does not always command it. But suppose it attained—

> 'You know what ills the author's life assail,
> Toil, envy, want, the *patron*, and the jail.'—

Do not renounce writing, but never trust entirely to authorship. If you have a profession, retain it, it will be like Prior's fellowship, a last and sure resource.—Compare Mr. Rogers with other authors of the day; assuredly he is among the first of living poets, but is it to that he owes his station in society and his intimacy in the best circles? no, it is to his prudence and respectability. The world (a bad one I own) courts him because he has no occasion to court it.—He is a poet, nor is he less so because he was something more.—I am not sorry to hear that you are not tempted by the vicinity of Capel Lofft, Esq., though if he had done for you what he has for the Bloomfields I should never have laughed at his rage for patronizing.—But a truly well constituted mind will ever be independent.—That you may be so is my sincere wish; and if others think as well of your poetry as I do, you will have no cause to complain of your readers.—Believe me,

Your obliged and obedient Servant,

BYRON."

"Throw yourself rather, my dear Sir, from the steep Tarpeian rock, slap-dash headlong upon iron spikes. If you have but five consolatory minutes between the desk and the bed, make much of them, and live a century in them, rather than turn slave to the booksellers. They are Turks and Tartars when they have poor authors at their beck. Hitherto you have been at arm's length from them. Come not within their grasp. I have known many authors want for bread — some repining — others enjoying the blest security of a counting-house — all agreeing they would rather have been tailors, weavers, — what not? — rather than the things they were. I have known some starved, some to go mad, one dear friend literally dying in a workhouse. You know not what a rapacious, dishonest set these booksellers are. Ask even Southey, who (a single case almost) has made a fortune by book-drudgery, what he has found them. O you know not, may you never know! the miseries of subsisting by authorship! 'T is a pretty appendage to a situation like yours or mine; but a slavery worse than all slavery, to be a bookseller's dependant, to drudge your brains for pots of ale and breasts of mutton, to change your free thoughts and voluntary numbers for ungracious task-work. The booksellers hate us. The reason I take to be, that, contrary to other trades, in which the master gets all the credit, (a jeweller or silversmith for instance,) and the journeyman, who really does the fine work, is in the background: in *our* work the world gives all the credit to *us*, whom *they* consider as *their* journeymen, and therefore do they hate us, and cheat us, and oppress us, and would wring the blood out of us, to put another sixpence in their mechanic pouches.

* * * * * *

"Keep to your bank, and the bank will keep you. Trust not to the public: you may hang, starve, drown yourself for any thing that worthy personage cares. I bless every star that Providence, not seeing good to make me independent, has seen it next good to settle me upon the stable foundation of Leadenhall. Sit down, good B. B., in the banking office: what! is there not from six to eleven, P. M., six days in the week, and is there not all Sunday? Fie! what a superfluity of man's time, if you could think so! Enough for relaxation, mirth, converse, poetry, good thoughts, quiet

thoughts. O the corroding, torturing, tormenting thoughts that disturb the brain of the unlucky wight, who must draw upon it for daily sustenance! Henceforth I retract all my fond complaints of mercantile employment — look upon them as lovers' quarrels. I was but half in earnest. Welcome dead timber of a desk that gives me life. A little grumbling is a wholesome medicine for the spleen, but in my inner heart do I approve and embrace this our close but unharassing way of life. I am quite serious.

Yours truly,

C. LAMB."

In 1824, however, his income received a handsome addition from another quarter. A few members of his Society, including some of the wealthier of his own family, raised £1200 among them for his benefit. Mr. Shewell of Ipswich, who was one of the main contributors to this fund, writes to me that the scheme originated with Joseph John Gurney:—"one of those innumerable acts of kindness and beneficence which marked his character, and the *measure* of which will never be known upon the earth." Nor was the measure of it known in this instance; for of the large sum that he handed in as the subscription of several, Mr. Shewell thinks he was "a larger donor than he chose to acknowledge." The money thus raised was vested in the name of Mr. Shewell, and its yearly interest paid to Bernard Barton; till, in 1839, the greater part of it was laid out in buying that old house and the land around it, which Mr. Barton so much loved as the habitation of his wife's mother, Martha Jesup.*

It seems that he felt some delicacy at first in accepting this munificent testimony which his own people offered to his talents. But here again Lamb assisted him with plain, sincere, and wise advice.

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* See Letter to Mrs. Sutton, p. 77.

"*March 24th*, 1824.

"Dear B. B.,

I hasten to say that if my opinion can strengthen you in your choice, it is decisive for your acceptance of what has been so handsomely offered. I can see nothing injurious to your most honourable sense. Think that you are called to a poetical ministry — nothing worse — the minister is worthy of his hire.

"The only objection I feel is founded on a fear that the acceptance may be a temptation to you to let fall the bone (hard as it is) which is in your mouth, and must afford tolerable pickings, for the shadow of independence. You cannot propose to become independent on what the low state of interest could afford you from such a principal as you mention; and the most graceful excuse for the acceptance would be, that it left you free to your voluntary functions: that is the less *light* part of the scruple. It has no darker shade. I put in *darker*, because of the ambiguity of the word light, which Donne, in his admirable poem on the Metempsychosis, has so ingeniously illustrated in his invocation—

'Make my *dark heavy* poem *light* and *light*—'

where the two senses of *light* are opposed to different opposites. A trifling criticism. — I can see no reason for any scruple then but what arises from your own interest; which is in your own power, of course, to solve. If you still have doubts, read over Sanderson's 'Cases of Conscience,' and Jeremy Taylor's 'Ductor Dubitantium;' the first a moderate octavo, the latter a folio of nine hundred close pages: and when you have thoroughly digested the admirable reasons *pro* and *con* which they give for every possible case, you will be——just as wise as when you began. Every man is his own best casuist; and, after all, as Ephraim Smooth, in the pleasant comedy of Wild Oats, has it, 'There 's no harm in a guinea.' *A fortiori*, there is less in two thousand.

"I therefore most sincerely congratulate with you, excepting so far as excepted above. If you have fair prospects of adding

to the principal, cut the bank; but in either case, do not refuse an honest service. Your heart tells you it is not offered to bribe you *from* any duty, but *to* a duty which you feel to be your vocation.

Farewell heartily,

C. L."

While Mr. Barton had been busy publishing, his correspondence with literary people had greatly increased. The drawers and boxes which at last received the overflowings of his capacious Quaker pockets, (and he scarcely ever destroyed a letter,) contain a multitude of letters from literary people, dead or living. Beside those from Southey and Lamb, there are many from Charles Lloyd — simple, noble, and kind, telling of his many Poems—of a Romance in six volumes he was then copying out with his own hand for the seventh time; — from old Lloyd, the father, into whose hands Barton's letters occasionally fell by mistake, telling of his son's many books, but "that it is easier to write them than to gain numerous readers;"— from old Mr. Plumptre, who mourns the insensibility of publishers to his castigated editions of Gay and Dibdin — leaving one letter midway, to go to his "spring task of pruning the gooseberries and currants." There are also girlish letters from L. E. L.; and feminine ones from Mrs. Hemans. Of living authors there are many letters from Mitford, Bowring, Conder, Mrs. Opie, C. B. Tayler, the Howitts, &c.

Owing to Mr. Barton's circumstances, his connexion with most of these persons was solely by letter. He went indeed occasionally to Hadleigh, where Dr. Drake then flourished, and Mr. Tayler was curate; — to Mr. Mitford's at Benhall;* — and he

* Here is one of the notes that used to call B. B. to Benhall in those days.

"*Benhall*, 1820.

"My dear Poet,

We got your note to-day. We are at home and shall be glad to see you, but hope you will not swim here; in other words, we think it better that you should wait, till we can seat you under a chestnut and listen to your oracular sayings. We hope that, like

visited Charles Lamb once or twice in London and at Islington. He once also met Southey at Thomas Clarkson's at Playford, in the spring of 1824. But the rest of the persons whose letters I have just mentioned, I believe he never saw. And thus perhaps he acquired a habit of writing that supplied the place of personal intercourse. Confined to a town where there was but little stirring in the literary way, he naturally travelled out of it by letter, for communication on those matters; and this habit gradually extended itself to acquaintances not literary, whom he seemed as happy to converse with by letter as face to face. His correspondence with Mr. Clemesha arose out of their meeting once, and once only, by chance in the commercial room of an inn. And with Mrs. Sutton, who, beside other matters of interest, could tell him about the "North Countrie," from which his ancestors came, and which he always loved in fancy, (for he never saw it,) —he kept up a correspondence of nearly thirty years, though he and she never met to give form and substance to their visionary conceptions of one another.

From the year 1828, his books, as well as his correspondence with those "whose talk was of" books, declined; and soon after this he seemed to settle down contentedly into that quiet course of life in which he continued to the end. His literary talents, social amiability, and blameless character, made him respected, liked, and courted among his neighbours. Few, high or low, but were glad to see him at his customary place in the bank, from which he smiled a kindly greeting, or came down with

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your sister of the woods, you are in full song; she does not print, I think; we hope you do; seeing that you beat her in sense, though she has a little the advantage in melody Together you will make a pretty duet in our groves. You have both your defects; she devours glow-worms, you take snuff; she is in a great hurry to go away, and you are prodigious slow in arriving; she sings at night, when nobody can hear her, and you write for Ackermann, which nobody thinks of reading. In spite of all this, you will get a hundred a year from the king, and settle at Woodbridge; in another month, she will find no more flies, and set off for Egypt.

Truly yours,

J. M."

friendly open hand, and some frank words of family inquiry—perhaps with the offer of a pinch from his never-failing snuff-box — or the withdrawal of the visitor, if more intimate, to see some letter or copy of verses, just received or just composed, or some picture just purchased. Few, high or low, but were glad to have him at their tables; where he was equally pleasant and equally pleased, whether with the fine folks at the Hall, or with the homely company at the Farm; carrying every where indifferently the same good feeling, good spirits, and good manners; and by a happy frankness of nature, that did not too precisely measure its utterance on such occasions, checkering the conventional gentility of the drawing-room with some humours of humbler life, which in turn he refined with a little sprinkling of literature. — Now too, after having long lived in a house that was just big enough to sit and sleep in, while he was obliged to board with the ladies of a Quaker school over the way,* he obtained a convenient house of his own, where he got his books and pictures about him. But, more than all this, his daughter was now grown up to be his housekeeper and companion. And amiable as Bernard Barton was in social life, his amiability in this little *tête à tête* household of his was yet a fairer thing to behold; so completely was all authority absorbed into confidence, and into love—

> 'A constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
> Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks
> That humour interposed too often makes,"

but gliding on uninterruptedly for twenty years, until death concealed its current from all human witness.

In earlier life Bernard Barton had been a fair pedestrian; and was fond of walking over to the house of his friend Arthur

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* Where he writes a letter one day, but he knows not if intelligibly; "for all hands are busy around me to clap, to starch, to iron, to plait—in plain English, 'tis washing-day; and I am now writing close to a table on which is a basin of starch, caps, kerchiefs, &c., and busy hands and tongues round it."

Biddell at Playford. There, beside the instructive and agreeable society of his host and hostess, he used to meet George Airy, now Astronomer Royal, then a lad of wonderful promise; with whom he had many a discussion about poetry, and Sir Walter's last new novel, a volume of which perhaps the poet had brought in his pocket. Mr. Biddell, at one time, lent him a horse to expedite his journeys to and fro, and to refresh him with some wholesome change of exercise. But of that Barton soon tired. He gradually got to dislike exercise very much; and no doubt greatly injured his health by its disuse. But it was not to be wondered at, that having spent the day in the uncongenial task of "figure-work," as he called it, he should covet his evenings for books, or verses, or social intercourse. It was very difficult to get him out even for a stroll in the garden after dinner, or along the banks of his favourite Deben on a summer evening. He would, after going a little way, with much humorous grumbling at the useless fatigue he was put to endure, stop short of a sudden, and, sitting down in the long grass by the river-side, watch the tide run past, and the well-known vessels gliding into harbour, or dropping down to pursue their voyage under the stars at sea, until his companions, returning from their prolonged walk, drew him to his feet again, to saunter homeward far more willingly than he set forth, with the prospect of the easy chair, the book, and the cheerful supper before him.

His excursions rarely extended beyond a few miles round Woodbridge — to the vale of Dedham, Constable's birth-place and painting-room; or to the neighbouring sea-coast, loved for its own sake—and few could love the sea and the heaths beside it better than he did — but doubly dear to him from its association with the memory and poetry of Crabbe. Once or twice he went as far as Hampshire on a visit to his brother; and once he visited Mr. W. B. Donne, at Mattishall, in Norfolk, where he saw many portraits and mementoes of his favourite poet Cowper, Mr. Donne's kinsman. That which most interested him there was Mrs. Bodham, ninety years old, and almost blind, but with all the courtesy of the old school about her—once the "Rose" whom Cowper had played with at Catfield

parsonage when both were children together, and whom until 1790, when she revived their acquaintance by sending him his mother's picture, he had thought "withered and fallen from the stalk." Such little excursions it might be absurd to record of other men; but they were some of the few that Bernard Barton could take, and from their rare occurrence, and the simplicity of his nature, they made a strong impression upon him.

He still continued to write verses, as well on private occasions as for annuals; and in 1836 published another volume, chiefly composed of such fragments. In 1845 came out his last volume; which he got permission to dedicate to the Queen. He sent also a copy of it to Sir Robert Peel, then prime minister, with whom he had already corresponded slightly on the subject of the income tax, which Mr. Barton thought pressed rather unduly on clerks, and others, whose narrow income was only for life. Sir Robert asked him to dinner at Whitehall.—"Twenty years ago," writes Barton, "such a summons had elated and exhilarated me — now I feel humbled and depressed at it. Why? — but that I verge on the period when the lighting down of the grasshopper is a burden, and desire itself begins to fail." — He went, however, and was sincerely pleased with the courtesy, and astonished at the social ease, of a man who had so many and so heavy cares on his shoulders. When the Quaker poet was first ushered into the room, there were but three guests assembled, of whom he little expected to know one. But the mutual exclamations of "George Airy!" and "Bernard Barton!" soon satisfied Sir Robert as to his country guest's feeling at home at the great town dinner.

On leaving office a year after, Sir Robert recommended him to the queen for an annual pension of £100: — one of the last acts, as the retiring minister intimated, of his official career, and one he should always reflect on with pleasure.—B. Barton gratefully accepted the boon. And to the very close of life he continued, after his fashion, to send letters and occasional poems to Sir Robert, and to receive a few kind words in reply.

In 1844 died Bernard's eldest sister, Maria Hack. She was five or six years older than himself; very like him in the face;

and had been his instructress ("a sort of oracle to me," he says) when both were children. "It is a heavy blow to me," he writes, "for Maria is almost the first human being I remember to have fondly loved, or been fondly loved by — the only living participant in my first and earliest recollections. When I lose her, I had almost as well never have been a child; for she only knew me as such — and the best and brightest of memories are apt to grow dim when they can no more be reflected." "She was just older enough than I," he elsewhere says, "to recollect distinctly what I have a confused glimmering of — about our house at Hertford—even of hers at Carlisle."

Mr. Barton had for many years been an *ailing* man, though he never was, I believe, *dangerously* ill (as it is called) till the last year of his life. He took very little care of himself; laughed at all rules of diet, except temperance; and had for nearly forty years, as he said, "taken almost as little exercise as a mile-stone, and far less fresh air." Some years before his death he had been warned of a liability to disease in the heart, an intimation he did not regard, as he never felt pain in that region. Nor did he to that refer the increased distress he began to feel in exertion of any kind, walking fast or going up-stairs, a distress which he looked upon as the disease of old age, and which he used to give vent to in half-humorous groans, that seemed to many of his friends rather expressive of his dislike to exercise, than implying any serious inconvenience from it. But probably the disease that partly arose from inactivity now became the true apology for it. During the last year of his life, too, some loss of his little fortune, and some perplexity in his affairs, not so distressing because of any present inconvenience to himself, as in the prospect of future evil to one whom he loved as himself, may have increased the disease within him, and hastened its final blow.

Toward the end of 1848 the evil symptoms increased much upon him; and shortly after Christmas, it was found that the disease was far advanced. He consented to have his diet regulated; protesting humorously against the small glass of small beer allowed him in place of the temperate allowance of generous port, or ale, to which he was accustomed. He fulfilled his

daily duty in the bank,* only remitting (as he was peremptorily bid) his attendance there after his four o'clock dinner.† And though not able to go out to his friends, he was glad to see them at his own house to the last.

Here is a letter, written a few days before his death, to one of his kindest and most hospitable friends.

"2 *mo*, 14, 1849.

"My dear old Friend,

Thy home-brewed has been duly received, and I drank a glass yesterday with relish, but I must not indulge too often —for I make slow way, if any, toward recovery, and at times go on puffing, panting, groaning, and making a variety of noises, not unlike a loco-motive at first starting; more to give vent to my own discomfort, than for the delectation of those around me. So I am not fit to go into company, and cannot guess when I shall. However, I am free from much acute suffering, and not so much hypp'd as might be forgiven in a man who has such trouble about his breathing that it naturally puts him on thinking how long he may be able to breathe at all. But if the hairs of one's head are numbered, so, by a parity of reasoning, are the puffs of our bellows. I write not in levity, though I use homely words. I do not think J—— sees any

* He had written of himself, some years before, "I shall go on making figures till Death makes me a cipher."

† For which he half accused himself as "*a skulker.*" And of late years, when the day account of the bank had not come quite right by the usual hour of closing, and it seemed necessary to carry on business late into the evening, he would sometimes come up wearied to his room, saying—"Well, we've got all right but a shilling, and I've left my boys" (as he called the younger clerks) "to puzzle that out." But even then he would get up from "Rob Roy," or the "Antiquary," every now and then, and go to peep through the curtain of a window that opens upon the back of the bank, and, if he saw the great gas-lamp flaming within, announce with a half comical sympathy, that they were still at it; or when the lamp was at last extinguished, would return to his chair more happily, now that his partners were liberated.

present cause of serious alarm, but I do not think he sees, on the other hand, much prospect of speedy recovery, if of entire recovery at all. The thing has been coming on for years; and cannot be cured at once, if at all. A man can't poke over desk or table for forty years without putting some of the machinery of the chest out of sorts. As the evenings get warm and light we shall see what gentle exercise and a little fresh air can do. In the last few days too I have been in solicitude about a little pet niece of mine dying, if not dead, at York: this has somewhat worried me, and agitation or excitement is as bad for me as work or quickness of motion. Yet, after all, I have really more to be thankful for than to grumble about. I have no very acute pain, a skeely doctor, a good nurse, kind solicitous friends, a remission of the worst part of my desk hours—so why should I fret? Love to the younkers.

Thine,

B."

On Monday, February 19, he was unable to get into the bank, having passed a very unquiet night — the first night of distress, he thankfully said, that his illness had caused him. He suffered during the day; but welcomed as usual the friends who came to see him as he lay on his sofa; and wrote a few *notes* — for his correspondence must now, as he had humorously lamented, become as short-breathed as himself. In the evening, at half-past eight, as he was yet conversing cheerfully with a friend, he rose up, went to his bed-room, and suddenly rang the bell. He was found by his daughter — dying. Assistance was sent for; but all assistance was vain. "In a few minutes more," says the note despatched from the house of death that night, "all distress was over on *his* part — and that warm kind heart is still for ever."

The Letters and Poems that follow are very faithful revelations of Bernard Barton's soul; of the genuine piety to God, good-will to men, and cheerful guileless spirit, which animated him, not only while writing in the undisturbed seclusion of the closet, but (what is a very different matter) through the walk and practice of daily life. They prove also his intimate acquaintance with the Bible, and his deep appreciation of many beautiful passages which might escape a common reader.

The Letters show, that while he had well considered, and well approved, the pure principles of Quakerism, he was equally liberal in his recognition of other forms of Christianity. He could attend the *church*, or the *chapel*, if the *meeting* were not at hand; and once assisted in raising money to build a new *Established Church* in Woodbridge. And while he was sometimes roused to defend Dissent from the vulgar attacks of High Church and Tory,* he could also give the bishops a good word when they were unjustly assailed.

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* Here are two little Epigrams showing that the quiet Quaker *could* strike, though he was seldom provoked to do so.

DR. E——.

"A bullying, brawling champion of the Church;
Vain as a parrot screaming on her perch;
And, like that parrot, screaming out by rote
The same stale, flat, unprofitable note;
Still interrupting all discreet debate
With one eternal cry of 'Church and State!'—
With all the High Tory's ignorance, increased
By all the arrogance that marks the priest;
One who declares upon his solemn word,
The voluntary system is absurd:
He well may say so;—for 't were hard to tell
Who would support him, did not law compel."

While duly conforming to the usages of his Society on all proper occasions, he could forget *thee* and *thou* while mixing in social intercourse with people of another vocabulary, and smile at the Reviewer who reproved him for using the heathen name *November* in his Poems. "I find," he said, "these names of the months the prescriptive dialect of *poetry*, used as such by many members of our Society before me—'sans peur et sans reproche;' and I use them accordingly, asking no questions for conscience' sake, as to their origin. Yet while I do this, I can give my cordial tribute of approval to the scruples of our early friends, who advocate a simpler nomenclature. I can quite understand and respect their simplicity and godly sincerity; and I conceive that I have duly shown my reverence for their scruples in adhering *personally* to their dialect, and only using another *poetically*. Ask the British Friend the name of the planet with a belt round it, and he would say Saturn; at the peril, and on the pain, of excommunication."

As to his politics, he always used to call himself "a Whig of the old school." Perhaps, like most men in easy circumstances, he grew more averse to change as he grew older. He thus writes to a friend in 1845, during the heats occasioned by the proposed Repeal of the Corn Laws:—"Queer times these, and strange events. I feel most shamefully indifferent about the whole affair: but my political fever has long since spent itself.

On one who declared in a public speech—"This was the opinion he had formed of the Dissenters; he only saw in them wolves in sheep's clothing."

"'Wolves in sheep's clothing!' bitter words and big;
But who applies them? first *the speaker* scan;
A suckling Tory! an apostate Whig!
Indeed, a very silly, weak young man!

"What such an one may either think or say,
With sober people matters not one pin;
In *their* opinion, his own senseless bray
Proves *him* the ASS WRAPT IN A LION'S SKIN."

It was about its height when they sent Burdett to the Tower. It has cooled down wonderfully since then. He went there, to the best of my recollection, in the character of Burns's Sir William Wallace—

'Great patriot hero—ill-requited chief;'—

and dwindled down afterwards to 'Old Glory.' No more patriots for me." But Bernard Barton did not trouble himself much about politics. He occasionally grew interested when the interests of those he loved were at stake; and his affections generally guided his judgment. Hence he was always against a Repeal of the Corn Laws, because he loved Suffolk farmers, Suffolk labourers, and Suffolk fields. Occasionally he took part in the election of a friend to Parliament—writing in prose or verse in the county papers. And here also, though he more willingly sided with the Liberal interest, he would put out a hand to help the good old Tory at a pinch.

He was equally tolerant of men, and free of acquaintance. So long as men were honest, (and he was slow to suspect them to be otherwise,) and reasonably agreeable, (and he was easily pleased,) he could find company in them. "My temperament," he writes, "is, as far as a man can judge of himself, eminently social. I am wont to live out of myself, and to cling to anything or anybody loveable within my reach." I have before said that he was equally welcome and equally at ease, whether at the Hall or at the Farm; himself indifferent to rank, though he gave every one his title, not wondering even at those of his own community, who, unmindful perhaps of the military implication, owned to the soft impeachment of *Esquire*. But no where was he more amiable than in some of those humbler meetings—about the fire in the *keeping-room* at Christmas, or under the walnut-tree in summer. He had his cheerful remembrances with the old; a playful word for the young—especially with children, whom he loved and was loved by.—Or, on some summer afternoon, perhaps, at the little inn on the heath, or by the river-side—or when, after a pleasant pic-nic on the sea-shore,

we drifted homeward up the river, while the breeze died away at sunset, and the heron, at last startled by our gliding boat, slowly rose from the ooze over which the tide was momentarily encroaching.

By nature, as well as by discipline perhaps, he had a great dislike to most violent occasions of feeling and manifestations of it, whether in real life or story. Many years ago he entreated the author of "May you like it," who had written some tales of powerful interest, to write others "where the appeals to one's feelings were perhaps less frequent — I mean one's sympathetic feelings with suffering virtue — and the more pleasurable emotions called forth by the spectacle of quiet, unobtrusive, domestic happiness more dwelt on." And when Mr. Tayler had long neglected to answer a letter, Barton humorously proposed to rob him on the highway, in hopes of recovering an interest by crime which he supposed every-day good conduct had lost. Even in Walter Scott, his great favourite, he seemed to relish the humorous parts more than the pathetic; — Baillie Nicol Jarvie's dilemmas at Glennaquoich rather than Fergus Mac Ivor's trial; and Oldbuck and his sister Grizel rather than the scenes at the fisherman's cottage. Indeed, many, I dare say, of those who only know Barton by his poetry, will be surprised to hear how much humour he had in himself, and how much he relished it in others. Especially, perhaps, in later life, when men have commonly had quite enough of "domestic tragedy," and are glad to laugh when they can.

With little critical knowledge of pictures, he was very fond of them, especially such as represented scenery familiar to him — the shady lane, the heath, the corn-field, the village, the sea-shore. And he loved after coming away from the bank to sit in his room and watch the twilight steal over his landscapes as over the real face of nature, and then lit up again by fire or candle light. Nor could any itinerant picture-dealer pass Mr. Barton's door without calling to tempt him to a new purchase. And then was B. B. to be seen, just come up from the bank, with broad-brim and spectacles on, examining some picture set before him on a chair in the most advantageous light; the

dealer recommending, and Barton wavering, until partly by money, and partly by exchange of some older favourites, with perhaps a snuff-box thrown in to turn the scale; a bargain was concluded — generally to B. B's great disadvantage and great content. Then friends were called in to admire; and letters written to describe; and the picture taken up to his bed-room to be seen by candle light on going to bed, and by the morning sun on awaking; then hung up in the best place in the best room; till in time perhaps it was itself exchanged away for some newer favourite.

He was not learned — in language, science, or philosophy. Nor did he care for the loftiest kinds of poetry—"the heroics." as he called it. His favourite authors were those that dealt most in humour, good sense, domestic feeling, and pastoral description — Goldsmith, Cowper, Wordsworth in his lowlier moods, and Crabbe. One of his favourite prose books was Boswell's Johnson; of which he knew all the good things by heart, an inexhaustible store for a country dinner-table.* And many will long remember him as he used to sit at table, his snuff-box in his hand, and a glass of genial wine before him, repeating some favourite passage, and glancing his fine brown eyes about him as he recited.

But perhaps his favourite prose book was Scott's Novels. These he seemed never tired of reading, and hearing read. During the last four or five winters I have gone through several of the best of these with him — generally on one night in each week — Saturday night, that left him free to the prospect of Sunday's relaxation. Then was the volume taken down impatiently from the shelf almost before tea was over; and at last, when the room was clear, candles snuffed, and fire stirred, he would read out, or listen to, those fine stories, anticipating with a glance, or an impatient ejaculation of pleasure, the good things he knew were coming — which he

* He used to look with some admiration at an ancient fellow-townsman, who, beside a rich fund of Suffolk stories vested in him, had once seen Dr. Johnson alight from a hackney-coach at the Mitre.

liked all the better for knowing they were coming — relishing them afresh in the fresh enjoyment of his companion, to whom they were less familiar; until the modest supper coming in closed the book, and recalled him to his cheerful hospitality.

Of the literary merits of this volume, others, less biassed than myself by personal and local regards, will better judge. But the Editor, to whom, as well as the Memoir, the task of making any observations of this kind usually falls, has desired me to say a few words on the subject.

The Letters, judging from internal evidence as well as from all personal knowledge of the author's habits, were for the most part written off with the same careless ingenuousness that characterised his conversation. "I have no alternative," he said, "between not writing at all, and writing what first comes into my head." In both cases the same cause seems to me to produce the same agreeable effect.

The Letters on graver subjects are doubtless the result of graver "foregone conclusion,"—but equally spontaneous in point of utterance, without any effort at style whatever.

If the Letters here published are better than the mass of those they are selected from, it is because better topics happened to present themselves to one who, though he wrote so much, had perhaps as little of new or animating to write about as most men.

The Poems, if not written off as easily as the Letters, were probably as little elaborated as any that ever were published. Without claiming for them the highest attributes of poetry, (which the author never pretended to,) we may surely say they abound in genuine feeling and elegant fancy expressed in easy, and often very felicitous, verse. These qualities employed in illustrating the religious and domestic affections, and the pastoral scenery with which such affections are perhaps most generally

associated, have made Bernard Barton, as he desired to be, a household poet with a large class of readers—a class, who, as they may be supposed to welcome such poetry as being the articulate voice of those good feelings yearning in their own bosoms, one may hope will continue and increase in England.

While in many of these Poems it is the spirit within that redeems an imperfect form — just as it lights up the irregular features of a face into beauty — there are many which will surely abide the test of severer criticism. Such are several of the Sonnets; which, if they have not (and they do not aim at) the power and grandeur, are also free from the pedantic stiffness of so many English Sonnets. Surely that one "To my Daughter," (p. 209,) is very beautiful in all respects.

Some of the lighter pieces — "To Joanna," "To a young Housewife," &c.. partake much of Cowper's playful grace. And some on the decline of life, and the religious consolations attending it, are very touching.

Charles Lamb said the verses "To the Memory of Bloomfield" were "sweet with Doric delicacy." May not one say the same of those "On Leiston Abbey," "Cowper's Rural Walks," on "Some Pictures," and others of the shorter descriptive pieces? Indeed, utterly incongruous as at first may seem the Quaker clerk and the ancient Greek Idyllist, some of these little poems recall to me the inscriptions in the Greek Anthology — not in any particular passages, but in their general air of simplicity, leisurely elegance, and quiet unimpassioned pensiveness.

Finally, what Southey said of *one* of Barton's volumes — "there are many rich passages and frequent felicity of expression"—may modestly be said of these selections from ten. Not only is the fundamental thought of many of them very beautiful—as in the poems, "To a Friend in Distress," "The Deserted Nest," "Thought in a garden," &c.,—but there are many verses whose melody will linger in the ear, and many images that will abide in the memory. Such surely are those of men's hearts brightening up at Christmas "like a fire new stirred," — of the stream that leaps along over the pebbles "like happy hearts

by holiday made light," — of the solitary tomb showing from afar like a lamb in the meadow. And in the poem called "A Dream," — a dream the poet really had, — how beautiful is that chorus of the friends of her youth who surround the central vision of his departed wife, and who, much as the dreamer wonders they do not see she is a spirit, and silent as she remains to their greetings, still with countenances of "blameless mirth," like some of Correggio's angel attendants, press around her without awe or hesitation, repeating "welcome, welcome!" as to one suddenly returned to them from some earthly absence only, and not from beyond the dead—from heaven.

E. F. G.

LETTERS.

TO THE REV. C. B. TAYLER.

4 *mo*, 22, 1824.

DEAR CHARLES,

MY head and heart are full even to overflowing: my eyes are almost dim with gazing at one object, yet are still unsatisfied. I keep thinking of one thing all day, stealing to feast my eyes on it when I can, and lie down to dream of it o' nights. In one sentence, my good cousins at Carlisle have sent me my dear, dear father's picture. It is in most excellent preservation, not at all injured by the journey, and I write to-night to a friend in town to arrange for its being neatly framed. But I must describe it.

Its size is about four and a half by rather more than three and a half feet;—how I wish our parlour were a little larger! My dear *pater* is seated at a round table, his elbow resting on it, and his right hand as if partly supporting his head; the little finger folded down, the two fore ones extended up to his temple. Before him is a sheet of paper, headed "Abstract of Locke;" the chapter on Perception, and the first volume of Locke, open, is on his left hand, on his knee. His countenance is full of thought,

yet equally full of sweetness. What an ugly fellow I am compared to him! A little further on the table is a German flute, and a piece of Handel's music, open, leaning against Akenside's Pleasures of Imagination. A larger volume also lies on the table, lettered "Kenrick's Dictionary," and several letters, the date of one of which, at the bottom, is March, 1774. (I conclude the picture was painted then.) In the corner, just below the table, stands a globe. On the book-shelves behind him are, first, a volume — the first line of the title I can't make out — "on Euclid;" then, I think, "Simpson's Algebra," "Fitzosborne's Letters," another book lettered, I think, "Verulam," "Fordyce," Pope's Works," "Dictionary of Arts and Sciences," two or three volumes. The titles of the upper row of books are hid by a sort of curtain. An open window on the other side of the table gives a peep of sun-set sky. His dress is a suit of so red a brown as almost to approach to crimson; his hair turned back from a fine clear forehead, with a curl over each ear, and tied in a sort of club behind: the ruffles at his wrists, as well as a frill, to say nothing of the flute, show that he had not then joined the Quakers. His age when this picture was taken I suppose about twenty. I think I understand it was the year before his marriage. His countenance is all I could wish it — (delicately fair, which I had always heard, and rather small features) — in the bloom of youth, yet thoughtful — *to me* full of intellect and benignity. O how proud I am of him! — how thankful I am that I have written what good-natured critics call poetry! for to my poetical fame, humble as it is, I owe the possession of this, to me, inestimable treasure. It has put me all but beside myself; I go and look at it, then stand a little further off, then nearer, then try it in a new light — then go to the

street door to see if any body be in sight who can at all value its beauties, and enter into my feelings — if so, I lug them in, incontinently. My good mother-in-law, I mean my wife's mother, a plain, excellent Quaker lady, who, I dare say, never *went any where* to look at a picture before, has been to see it; she thinks she sees a likeness to my girl in it. I wish I could — but I quite encourage her in doing so: my girl will never be half so handsome, though far more personable than her father. But she cannot come up to her grandfather. I must stop some where, so I may as well now. I make no excuses, I will not so far affront *thee*. I conjecture what thy feelings would be hadst thou lost a father at the age I was when deprived of mine, hadst thou always heard him spoken of as one of the most amiable, and intelligent, and estimable of men, yet been unable to picture to thyself what his outward semblance was; — then thirty years and more after his death, to hear that a portrait of him, stated by those who knew him to be a likeness, was in existence, yet almost to despair of ever seeing it, without travelling hundreds of miles — I, too, who have little more locomotion than a cabbage; and after all to be its possessor!

1825.

One or two of my literary friends do not like my Vigils so well as its precursors—they say it is too Quakerish. Charles Lamb says it is my best, but that I have lugged in religion rather too much. Bowring vituperates it *in toto* — save the Ode to Time; by no means a great favourite

with me. I am not put out of conceit with it yet, for all this. Its faults are numerous, but it has more redeeming parts than either of its predecessors. And so it ought; else I had lived two years for nothing. As to its Quakerism, I meant it should be Quakerish. I hope to grow more so in my next — else, why am I a Quaker? My love to the whole visible, ay, and the whole invisible church of Christ, is not lessened by increased affection to the little niche of it in which I may happen to be planted. The bird would not mourn the less the fall of the tree which held its nest, because in that nest was found the first and primary source of its own little hopes and fears. How absurdly some people think and reason about sectarianism! In its purer and better element, it is no bad thing—not a bit worse than patriotism, which need never damp the most generous and enlarged philanthrophy. When I no longer love thee, dear Charles, because thou art a Churchman, I will begin to think my Quakerism is degenerating.

1825.

I MET with a comical adventure the other day, which partly amused, partly piqued me. We had a religious visit paid to our little meeting here by a minister of our Society, an entire stranger, I believe, to every one in the meeting. He gave us some very plain, honest counsel. After meeting, as is usual, several, indeed most, Friends stopped to shake hands with our visitor, I among the rest; and on my name being mentioned to him, rather officiously I thought, by one standing by, the good old man said,

"Barton?—Barton?—that's a name I don't recollect." I told him it would be rather strange if he did, as we had never seen each other before. Suddenly, when, to my no small gratification, no one was attending to us, he looked rather inquiringly at me, and added, "What, art thou the Versifying Man?" On my replying with a gravity, which I really think was heroic, that I was called such, he looked at me again, I thought "more in sorrow than in anger," and observed, "Ah! that's a thing quite out of my way." It was on the tip of my tongue to reply, "I dare say it is,"—but, afraid that I could not control my risible faculties much longer, I shook my worthy friend once more by the hand, and bidding him farewell, left him. I dare say the good soul may have since thought of me, if at all, with much the same feelings as if I had been bitten by a mad dog —and I know not but that he may be very right.

2 *mo*, 16, 1826.

My DEAR CHARLES,

ON behalf of Ann, who, I am sorry to say, is not well enough to write herself, I am requested to say that we are quite unable to recommend thee a cook of any kind: as to Quaker cooks, they are so scarce that we Quakerly folk are compelled to call in the aid of the daughters of the land to dress our own viands, or cook them ourselves, as well as we can. But what, my dear friend, could put it into thy head to think of a Quaker cook, of all non-descripts? Charles Lamb would have told thee better: he says he never could have relished even the salads Eve dressed for the angels in Eden—his appetite is

too highly excited "to sit a guest with Daniel at his pulse." —Go to! thou art a wag, Charles; and this is only a sly way of hinting that we are fond of good living. But perhaps, after all, more of compliment than of inuendo is implied in the proposition. Thou thoughtest we were civil, *cleanly, quiet*, &c., all excellent qualities, doubtless, in women of all kinds, cooks not excluded. But, my dear friend, I should be sorry the reputation of our sect for the possession of these qualities should be exposed to the contingent vexations which culinary mortals are especially exposed to. "A cook whilst cooking is a sort of fury," says the old poet. Ay! but not a Quaker cook, at least in the favourable and friendly opinion of Adine and thyself: —we are very proud of that good opinion, and I would not risk its forfeiture by sending one of our sisterhood to thee as cook. Suppose an avalanche of soot to plump down the chimney the first gala-day—'t would be cook-ship versus Quaker-ship, whether the poor body kept her sectarian serenity unruffled; and suppose the beam kicked the wrong way, what would become of all our reputation in the temporary good opinion of Adine and thee? But, all badinage apart, even in our own Society there are comparatively few who are in the situation of domestic servants, and I never remember but one in the peculiar office referred to. I much doubt whether one could be found at all likely to suit you; and I have little doubt that you may suit yourselves much better out of our sisterhood than in it.

2 *mo*, 23 1846.

DEAR CHARLES,

I TOOK up by mere accident the other evening thy two volumes of "May you Like it," given me by thee, as they respectively appeared many years ago; and I laid them down not until I had fairly read them through. The Tales themselves, and thy handwriting in the title-page of each, sent my thoughts back to long by-gone years, and to old places unvisited by me now for many a day; pleasant companions now in their graves, or far dispersed; and a few social parties whom I can never hope again to fall in with. I wonder if any days of *lang syne* at Hadleigh ever recur to thee, as they have done to me within the last three days. The cheerful, benevolent Doctor Drake, his lady, and Mary; the blind aged mother of Mrs. D.—Rose, I think her name was. Then, too, a glimmering recollection of the somewhat pompous, but good-tempered in the main, Dr. Drummond, recurs to me—our morning visit to his study, or library, whichever he called it, in the room over the gateway. I do not know why, but I always fancied Dr. Johnson's Ashbourne friend, Taylor, might have been a sort of double of our friend the Hadleigh Rector—only, I think the Ashbourne Doctor wore a reverend wig; and I have a clear recollection of our friend's bald forehead. Then I have a reminiscence of a morning call on thy mother and sisters, and seeing the first tuberose I ever saw, in your parlour; and did we not make a large tea-party there, filling every nook and cranny of the room? and did not A— play and sing to us? or is it all a dream? But it was no dream, that walk of ours to Aldham—and our poring over that old stone at the foot of the obelisk, with its rude in-

scription. Another ramble, too, over some heathy or furzy hill, where we looked down on "Hadley in the Hole," and traced the windings of that brooklet, called by courtesy a river — the Brett, or Breta, I forget which they called it. If my memory err not, little Clarke (Branwhite) was with us on that occasion — he whom the Eclectic Review maliciously wrote of when they said they did not dispute his right to the title of M. A., the art of poetry only being excepted. But he wrote pleasing verse despite their cavils. — Well, my dear Charles, I have now given vent to some of the thoughts and feelings those two little tomes have called up; if they dwell with thee as with me — I speak of my poor "shadowy recollections," as the Daddy* calls them — thou wilt more than forgive their revival. Dear love to A. and thyself.

Thine affectionately,

B. B.

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* A playful name for Wordsworth among some of B. B.'s friends.

TO MRS. SHAWE.

Woodbridge, 3 *mo*, 2, 1837.

My dear Friend,

I owe thee a long letter in return for a very long and delightful one, on the subject of lectures for Mechanics' Institutes: and after a month's silence, I sit down to pay thee in what Elia would have called bad coin, alias a letteret; but the fact is, I have been, exclusive of my ordinary desk-work, rather extraordinarily engaged since the receipt of thine.

I have, or had, two aged uncles, male aunts Lamb used to call 'em; not uncles of mine exactly, but of Lucy's mother. Just after the receipt of thy last, I had an intimation that one of them, who lives at Leiston Abbey, had been alarmingly ill, and the next Sunday I posted down to see him. The day I spent with him, his younger brother, of seventy-five, died. As he was my old master, to whom I served a seven years' apprenticeship, I went the following Sabbath into Essex, well-nigh forty miles, to his funeral; that is, I went on the day before, and returned the day after; and the next Sabbath I went again to his surviving brother, of seventy-nine, to tell him all about who was present at a ceremony which his bodily infirmities had prevented him from attending.

Now, when it is taken into account that year in and year out I rarely go farther from home than Kesgrave one way, and Wickham the other, this unwonted change of locality has put my personal identity in some jeopardy. And never did I feel more inclined to call in question that same, than in paying the last mark of respect to my old master. The town, a little quiet country one, about thirteen miles sideways of Colchester, was one in which during eight years I saw little or no change. Thirty-one years after, I walked there as in a dream; the names over all the shop-doors were changed, the people were not the same, the houses, or most of them, were altered. It was only the aspect of the country round, and the position of the main street, which I seemed to recognise as the same. The old market-place, a piece of rude and simple architecture, which looked as if it might have grown there in the reign of Elizabeth, and stood just opposite to our shop-door, was pulled down, and its place supplied by a pyramidal obelisk, bearing three gas lamps — gas! a thing the good folks there, I will answer for it, had scarce heard of thirty years ago. Out on such new-fangled innovations! Had I been apprenticed in London I should have thought nothing of it; but in a little obscure place like Halstead, a spot where all seemed changeless during my eight years' sojourn, I was fairly posed. Bear in mind that I was there from fourteen to twenty-two — knew, and was known by, everybody, and was as familiar with all around me as with the features of my own face. Yet I stood as a stranger in a strange place, with just enough surviving marks of recognisance to perplex and bewilder me. From fourteen to twenty-two is the very era of castle-building, and mine were dissolved in air by my return to the site of their erection. No wonder that it has taken me all the time since my return to

become myself again, and that I have felt unequal to any letterizing.

9 *mo*, 1, 1837.

My only remaining near Quaker relative, my sister Lizzy — a discreet, sedate, and deliberate spinster of sixty or more, with a head as white as snow, has gone over to your church, having received the ordinances of Baptism and the Supper from my nephew, a clergyman, who married my sister Hack's eldest daughter. My sister H. herself had been previously baptized, three of her children had long before done the same; my brother and his family are all Church-folk, Lucy the same, and I am now almost the sole representative of my father's house, quite the only one of his children, left as an adherent to the creed he adopted from a conscientious conviction of its truth. I am left all alone, like Goldsmith's old widow in the Deserted Village, looking for water-cresses in the brook of Auburn. Lucy tells me I must turn too, but unfortunately, all the results of my reading, reasoning, reflection, observation, and feeling, make me more and more attached to my old faith. It seems only rendered dearer to me by the desertion of those whom I most love. Yet I love them not a whit the less for abandoning it; believing as I do, that they have done so on principle. Still, principle on their part could be no warrant for a want of it on mine; so I must e'en be a Quaker still. But the change of my dear, good, and orderly old maiden sister, in whom I thought there was no variableness nor shadow of

turning, is the last I should have ever dreamt of, and I mourn over and marvel at it by turns. The first feeling, however, will soon subside, for I neither feel nor affect any horror of the rites and ordinances of your church, though I cannot regard them as *essential*. I as firmly believe that there is a baptism which doth now save — a supper of the Lamb, whereof all the living members of the Church must and do partake — as any Churchman can do: but I still retain my conviction that water has nothing to do with the first, nor outward bread and wine with the last, in the simple, spiritual, and sublime dispensation of the gospel. Such, my dear friend, is my creed touching ordinances — while it is such, I must still remain,

Thy affectionate, though Quakerish friend,

B. B.

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9 *mo*, 26, 1837.

HAVE I written to thee since I received the intelligence of my dear and good spinster sister having thought it her duty, at near sixty, to become a proselyte to your Church, and with her, three other relations of ours at Chichester? about, I should think, a fourth or fifth of their Lilliputian congregation there. I can only marvel and mourn at such changes; my own Quakerism clings to me all the closer. An instance, here and there, of a change of religious opinion, even in riper years, I could suppose to be the result of calm sober inquiry into doctrines taken on trust from mere education, and into which little, if any, inquiry has been seriously made; though even this con-

clusion implies no compliment to reflecting persons, who certainly ought, be their faith what it may, to know what it is, and why they hold it. But these secessions by the lump, this flocking off by families, looks to me more like an epidemic disease, than the result of a patient inquiry and a deliberate conviction. I can always hear with pleasure of the conversion of a Jew, a pagan, or an infidel to a belief in Christianity; it is a step in advance in the only true and saving knowledge, a soul brought out of the darkness of ignorance into the glorious light of the gospel. But a change from one form or profession of Christian faith to another, believing as I do that each and all embrace all knowledge necessary to salvation, is not with me a matter of much cause of congratulation. With all my own penchant for my own "ism," I am not one of those who would compass sea and land to gain proselytes to it; for principles of belief, modes of faith, are not with me things to be put on and off like a change of apparel. They go far to make up the identity of those who hold them, and I get puzzled, bewildered, and I know not what, among old friends with new faces. My Lucy was, comparatively, a chit when she apostatized (I don't use the word in its malignant sense); it was conceivable that her thoughts had not been before seriously turned to these topics, not marvellous that then first searching into them she should come to a conclusion differing from my own. But a new light dawning on well-taught, well-trained, serious, and reflective minds, at more than fifty, to whom the oracles of Holy Writ have always been open, and whom I know to have been daily students therein, is a sort of anomaly I cannot understand.

Note. — Mr. Barton had previously written to Mrs. Sutton, his Quaker correspondent:—

12 *mo*, 16, 1834.

[I SOMETIMES think that if Lucy, as well as a few others who have left us, I believe from sincere but mistaken apprehension of duty, could have been content when they first doubted, to have looked more inward and less outward; they might have found the object of their search without any separation from their early friends. When the woman in the parable had lost the piece of silver, she did not go out to seek for it, but lighted a candle and swept her own house, and searched diligently till she found it; and I believe her case is applicable to many of the seekers after good even to the present day. But I readily allow that different minds, different dispositions, and diversified views, may require different training — it was not intended we should all see eye to eye; we must bear and forbear; for truly we shall all need it, at no distant day, when we shall be called upon to give an account of the time and talents intrusted to us individually, and of their use or abuse.]

12 *mo*, 5, 1837.

IN one respect the work itself,* and my office of Preface writer, have afforded me some soothing and gratifying reflections. Differing as Lucy and I do on

* Miss Barton's Bible History; to which Mr. Barton contributed a Preface.

certain points, it is to me a comforting thought, that we can forget and forego all such differences in a cordial though humble and feeble effort to uphold the life and character of our common Lord and Master as a pattern for the imitation of his followers of whatever sect or name; and can freely join in the effort to turn the attention of the young to its beauty and excellence. It would say little, indeed, for Lucy's Churchanity or my Quakerism, could we have thought, felt, or done otherwise.

And now, after all this egotism, for, Lucy being a sort of second self, all I write about her comes under that head, I must inquire after N.'s gout. I hope long ere this it has ceased, at any rate, *to rage;* for I have very awful ideas of that malady in its potential mood treasured amid the earlier memories of my childhood. My grandfather and grandmother had a country-house at Tottenham, where some of my happiest hours were spent. But every earthly elysium has its set-off; and this was not exempt. A good citizen of the name of Townsend, a particular friend of the venerable pair, used to come down there and bring his gout with him; and my poor grandma's fright lest I should go near his too susceptible foot used to keep her and me in a worry. — Well-nigh half a century has elapsed since those days, but her reiterated exclamation, "Child! do take care and not run against friend Townsend's foot," is yet distinctly in my mind's ear. T. was a patient, quiet old sufferer too, and if I did touch the forbidden stool in an unlucky moment, he was the first to notify that no harm was done.—I hope N. bears his honours as meekly, and that, with as kindly a heart as poor old Jemmy Townsend's, his unwelcome companion may be of a kindlier nature. I much doubt if the worthy old citizen ever stood or walked much — at least, all my recollections of him go on wheels.

11 *mo*, 24, 1838.

My dear Friend,

I send thee herewith a little book* which to many would seem the very essence of insipidity — but if I mistake not, thou wilt appreciate more indulgently the genuine simplicity of its character. * * * * * * To me it is a tome of no common interest, from the picture it gives of gentle, unobtrusive goodness — and the light it incidentally throws on what I regard as the true operative tendency of the Quaker creed, when lived up to and simply followed. For though it be perfectly true that gentleness, meekness, patience, faith, and love are of no sect, yet the manner in which these are taught, and the mode in which they are exhibited, may have some distinguishing features. In the case of this young woman, for instance, her growth in Christian excellence is not to be traced to her edification under the teaching of a Christian ministry. Sudbury, where she was born and brought up, is a very small meeting, and I cannot now call to mind its ever having had, in my memory, even one of our seldom-speaking preachers resident there, so that I think it very probable, that through childhood and girlhood, except while at school, this girl, week after week, and month after month, chiefly attended silent meetings only. Her Christian knowledge and experience were nurtured by no *ordinances;* for the outward observances of these she never knew, or practised.

Think not for one moment *I am condemning* either a stated ministry, the use of a form of prayer, or the observance of ordinances *among others* — very far from it.

* Memoirs of Maria Jesup.

I am only adducing a simple proof that in the absence of all these, generally deemed essential, the Great Head of the church will himself be the teacher of those who, conscientiously rejecting such helps, under a firm belief of the simple spirituality of His religion, look *to Him*, and *his word*, both written and inwardly revealed, as their rule and law. Who shall say that in doing this they have followed cunningly devised fables, or the *ignis fatuus* of mere fanaticism? The means so blessed to her seem to have been, the practice of daily retirement, the study of the Scriptures, and diligent attention to what she apprehended to be the teaching of the Holy Spirit. What is there that ought to be regarded as sectarian in each or all of these? To my judgment, nothing; for they seem to me part and parcel of our common Christianity, and to embrace and embody its very essence.

In the phraseology of her memoranda, Quakerism is more apparent, but not to me offensively so. I like it all the better, perhaps, from its being, in a manner, my mother tongue. To me it has a charm from its simplicity, which is in keeping with the unobtrusive retired worth of its writer. Nor do I believe such characters by any means rare among the young women of the Society. How little there is of doctrinal discussion in these memoranda! no mooting of knotty points or abstruse dogmas: all is viewed in its practical influence on the heart and its affections, and their conformity to the Divine will: and such is, and ought to be, and ever will be, the aim, scope, and tendency of all true religion.

Thy affectionate friend,

B. B.

1838.

Dr. Johnson says, I think, in a paper of his "Idler," written on the death of his mother, that philosophy may infuse stubbornness, but religion alone can give true patience. And he never said anything more true. There is a spurious sort of fortitude which the pride of our poor frail nature, aided by the cut and dry precepts of what is called philosophy, can supply in the hour of trial, which may yield a temporary support; but, even while it lasts, this spirit of stoical endurance has none of the healing virtue of Christian submission: it leaves the heart and all its affections hard and dry, unsoftened by those afflictions which were graciously sent to melt and mould them to nobler influences and enlarged capacities of good; while the meek and resigned spirit which God's holy word would inculcate, and which his blessed Spirit would give to the Christian mourner, leads us to look beyond present suffering to the end it was designed to accomplish, and to the grateful confession that He who does not afflict us willingly, has done all well and wisely, and has only chastened us to bring us nearer to himself.

1839.

When any sorrow tends to wrap us up in ourselves, and makes us think only of our own feelings and privations, we may be very sure it is not answering the end for which it was mercifully sent.

1839.

THE longer I live the more expedient I find it to endeavour more and more to extend my sympathies and affections. The natural tendency of advancing years is to narrow and contract these feelings. I do not mean that I wish to form a new and sworn friendship every day — to increase my circle of intimates; these are very different affairs. But I find it conduces to my mental health and happiness to find out all I can which is amiable and loveable in all I come in contact with, and to make the most of it. It may fall very short of what I was once wont to dream of; it may not supply the place of what I have known, felt, and tasted; but it is better than nothing — it serves to keep the feelings and affections in exercise — it keeps the heart alive in its humanity; and, till we shall be all spiritual, this is alike our duty and our interest.

5 *mo*, 2, 1840.

MANY thanks to thee and Newton for attending at my launch;* I never affect to put on a voluntary humility, or affect indifference where I feel aught of gratification or interest: and I did both on the occasion to which I refer. At the time, I was sailing about Portsmouth harbour, looking at great castles of ships, to which the B. B. was but like a child's toy, made out of half a walnut-shell.

* Launch of the "Bernard Barton" schooner.

Some of these leviathans were on the stocks, having been hauled up to repair; and I was asking myself if my vanity would not have been more tickled to have had one of these first-rates bear my name, and be consigned to its destined element amid the shouts of a far more numerous and brilliant assemblage than I could then suppose got together at Woodbridge. Of a truth, could the choice have been given me, I should have given my vote, most cordially, for the schooner B. B. at Woodbridge. I have so decided a preference for humbler fame of home growth, awarded by folks that I have lived among for thirty-five years, and am linked to by numberless and nameless ties of neighbourly, social, and friendly sympathy. With these feelings thou wilt readily feel and understand that the B. B. is a bit of a pet with me, and I really believe I have as much interest in her well-doing as if I held a share in her. I have been down several times to see her as she lies along-side the quay: her rigging and mast, with some of her sails, are now up, and this week she is to sail, I think to Hartlepool, a port, I believe, on the Durham coast, some where near Sunderland. Our ancestors, who used to be devout in their phraseology, even about business, had in their old printed bills of lading a phrase, now, I believe, gone out of fashion, and, after stating the cargo, and the time allowed for the voyage and delivery, the old finale ran thus —"and so God speed the good ship, and send her safe to her desired port!" or some words to that effect. The thing I dare say was a mere form, and to nine-tenths using and signing it, had no meaning. I thought, however, this evening, as I turned away from the quay, I could echo the old phrase very cordially.

TO ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT.

[SOME of my townsmen, three or four years ago, took it into their heads to name a schooner, built at this port, after their Woodbridge poet. The parties were not literary people, or great readers or lovers of verse; I am not sure that they ever read a page of mine. But I suppose they thought a poet creditable, some how or other, to a port; and so they did me that honour, for which I am vastly their debtor. The stanza,

> "Thou bear'st no proud or lofty name
> Which all who read must know,"

is no flight of voluntary humility on my part, but a simple record of a positive fact; for the captain has told me he has been asked over and over again, up the Mersey, the Humber, the Severn, and I know not where else, what *person* or *place* his ship is named after? and I fancy the poor fellow has been at some pains to convince inquirers that among my own folk I really pass for somebody. At any rate, his vessel was once put down in the shipping list, among the arrivals at some far-off port, as "*The Barney Burton.*" Oh, Willy Shakspeare! well mightest thou ask What 's in a name?"]

1 *mo*, 8, 1843.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WERE I to follow out my own inclination in saying all that thy questions might suggest to me as

worthy to be said on the topics referred to, it would lead me into a wide field of discussion; but I will not trust myself to do this, lest I should subject myself to be classed with those of old who were said to "darken counsel by words without knowledge." I am perfectly aware that St. Paul uses the words quoted by thee, "I suffer not a woman to teach;" they are to be found in the Epistle to Timothy, and the context, if my memory deceives me not, runs thus,—"*nor to usurp authority over the man.*" Where any such disposition could be manifested, I readily grant that woman could be very ill qualified to teach either her own sex or ours, having need to be taught herself the very first rudiments of a gospel ministry. I am quite aware, too, the same apostle in his Epistle to the Corinthians speaks after this fashion, "Let your women keep silence in the churches, for it is not permitted unto them to speak." And here again I think the context tends to throw some light on the interdiction, "If they will *learn anything*, let them ask their husbands at home:" words which, to my understanding, pretty plainly intimate the sort of speaking which the apostle intended absolutely to forbid. Those women, or men either, who would speak in the churches, merely to ask questions whereby they might learn somewhat, could hardly be qualified for the high and holy office of the ministry. Now these two are, I think, the only passages interdictory of women's preaching — that their real spirit is not opposed to the lawfulness (under the gospel dispensation) of a female ministry, I am compelled to believe for the following reasons:—

First, the entire spirituality of the gospel dispensation, its abolition of all the old Mosaic law of priesthood, which vested the office of the ministry in the sons of Levi, exclusively. This marked distinction is explicitly made by

Peter in his address to the people on the day of Pentecost, when he says, "This is that which was spoken by the prophet Joel;—'I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh: and your sons and *your daughters shall prophesy*:— and on my servants and *on my handmaidens* I will pour out in those days of my Spirit; and *they shall prophesy!*'" In fact, I believe it to be one of the glorious features of that new priesthood which our Lord himself set up in his church, that it is limited to no sex, or rank, or station.

In the second place, the passages referred to in St. Paul's Epistles as interdictory of women's preaching do not appear to me conclusive, because they are in direct contradiction to other passages in his own writings. If he meant, *in toto*, to forbid the ministry of women at all, why give directions what their attire or costume should be when praying or prophesying, and that they should do neither with their heads uncovered? The whole tenor of the opening of the 11th chapter of 1st Corinthians, shows that the apostle there refers to what openly passed in the public assemblies of the early church. When I find the same apostle sending such a message as this, "Salute those women who laboured with me in the gospel"—(I find I have quoted wrong, trusting to memory; his words are)—"Help those women which laboured with me in the gospel," I think it no forced construction that they were fellow ministers. The same I should infer of Priscilla, whom he styles one of his helpers in Christ. But it would be endless to quote all the passages which tend to show, that in the earlier age of the church, and in the primitive purity of its apostolic government, women *did* exercise their gift in the ministry.

With regard to the practical working of this *liberty of*

prophesying, in our own Society, I can only say that I believe it has worked well; and that some of the most powerful, effective, and persuasive ministers in the Society have been women, — and still are. I cannot understand why there should be aught of soul in sex which should qualify the one exclusively, and disqualify the other from becoming fit recipients of those influences of the Spirit by the aid of which alone man or woman can speak to edification. In some respects, especially as regards our own Society, I should say that women, among us, taking into account their general training, habits, and the life they lead, have some peculiar advantages, tending to fit and qualify them for the service of the ministry; but on these it is superfluous to dwell.

I do not pretend to assert that the arguments I have adduced for the lawfulness of female preaching, under the gospel dispensation, are such as will satisfy a churchwoman of the propriety of the custom. We are so much the creatures of habit, of education, of tradition, that from the same admitted premises, we are very apt to come to opposite conclusions; but I hope I have said somewhat which may warrant thy charitable and tolerant conviction that we have not come to the decision adopted without much thought and reflection on the subject; and that we, at least, *think* we have Scripture on our side; judging, not by one or two insulated passages, divested of their context, but by the spirit and scope of the New Testament law, and a careful and prayerful consideration of the facts recorded in it.

I have made a much longer commentary than I intended on the text which I was requested to explain, so I cannot now answer thy other queries. Forgive my pro-

lixity, and believe me, however we may differ, thy assured and

Affectionate friend,

B. B.

1 *mo*, 12, 1843.

My dear Friend,

Though thy silence by no means leads me to infer that my last long letter was a satisfactory one, I feel disposed to proceed to say a word or two on thy other queries while they are fresh in my memory. Happily, on them I have only simple facts to state, and the general practice to report.

Persons of either sex who are impressed with the belief that they are called upon by the impulse of religious duty to speak in our assemblies, are not in the practice of making any profession to this effect. If, for instance, I can for a moment suppose myself to be thus called upon, I should simply stand up in my usual place in our meeting, and express the few words which I conceived it my duty to utter. It might probably be a simple text of Scripture, without note or comment of any kind super-added: of such an appearance no notice would probably be taken at first, either as encouragement or the contrary; for, while friends cannot consistently with their principles forbid such communication, if made in a reverent and decorous manner, they are careful not hastily to foster, or lay hands on any who make such an appearance. If it be from time to time again repeated, and a few words either of exhortation or encouragement added to the passage so quoted,

those in the meeting who fill the station of *approved* ministers or elders, have a watchful eye on the party: not only *what* he or she may say, and the spirit in which it seems to be uttered, are attentively observed; but the general life and character of the party, and its consistency with the principles of the Society, are weighed and observed. If all these tend to confirm the judgment that such a person is really acting under the influence of the Spirit, he or she is permitted to exercise the gift for a longer or shorter time of probation, as such an exercise of it may afford the more judicious and solid part of the meeting an opportunity of coming to a decision. If after such probationary exercise the speaker, by increasing power and authority, give satisfactory proof that his ministry is of the true stamp; the meeting of ministers and elders, a select body who have meetings of their own, distinct from the more public ones, recommend to the monthly meeting at large, that such a person be considered as a minister in unity with and approved by the body at large. But I have known such a time of ordeal last for a year or two, before any steps have been taken publicly to recognise him or her as a *minister*. In fact, I have known cases where such a recognition has never been made, but the speaker has held the rather anomalous station of an allowed or tolerated, but not an *approved* minister. In such cases, however, the appearances of the speaker have generally been neither long nor frequent, and are rather *submitted to* by the body from a feeling of kind forbearance toward the parties, who may be supposed to relieve their own minds by such utterance, although they may not edify the body. Still, if they say nothing unsound or unscriptural, and are not often in the practice of speaking, it seems safest and wisest to let them alone. If they become very troublesome, and give

evident proof that their supposed gift is spurious, they are first privately dissuaded from making any such appearance in the ministry: — if they still continue the practice, an elder, minister, or overseer of the meeting would publicly request them to sit down; but I have rarely known the thing carried so far. Where a gift in the ministry has been considered genuine, and acceptably exercised, the party has mostly continued in that station during life.

I do not see aught in our creed which should render such a continuance *stranger* among us than others. I know of nothing in the practice or theory of Quakerism which should give rise to the report that we are "called upon to confess our faults one to another" — most certainly if aught at all bordering on the "auricular confession" of the Romish Church be implied, I have never heard of any thing of the sort.

If my answers to thy questions are not intelligible, I shall be perfectly willing to make them so, or to try to give thee any further explanation.

Thy assured friend,

B. B.

1843.

THE longer I live the more I love and prize Quaker principles. But I am well content to love them without compassing sea and land to make proselytes to them, and would rather be thought in error for holding them, even by those whom I most esteem, than risk any infringement of that perfect law of love which is the

essence and substance of religion itself, by disputing about them. Most happily, my dear friend, none of these are primary, vital, and essential truths — on them we cordially agree. All who look to the propitiating atonement of Christ, and that alone, for salvation; all who humbly seek for, and strive to live in obedience to, the teachings of the Holy Spirit, as the means of their regeneration and sanctification; all such, be their name or sect what it may, I look upon as living members of the one truly Catholic Church. They hold allegiance to one Head, and derive their life from one Root.

TO W. B. DONNE, ESQ.

4 *mo*, 5, 1840.

PRAY make my very kindest respects to Mrs. Donne, and my most reverential ones to Mrs. Bodham. I believe I am more proud of having sat on the sofa with her, than of having, or being about to have, a ship named after me. The Bernard Barton may go to the bottom, (though I hope better things for her, — how odd it seems to write of myself in the feminine gender!) and her fate may bring disgrace on my name, as having tended to bring about such a catastrophe; but nothing in the unrolled scroll of the future, so long as that future is passed by me in this state of being, can cheat me out of the remembrance of that bright hour or two at Mattishall, and in its environs. There are few in my life that I have lived over again with more delight.

I am finishing my letter, begun three days ago, in my own little study, six feet square, at the witching hour of night, having just closed two ponderous ledgers brought out of the bank, to do lots of figure-work, after working there from nine to six. I only wish I had thee in the opposite chair, to take a pinch out of the Royal George,*

* A snuff-box made out of the recovered wood of the Royal George.

or another, as interesting a relic, standing by me on the table — a plain wooden box, the original cost of which might be 2*s.* 6*d.* or 3*s.*; but to me it has a worth passing show, having been the working-box and table-companion of Crabbe the poet. It was given me by his son and biographer, and I prize it far beyond a handsome silver one, Crabbe's dress box, which I think his son told me he gave to Murray.

6 *mo*, 23, 1842.

Well, but now about thy Roman History, for certain numbers of which I am thy debtor. When the numbers first came I said, "Go to — I will be wise, and study history. I never yet read a history in my life, save after the hop-skip-and-jump fashion, but now I will become historic." Alas! alas! I did most faithfully, honestly, and truly read, mark, learn, and strove inwardly to digest; but I got on slowly. I thought of the first line of Wordsworth's sonnet to my neighbour the great abolitionist —

"Clarkson, it was an obstinate hill to climb!"

and "the more I read the more my wonder grew" at the persevering industry of thyself in digging, sifting, sorting, and arranging such an accumulation of historical details. At times I honestly own I flagged, but when I called to mind thy labour of love in having written it all, and corrected the proofs; to say nothing of first collecting the materials, and that these numbers were but a speci-

men; I marvelled more and more. Still, the longer I read, the more I became convinced I was hopelessly unhistorical — that in my phrenology the organ of history was very imperfectly developed. Yet thy history is a good history notwithstanding, true, and faithful, and learned; but such is the wayward perversity of a poet, methinks I should like it better had it fewer facts, and more fiction interwoven.

If I have not in sober earnest given cause of offence to thee, by my inability to ride thy hobby, pray write and tell me how it fares with you all. It ought to be no ground of quarrel with me in thy eyes, if I feel more interested about Catherine than Cornelia, or about thy two eldest boys than about Romulus and Remus. Mrs. Donne is, I hope, too very a woman not to like me the better for it; and, as her husband, thou art bound to forgive me. I direct this to the Penates at Mattishall.

Woodbridge, 6 *mo* 25, 1847.

My dear Donne,

I send thee the annexed little tribute,* not to challenge any laud for its poetical merits, nor because the character it commemorates had much of what scholars and critics would call poetical in his composition, but simply because *his* had the *elements*, the material of such *in my eye*. He was a hearty old yeoman of about eighty-six — had occupied the farm in which he lived and died about

* A Memorial to T. H.

fifty-five years. Social, hospitable, friendly; a liberal master to his labourers, a kind neighbour, and a right merry companion "within the limits of becoming mirth." In politics, a staunch Whig; in his theological creed, as sturdy a Dissenter; yet with no more party spirit in him than a child. He and I belonged to the same book club for about forty years. He entered it about fifteen years before I came into these parts, and was really a pillar in our literary temple. Not that he greatly cared about books, or was deeply read in them, but he loved to meet his neighbours, and get them round him, on any occasion, or no occasion at all. As a fine specimen of the true English yeoman, I have met few to equal, hardly any to surpass him, and he looked the character as well as he acted it, till within a very few years, when the strong man was bowed by bodily infirmity. About twenty-six years ago, in his dress costume of a blue coat and yellow buckskins, a finer sample of John Bullism you would rarely see. It was the whole study of his long life to make the few who revolved round him in his little orbit, as happy as he always seemed to be himself; yet I was gravely queried with, when I happened to say that his children had asked me to write a few lines to his memory, whether I could do this in keeping with the general tone of my poetry. The speaker doubted if he was a decidedly pious character. He had at times, in his altitudes, been known to vociferate at the top of his voice, a song of which the chorus was certainly not teetotalish —

> Sing old Rose and burn the bellows,
> Drink and drive dull care away."

I would not deny the vocal impeachment, for I had heard him sing the song myself, though not for the last dozen

years. As for his being or not being a decidedly pious character, that depended partly on who might be called on to decide the question. He was not a man of much profession, but he was a most diligent attender of his place of worship, a frequent and I believe a serious reader of his Bible, and kept an orderly and well-regulated house. In his blither moods I certainly have heard him sing that questionable ditty before referred to, but, as it appeared to me, not under vinous excitement so much as from an unforced hilarity which habitually found vent in that explosion; and I think he never in my presence *volunteered* that song. It was pretty sure to be asked for once in a while, by some who liked to hear themselves join in the chorus. I believe it was his only one, with the exception of Watts's hymns, which he almost knew by heart, and sang on Sunday, at meeting, with equal fervour and unction. Take the good old man for all in all, I look not to see his like again, for the breed is going out, I fear. His fine spirit of humanity was better, methinks, than much of that which apes the tone and assumes the form of divinity. So now I think I have told thee enough to weary thee, in prose, as well as verse, of my old neighbour and friend the Suffolk yeoman.

Thine truly,

B. B.

6 *mo*, 12, 1847.

My dear Donne,

I have never heard of, or from thee, since I wrote thee my thanks for cutting up some verses I sent

thee as a sort of requiem for a near and dear friend of mine; and I really think the readiness with which I submitted to thy critical dissection on that occasion ought to have elicited thy special commendation; considering that from the time of the appeal made by those two mothers to Solomon, few, if any, parents have been found willing to submit their offspring to such an operation. But I can forgive thy sins of commission sooner than thy sins of omission.

10 *mo*, 30, 1848.

I BELIEVE, and know by sad and dire experience, that shopkeepers and artisans, *clerks*, journeymen, are in many cases sorely overworked; and have not proper and needful leisure allowed them for rest or recreation. If a scrap of my doggerel could help my brother galley-slaves and myself, why not send it? But I lack faith. Mere earlier closing will not do the job. We used to keep open till five, daily; but for these two years and more we have shut up at four, save on market days. Yet we stop later of evenings, from the increased pressure of business, since we have closed at four, than we used to do when we kept open till five. So we have taken little by *that* movement.

TO MRS. SUTTON.

Of these letters, written to a Quaker lady, (whom Mr. Barton never saw,* but corresponded with for more than twenty years, the first division alludes mainly to some little charges of Quaker non-conformity; charges kindly and half playfully made, and so answered. The last division refers to certain controversies among the Friends, and secessions from that body, several years ago.

7 *mo*, 26, 1839.

My dear good old mother's house is to be sold or offered by auction to-morrow. * * * The house,

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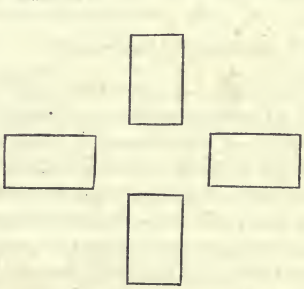
* To this lady he addressed the sonnet:—

Unknown to sight — for more than twenty years
Have we, by written interchange of thought,
And feeling, been into communion brought
Which friend to friend insensibly endears!
In various joys and sorrows, hopes and fears,
Befalling each; and serious subjects, fraught
With wider interest, we at times have sought
To gladden *this* — yet look to *brighter* spheres!
We never yet have met; and never may,
Perchance, while pilgrims upon earth we fare;
Yet, as we seek each other's load to bear,
Or lighten, and that law of love obey,
May we not hope in heaven's eternal day
To meet, and happier intercourse to share?

though very large and roomy, is near two hundred years old and copyhold, so not very saleable, but sold on some terms it must and will be: so I turned into its old-fashioned garden the other day a young artist friend of mine, and sat him down on a stool in the middle of the long gravel walk leading from the parlour door to the bottom of the garden, which ends with a most beautiful and picturesque group of trees. These he has made a delightful water-colour sketch of—an upright, about eleven inches high and eight wide. In the afternoon he turned his seat round, and sketched the back or garden front of the house, as it looks from the garden, above, under, and through the trees. This drawing he has made as a companion to the Ive-Gill sketch he did me a short time ago, and the same size, ten inches by eight, so I have hung the trio over my study fire; and just under the tall upright one, I have hung the portrait of the old dear herself, so they hang after this fashion:—



and a very pretty quartetto they make, the two garden scenes are such vivid transcripts of the spot depicted, and, though slight and free sketches only, retain so perfectly the spirit and character of the places that I could sit and look at them till I half fancy myself in the old familiar

haunt; and the blessed old dear herself looks so perfectly at home, in the middle of her old and favourite garden, that it is quite a treat to look at her. Ive-Gill, I promise thee, is in goodly company, and becomes it well. Mother's house and garden were so old-fashioned, and the latter so wildly overgrown with trees, that they assort well together. Over the top of the house, as high as its towering chimney, is the tufted top of a tall sycamore, growing in the court-yard next the street: this, mother stuck in a twig, to tie a flower to, or point out where some seeds were sown, when she came home a bride near sixty-six or sixty-seven years ago. It took root, and is now a lofty tree, but one very likely to be cut down by some new owner, so I wished to preserve its memorial. But it is now breakfast time, and I have been scribbling this hour.

[Mr. Barton himself bought this house and grounds with some of the money presented to him by the Friends in 1824.]

10 *mo*, 11, 1843.

AND now for thy dressing about my pictures, which I own at first took me a little by surprise; for as I am in a great measure thy debtor for the largest picture I have, as well as for one of my favourites among the smaller ones — I refer of course to my father's portrait and the Ive-Gill sketch — I took it for granted thou wast aware I had such things about me. My printed and published

poems, too, contain such frequent passing allusions to works of art, that I took it for granted I could scarcely have a reader who was ignorant how much and how often I have been indebted to their silent prompting for many a descriptive and illustrative image in my poetry. When I first read thy friendly and good-natured lecture, I laughed and said to Lucy, — "What a lucky thing it is we did not act on our first impulse about Lily,* and get her down here; the poor dear child would have been perfectly horror-struck to see how our walls are covered. But I will tell Mary the whole length and breadth of my enormities, and describe each and all of my pictures at full length to her." A little reflection, however, led me to doubt if I were justified in doing this. Thy objections to hanging up such things may be as much a matter of conscience with thee as the use of them is with me the result of considerable thought, which gave me, to my own conscience, to regard such use as an allowable liberty. If I looked on such works of art as mere ornaments hung up to gratify the vanity of the possessor, I should cordially join in thy objection to them; but I regard them in a very different light. My limited leisure and my failing bodily strength do not allow of my being the pedestrian I once was. I often do not walk out of the streets for weeks together; but my love of nature, of earth, and sky, and water; of trees, fields, and lanes; and my still deeper love of the human face divine, is as intense as ever. As a poet, the use of these is as needful to me as my food. I can seldom get out to see the actual and the real; but a vivid transcript of these, combined with some little effort of memory and fancy, makes my little study full of life,

* His correspondent's daughter.

peoples its silent walls with nature's cherished charms, and lights up human faces round me — dumb, yet eloquent in their human semblance.

1 *mo*, 16, 1846.

I AM about to try thy faith, love, and charity to an hair's breadth, by sending thee a little print of the interior of my study with its pictures on the walls, and — its crucifix on the mantel-piece. What would our friend Smeal* say to such a delineation of the interior of the crib in which I spend what little of leisure I can get from desk work? I dare say it would confirm his worst suspicions of me. Well, there it is, and there is a figure in it meant to indicate me; but about as much like Robinson Crusoe, as it is like me. * * *

* * * But the crucifix — well, my dear friend, the crucifix — * * * It was brought from Germany, I think, by a friend of mine, and placed where it now stands, by his wife, (a true Protestant,) in my absence, the day before they left Woodbridge, as a parting memorial; and I have simply allowed it to stand there ever since, now, I think, three years! It has called forth, frequently, a kind thought of the giver; now and then I hope not an unkind one of our erring fellow Christians who mistake the use of such emblems; and if it have occasionally reminded me of the one great propitiatory sacrifice for sin and trans-

* Editor of the "British Friend," who reprobated Mr. Barton for using the word "November" in poetry, &c.

gression — that I hope is a thought to be reverently cherished, even if suggested by what some may superstitiously regard. Such, my dear friend, is the history of my little crucifix. Fare thee well, and try to think of it and me with charity.

[Referring to an order he had sent to Carlisle to repair his grandfather's tomb, as related in another letter.]

8 *mo*, 15, 1846.

PERHAPS our good friend demurs as to the propriety of a Quaker poet having aught to do with church grave-stones. On this point, however, should such be his idea, he is mistaken. I could wish grave-stones were allowed in our own burial-grounds, a discretionary power being vested in proper quarters as to what is allowed to be put on them. Confine it, and welcome, to name, date, and age; rigidly interdict all flattery and folly. But I own it would feel pleasant to me to know the precise spot where those I have loved lay. I never feel quite sure which is my Lucy's * grave out of the family row. That I might have no doubt which was my mother Jesup's, I planted a tree at the foot of it, which is now three times my own height.

* His wife's.

9 *mo*, 12, 1846.

And now, my dear old friend of above twenty years' standing, I have two points on which I must try to right myself in thy good opinion—the swansdown waistcoat, and the bell, with the somewhat unquakerly inscription of "Mr. Barton's bell" graven above the handle thereof. I could not well suppress a smile at both counts of the indictment, for both are true to a certain extent, though I do not know that I should feel at all bound to plead guilty to either in a criminal one. It is true that prior to my birthday, now nearly two years ago, my daughter, without consulting me, did work for me, in worsted work, as they do now-a-days for slippers, a piece of sempstress-ship or needle-craft, forming the forepart of a waistcoat; the pattern of which, being rather larger than I should have chosen, had choice been allowed me, gave it some semblance of the striped or flowered waistcoats which for aught I know may be designated as swansdown; but the colours, drab and chocolate, were so very sober, that I put it on as I found it, thinking no evil, and wore it, first and week-days, all last winter, and may probably through the coming one, at least on week-days. It is cut in my wonted single-breasted fashion; and as my collarless coat, coming pretty forward, allows no great display of it, I had not heard before a word of scandal, or even censure on its unfriendliness. Considering who worked it for me, I am not sure had the royal arms been worked thereon, if in such sober colours, but I might have worn it, and thought it less fine and less fashionable than the velvet and silk ones which I have seen, ere now, in our galleries, and worn by Friends of high standing and undoubted orthodoxy. But I attach comparatively little importance to dress, while there is

enough left in the *tout ensemble* of the costume to give ample evidence that the wearer is a Quaker. So much for the waistcoat; now for the bell! I live in the back part of the Bank premises, and the approach to the yard leading to my habitat, is by a gate, opening out of the principal street or thoroughfare through our town. The same gate serving for an approach to my cousin's kitchen door, to a large bar-iron warehouse in the same yard, and I know not what beside. Under these circumstances some notification was thought needful to mark the bell appertaining to our domicile, though I suppose nearly a hundred yards off, and the bell-hanger, without any consultation with me, and without my knowledge, had put these words over the handle of the bell, in a recess or hole in the wall by the gate-side, and they had stood there unnoticed and unobserved by me for weeks, if not months, before I ever saw them. When aware of their being there, having had no concern whatever in their being put there, having given no directions for their inscription, and not having to pay for them, I quietly let them stand; and, until thy letter reached me, I have never heard one word of comment on said inscription as an unquakerly one, for I believe it is well known among all our neighbours that the job of making two houses out of one was done by contract with artisans not of us, who executed their commission according to usual custom, without taking our phraseology into account. Such, my good friend, are the simple facts of the two cases.

9 *mo*, 24, 1846.

* * * I SHALL not be in any danger of quarrelling with thee for thy kind and well-meant wishes and efforts to keep me, as far as in thee lies, in the simplicity of the truth, but I doubt whether, without more putter and bother than the thing is worth, the unlucky "*Mr.*" can well be obliterated. The very idea of its being a title of flattery, so used, had not occurred to me, so I certainly had not felt flattered by it. But if ever the bell handle, or plate connected with it, should have to be repaired, a casualty which the jerks of idle runaways may realize during our winter evenings, I promise thee I will have the obnoxious letters removed for thy sake.

10 *mo*, 23, 1847.

TUPPER and his Proverbial Philosophy are old familiar acquaintance of mine. There is good stuff in the book, but it strikes me as too wordy and inflated in its diction; and is of a non-descript class in literature — neither prose nor poetry. Thou wilt say, perhaps, the same objection applies to our old favourite, "The Economy of Human Life;" but that, though Oriental in its style, like the language of the Old Testament, affects much less of the rhythm and flow of verse. Besides, I have a notion

though I have not seen it now for many years, it was originally put forth as a pretended ancient MS., which may be an excuse for its pomp of phrase. Yet even Dodsley is far less inflated than Tupper. But compare either with the phraseology of Scripture, of which both are to a certain extent imitations, and their artificiality is very striking. The longer I live, Mary, the more I love a simple and natural tone of expression, and the more I eschew all sorts of Babylonish dialects. Tupper does better to dip into, and shines in quotation; but, like all artificial writers, is apt to become wearisome if long dwelt on.

Thou hast inquired of me whether my views on Baptism and the Supper are at all changed or modified by the precept or example of any of our seceding Friends. Not a whit. In my view, any trust or reliance in the merely ceremonial rite of Water Baptism is so completely a being brought into bondage to the beggarly elements, as to be incompatible with the glorious liberty and entire spirituality of the Gospel dispensation. Touching what is called the Sacrament, or Ordinance, of the Supper, though I am surprised that any who might have been hoped to have been made living partakers, spiritual communicants, of its substance and reality, should deem its

outward literal observance obligatory; yet when I look at the direct command given by our Lord to his immediate followers — "This do in remembrance of me;" and when I consider that the early Christians, in some form or other, did so observe it; I can quite understand the view taken of the institution by the great body of our Christian brethren; I can, I hope, appreciate the feeling with which it is often administered and received; nor do I doubt, as a means of grace, it may be blessed in its use to many pious and devout communicants. So far I can go. But I do not the less firmly believe that our early Friends were rightly led and guided when they decided on its *disuse* as an essential article of faith, or a necessary part of Christian practice. The fearful liability to abuse; the extreme danger of its degenerating into a mere form; the endless and unprofitable disputations to which the mode and manner of its observance have given rise; the mere fallacious and groundless trust which its mere outward participation is apt to engender in thoughtless and ignorant minds; all these considerations are conclusive with me that it was part of a day, and dispensations of "meats and drinks, and divers washings," shadowy rites, and typical observances, out of which our devout and godly forefathers were called to a more pure and simple and spiritual faith and practice: and thus believing, I think they did well and wisely in rejecting it as binding on us.

TOUCHING thy question of membership by birthright; while I admit the objections to it are plausible, still more serious ones present themselves, in my view, to a departure from our present rule. The seceders, if I understand their objections aright, state that birthright conferring membership is one cause why many of our Society grow up in a sort of traditional faith, believing they hardly know what or why. In by-gone days there might be much truth in this; at least, to a certain extent, I believe it was the case in many instances; but in the present age of discussion and controversy, except in a very few cases, where Friends are very remotely secluded from general intercourse, this can scarcely be the case. Very few of our young Friends can be ignorant of the conflict of opinion which has been called forth, and still fewer I think could be found who must not, in some way or other, have been put upon inquiring and thinking for themselves. The objections to considering none as members who have not attained an age warranting an application from them on the ground of real conviction to be received as such, strike me as serious and formidable. It must, as far as I see aught of its practical working, put all our young people out of the pale of our discipline; for what valid right or plausible plea could we have to extend admonition, or exercise a vigilant and affectionate oversight with respect to parties not in membership, consequently hardly amenable to the rules of a Society to which they had not yet joined themselves? This step, as it appears to me, must set our younger Friends free from all restraint, save that of parental or preceptoral authority and affection; very good and very excellent in themselves, I own, but often re-

quiring sympathy and aid from all available means. Where parents and preceptors were themselves indifferent to the testimonies held by Friends, in their own case, is it at all likely they would enforce, I mean by persuasion, their observance, on the part of those intrusted to their charge? As we are now situated, supposing our young people to incline to go to balls, concerts, plays, &c., even where their parents are by no means strict Friends, the thing is not often attempted, because such or such a one would hear of it, and it is hardly worth the fuss which would be made about it. Mind, I am not saying this is like a renunciation of the same gratification *on principle;* but it may, for a brief and critical period of life, so far answer a good end that a young person shall be kept out of the way of much that might contaminate, and could not profit: with riper years the temptation to such gratifications may be weaker, more serious thoughts may have been awakened, better feelings called into action. But, not to confine our view to indulgences which sober and serious Christians of other denominations often deny themselves on religious principle, let us look further. As matters now stand, our young folks being all members, none of them could on the mere impulse of a sensibility very common to youth be led to a participation in the ordinances now represented as so essential, without the case being brought under notice. But what imaginable right could Friends as a Society have to interdict a participation in such rites to persons not within its own pale, and owing no allegiance, positive or even implied, to our laws and testimonies? Would not the ready and natural answer of a young person if spoken to under such circumstances be, "I am not a member; of course I commit no sort of inconsistency, nor can I infringe a law to which I am in no way subject."

When I consider the extremely plausible light in which it is easy to set both Baptism and the Supper, as essential rites, and especially enjoined: this too perhaps to the young, ardent, and susceptible, first awakened to serious thought and reflection: I cannot think it prudent, nor do I think we are called on, to relax any of the rules of our discipline during a period when I believe their influence is most salutary. I would not for one moment forbid the use of these rites to any who have attained an age to enable them to decide on their essentiality — if they then deem them imperative, let them by all means act on that conviction. But let us not expose the minds of mere children to be prematurely tampered with, and drawn away from our own simple and spiritual faith — if we hold that faith in earnest and honest sincerity ourselves. Such are a few of my thoughts on the subject thou hast proposed: I have not time to dress them up in good set terms, or to enforce them by half the arguments which I think would fully justify and support them.

I MUST either have expressed myself ill, or thou must have misunderstood me, or made the remark in thine from memory, if the passage which struck thee in mine of there being very little difference between our seceding Friends and us, be really of my penning. I might say that I felt quite unable to define what the belief or doctrine of our seceders were; or to what extent they differ from us, except as to what they term *ordinances*. But a differ-

ence on this point alone, is not in my view a little one. I have no sort of controversy with the good and the pious of other sects who have always thought it their duty to participate in such rites; I have no desire to dispute with those who, amongst us, thinking such things to be essential, quietly leave us and join in religious profession with those who practise them. But I have an abiding, and for aught I can see, an interminable controversy with those who would still hold their membership with us by forcing on us the observance of these rites, and mixing them up with our simpler and spiritual creed as part and parcel of a new-fangled system which they are pleased to call Evangelical Quakerism. I get puzzled and bewildered among these nondescript novelties; a sprinkling, or water-sprinkled, sacrament-taking Quaker is a sort of incongruous medley I can neither classify nor understand. Of their peculiar doctrines on other topics, how far they hold the exclusive dogmas of Calvin, I know not, nor do I care much to agitate such questions; of the universality of the offer of Divine grace to all, I cannot doubt with the Bible before me; and to suppose it offered where it has from eternity been immutably decreed it could not or would not be accepted, seems to my poor head and heart incompatible with Divine truth and goodness. But I have no wish, at fifty-four, to bother myself with splitting straws. "The mighty mystery of the atonement I desire to accept with humble and grateful reverence, to lay hold on the promises held out to me as a sinner, in the propitiatory sacrifice of the Redeemer, to believe his own gracious promise that 'whoso cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.'" And with the conviction of these blessed truths, I would not less desire to unite a firm and unshaken faith in the offices and agency of the Holy Spirit, its immediate teaching and guidance, its consolations and supports. Such are the fundamental truths,

as I hold them, of my Christian creed; for I cling to the old-fashioned Quaker profession of them, as having fewer adjuncts of human invention to lessen their simple, spiritual, and, as I think, Scriptural beauty, than any other. I hope this brief and hasty summary may enable thee to get a glimpse of my faith, such as it is, and so far as I know it myself. But of all things I dislike the argumentative habit of critically dissecting every item of one's belief, and the systematizing and theorizing now so much in vogue. Pure spiritual true religion seeks not to darken counsel, deaden feeling, and dim true light, by words without knowledge; and such seems to me the unprofitable tendency of no small portion of the teaching, whether oral or written, of our modern would-be instructors.

How any sort of confusion of ideas should exist among the real living and spiritually-minded among our own Society on this topic,* is a marvel and a mystery to me; or would be, had not my own heart long ago taught me how very soon our spiritual perceptions become dim and doubtful, our best feelings deadened, and our judgment bewildered, when in our own strength and wisdom we set about forming systems and codes, and creeds of our own, classifying and arranging, according to our individual

* The comparative importance of the *Spirit*, or the written word.

appreciation of their importance, truths and principles ALL revealed in their elementary simplicity by the holy volume, all enforced by the teachings of God's Holy Spirit, and all meant, as I believe, to be gradually developed and unfolded to our individual states, uses, and needs, could we but content ourselves, with childish simplicity of heart, to accept them as God has given them. Taking with reverent and truthful humility his outward manifestation of his word as given forth in Scripture; accepting gratefully his offered gift of the Spirit, and praying for its increase, that we may more and more, through its aid, understand those lively oracles of which it is the source; and thereby coming to know in our individual experience, that all the needful truths and essential doctrines revealed in the one, and unfolded, and enforced, and immediately applied by the other, must of necessity form one harmonious whole, in which, when we are aright instructed, we shall see no discrepancies or inconsistencies. But it is the natural tendency of plunging into controversy about the comparative importance of dogmas and doctrines, to narrow our views, and to make us, in our eagerness to defend what appears at the moment of primary importance, regard that one topic or truth as the one thing needful — a term only to be applied to the whole, undivided, and harmonious gospel of our Lord, in its full completeness.

I DO not like to see one Divine gift pitted against another, as if there were, ought to be, or could be, any rivalry between what must be in their very essence harmonious. I hold with the old faith of our early Friends, who were content thankfully to receive the Scriptures as a blessed and invaluable revelation of God's will; yet so far from understanding them to be the *sole* and *final* one, I conceive that one main end and intent of their being given forth, was to inculcate the knowledge of that Spirit whence they themselves proceeded, to guide us to its teachings, to instruct us to wait for its influences, under a conviction that without its unfoldings even the lively oracles of God's Holy Writ may be to us a dead letter. If I am told there is a danger of these views leading to a fanatical trust in a fanatical inspiration of our own; I can only reply, that I can see no such danger while we seek such aid and guidance in simplicity, godly sincerity, and deep humility. Thus, I believe, were our early predecessors eminently led about and instructed.

IT was said by one of the early Fathers of the Christian church in his day of some who then withdrew themselves, "They went out from us because they were not of us;" and the same may be said, I think, of many of the more active and conspicuous among our modern separatists. They knew not for themselves ex-

perimentally and individually the life and power of that principle by which Friends were first gathered to be a people. For it never was, and never can be, attained by mere birthright, though outward membership is; nor can it descend by inheritance. I can easily conceive how some have been led to take the part they have taken. Born and educated among us, the latter perhaps at a time when religious instruction was less thought of than it ought to have been, they have grown up as young people, *Friends* in name and profession, but without ever having been grounded even in the elements of our peculiar principles. In some instances I know individuals of this class, living perhaps in small meetings, and not often brought into intimate acquaintance or cordial intercourse with the more excellent of our body; they have been first taught to think and feel seriously by accidentally falling into the way of religious characters not of our Society. In many such there is a warmth of ardour, an exuberance of zeal, a proneness to activity in the use of means, and a life in religious converse — all very sincere and cordial I believe on the part of many who indulge in them — which is naturally more taking to a newly-awakened mind than the quiet manner, and patient waiting, and silent retirement, which our views of the spirituality of religion would recommend as likely to conduce to a real and effectual growth in grace. Take the case of any ordinary young person first awakened to serious thought and feeling, and supposing him or her to open their minds to not a few of our good Friends, very worthy and estimable folks in their way, but not exactly the sort of persons to deal with minds first awakened to religious sensibility —the passive nothingness, the patient waiting, the searchiug after retirement, the abstinence from creaturely activity, which such might probably recommend, must come recommended with great kindness and evident deep feeling to give it the

least hope of success; the least appearance of any frigidity or formality to a mind thus excited would close the door at once. Supposing, however, such a convert to fall at such a critical period in the way of one of our Beaconites, may we not fairly anticipate a line of conduct prescribed much more likely to be acceptable — the study of the Bible — the belief of full, entire, and complete justification by faith alone — means excellent in themselves, rightly and well understood, would seem, no doubt, to such a one, a more compendious mode of faith, and to the zeal of a new convert a more inviting one. I do not say that a pious and upright inquirer might not, by following this counsel, come to the attainment of a sound Christian; but he (*one?*) may become an adept in Biblical knowledge without imbibing its Divine spirit; and, from a fear of mysticism and fanaticism, run into a theory quite as dangerous. For while I freely admit the doctrine of justification by faith as I find it simply and abstractedly given in the gospel, I cannot think it one to be exclusively enforced on the believer in all the stages of his Christian progress. Milk for babes, and meat for those of a riper and more mature growth, is, I believe, the diet prescribed not only by gospel wisdom, but emphatically inculcated by the simple spiritual teaching of its Divine Founder.

Dost thou remember a beautiful passage in Cowper —

"——— Stillest streams
Oft water fairest meadows, and the bird
That flutters least is longest on the wing."

So I believe it may be said in our religious Society, and, in fact, in any other denomination, that the most truly influential members, those who give to the body of which they form the life and essence, to speak humanly, its form and pressure, and stamp on it the impression which proves it not counterfeit, but sterling; these are not always the most prominent to the eye of superficial observation, and are seldom found amongst the loudest talkers; they are rather silent preachers, by the practical and incontrovertible exposition of their lives and conversations, that they have not followed, nor are following, cunningly devised fables, but are partakers of that living and eternal substance, which is in fact the true life of religion in and under every name. In ordinary times such pursue, for the most part, the quiet and unobtrusive tenor of their way, doing each, in his or her own little sphere, whatever their hands find to do, but with so little display, that their hidden worth is scarce known, perhaps even to many of their own fellow professors, until circumstances or events out of the ordinary track call on them to throw their weight into the scale one way or the other. Let a crisis arise, however, or an emergency occur, when the Master thinks fit to call them forward, or His cause demands their support, and it is wonderful how their influence is brought to bear on the right side, and how silently, yet overwhelmingly powerful that influence is rendered through the overruling providence of Divine grace. Of such *working bees*, my good

friend, it is my faith that our little hive possesses no small number. But my sheet is all but full. All I wish is, that we may each and all try to keep our proper places, exercise patience, forbearance, and love towards and with each other, and then I trust all will be well. There is always this risk in controversy, we are very apt to misunderstand each other, and not very prone rightly to know ourselves; but if vital and fundamental principles are to be attacked, they must be defended; may it be in the spirit of meekness and love.

THE more I see, or rather hear, of this lamentable controversy, the more I am convinced that they who first agitated it acted unwisely and unwell in doing so. I cannot believe that to have had a right origin which by its natural and almost inevitable results tends to disunion, disputation, and all uncharitableness.

THE Society itself, so far as I have any sight, sense, and feeling of its faith and practice, has in no respect falsified its own original and fundamental doctrines. Practically indeed we may not be, and I fear we are not, the plain, simple, single-hearted, self-denying people that our forefathers were. The absence of all that can be called persecution; the substitution of the world's respect for its scorn, of its smiles for its frowns; the progress of

refinement and luxury, and many other operating causes of a much less exceptionable nature; have gradually more assimilated the bulk of our Society to the mass of our fellow-Christians. But I am not at all aware that, in our collective capacity as a body, we have avowedly departed from the faith of our ancestors. Nor do I find that our seceding brothers and sisters leave us under the plea of any such departure, but simply because we refuse to give up the principles and practices, the declaration and adoption of which formed the rallying point and starting post of our founders, humanly speaking, as a section of the Christian church.

In science and art the progress of discovery may bring much to light, and the wisest of men in these matters may have much to learn and ts unlearn. But in the grand and essential truths of the gospel, I see not why our forefathers were not as likely to be right as we can be. I know of no fresh sources of religious instruction, no undiscovered or undeveloped fountain of religious knowledge to which we in our day can have access, from which our pious ancestors were excluded. And I am yet to learn what oracles of Divine truth we can consult, with which they were not familiar. They had the outward and written word, in which the will of God is recorded, in their hands, and they certainly were not likely to be strangers to that inspeaking word, the voice of his Spirit; that inshining light which enlightens every regenerate Christian, to which they were the first peculiarly to appeal.

In all human institutions, whether political or ecclesiastical, there is a rise and fall — a state of infancy, manhood, and, at last, of declension and decrepitude; but in proportion as the bond of union cementing them is inward and spiritual, they are likely to be transitory or enduring. It is this spirit, or living essence of religion itself, without reference to forms and modes which are of necessity ephemeral, that forms the life and power on which the church of Christ is based, and by which its living members of all sects, names, and denominations are united in one fellowship. It may therefore be hoped for and believed that, as far as any Society has been led from types and shadows, external rites and ceremonies, to seek a more spiritual faith, its purity and permanency are in some degree pledged by its simplicity. It has long been my belief and conviction that the principles of Friends, rightly understood, form the most pure, most simple, and most spiritual code of faith and doctrine which the Christian world exhibits; and, under this belief, I can entertain no fear of the decline or overthrow of them. Whether the body first raised up to propagate them, or their successors to whom the maintenance of these testimonies is now intrusted, may have their name as a people perpetuated I cannot presume to anticipate, but for the principles themselves I entertain no apprehension, because I believe them to be those of the everlasting and unchangeable gospel of Christ. Nor do I think that the time is yet come for us to be blotted out of the list of those sections of the universal church of Christ, which constitute all together his temple on earth.

ALL that I have heard, seen, or read, only strengthens my attachment to old-fashioned Quakerism. I do not mean that in every iota of manners, habits, and practice, we are bound to follow the example of those who lived more than a century and a half ago, when the Society was in a very different state. But in all essential points of faith and doctrine I am more and more convinced those old worthies were substantially sound.

I BELIEVE the unity of the one Catholic and comprehensive church to be a unity of spirit and feeling, and not only to be perfectly compatible with many diversities of opinion as to particular doctrines, rites, and ceremonies, but entirely independent of them. I should be sorry not to feel somewhat of that unity with many from whom I differ widely in many and various respects. Who but must feel it for Kempis? yet this by no means implies any accordance with the Romish Ritual of which, I believe, he was a docile and dutiful votary — though he lived and wrote far beyond the letter and rule of his professed creed, in a spirit of the most pure, enlightened, and spiritual Christianity.

TO MR. CLEMISHA.

[This correspondent travelled about England in the way of business, and wrote to Mr. B. from various places in the course of his journey, specifying always when and where an answer might reach him on the road: a sort of "Bo-peep" correspondence, as Mr. B. wrote to him — "When I say 'Peep' at one place, thy 'Bo comes from another,"]

London, 7 *mo*, 8, 1843.

I NEVER fancy to myself that much, if aught, of *personal* identity can hang about folks in London; that they can see, hear, smell, or think, talk, and feel, as people do in the country. I can obscurely understand how Cockneys born and bred, or such as are even long resident in Cockaigne, and therefore native to that strange element, may in course of time acquire a sort of borrowed nature, and by virtue of it, a kind of artificial individuality; but I never was in London long enough to get at this, and have always seemed, when there, *not to be myself*, but very much as if I were walking in a dream, or like a bit of seaweed blown off some cliff or beach, and drifting with the current — one knew not why or how. In a coffee-room, up one of those queer long dark inn yards, I have felt more

like myself; — there is more of quiet; folks often sit in boxes apart, and talk in a kind of under-tone; or when they do not, the united effect of so many voices becomes a sort of indistinct hum or buzz, relieved at intervals by the swinging to and fro of the coffee-room door, the clatter of plates, the jingle of glasses, or the rustle of the newspaper often turned over. I have spent an hour or two after my fashion in this way, at the Four Swans, Belle Sauvage, Bolt in Tun, Spread Eagle, and other coach houses, by no means unpleasantly, seemingly reading the paper, and sipping my tea or coffee, wine or toddy, but really catching some amusing scraps of the talk going on round, and speculating on the characters of the talkers. But the greatest luxury London had to give, is gone with my poor old friend Allan Cunningham. It was worth something to steal out of the din and hubbub of crowded streets into those large, still, cathedral-like rooms of Chantrey's, populous with phantom-like statues, or groups of statues as large or larger than life; some tinted with dust and time, others of spectral whiteness, but all silent and solemn; to roam about among these, hearing nothing but the distant murmur of rolling carriages, now and then the clink of the workman's chisel in some of the yards or workshops, but chiefly the low, deliberate, often amusing, and always interesting talk of honest Allan, in broad Scotch. A morning of this sort was well worth going up to London on purpose for.

11 *mo*, 16, 1843.

I AM not a little diverted by thy *taking-on* somewhat about the irksome monotony and confinement of a fortnight's spell at the desk and figure work, and seeming to thyself like a piece of machinery in consequence. I have really been so unfeeling as to have a hearty laugh about the whole affair. Why, man! I took my seat on the identical stool I now occupy at the desk, to the wood of which I have now well-nigh grown, in the third month of the year 1810; and there I have sat on for three and thirty blessed years, beside the odd eight months, without one month's respite in all that time. I believe I once had a fortnight; and once in about two years, or better, I get a week; but all my absences put together would not make up the eight odd months. I often wonder that my health has stood this sedentary probation as it has, and that my mental faculties have survived three and thirty years of putting down figures in three rows, casting them up, and carrying them forward *ad infinitum*. Nor is this all — for during that time, I think, I have put forth some half dozen volumes of verse; to say nothing of scores and scores of odd bits of verse contributed to Annuals, Periodicals, Albums, and what not; and a correspondence implying a hundred times the *writing* of all these put together: where is the wonder that on the verge of sixty I am somewhat of a prematurely old man, with odds and ends of infirmities and ailments about me, which at times are a trial to the spirits and a weariness to the flesh? But all the grumbling in the world would not mend the matter, or help me, so I rub and drive on as well as I can.

6 *mo*, 13, 1844.

I AM not over-fond of polemicals; they are almost as bad as galenicals. How our tastes alter with added years and enlarged experience! I was once an eager disputant about matter and spirit, free-will and necessity, Unitarianism and Trinitarianism, and almost all other isms; and was in a fair way of becoming a sceptic. Happily I found out, I hope in time to avert such a catastrophe, that a man never stands so fair a chance of making a fool of himself as he does when he begins to fancy himself wiser than all around him. It is no uncommon thing to find a man overtaken in liquor taking vast pains to convince you he is perfectly sober; I require no further confirmation of his being drunk, or verging that way; for a man who is sober, seldom, if ever, takes the trouble to prove the fact. In like manner, if I meet any one who gives himself airs for having enlarged views, liberal principles, and freedom from all the vulgar prejudices by which common minds are enslaved, I have a lurking distrust that he is, without knowing it, a narrow-minded bigot, and very likely to have taken up worse prejudices than those which he has been trying to shake off.

TO MISS H——.

7 *mo*, 29, 1840.

Do not let thy zeal for a Church* which I have a lurking love for myself, inasmuch as Izaak Walton's worthies all belonged to it, put thee in any unnecessary fright about my dreaming of making a convert of thee from said Church to any *ism* of my own. In the first place, my dear, I am not one of those who would compass sea and land to make proselytes — in the second, I am by no means sure that my *ism* would suit either thy mental or physical temperament as it does mine — and, thirdly, I have my suspicions whether I do not like thee best as a Churchwoman, always assuming thy honours to be borne with meekness, gentleness, and charity. Day, the author of Sandford and Merton, once fell in love with Anna Seward; but having more of the Spartan than of the dandy in him, Miss S. did not like his manners, and told him so: — poor Day went to France to polish — came back, and resumed his suit; when Miss S. frankly told him she liked Tom Day the blackguard better than Tom Day the beau — so he "*took nothing*," as the lawyers phrase it, by this motion.

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* The Church of England.

5 *mo*, 20, 1841.

I FORGET whether I told thee in my last of my going to the funeral of a very sweet, interesting girl of nineteen, at my favourite village of Playford, a fortnight ago. She was the third daughter of two valued friends of mine; her mother a very old friend of mine from childhood, and, till her marriage, a Quaker. As her religious principles were unaltered by marriage, though she went to church with her husband and children regularly, none of their children were baptized in infancy, their mother wishing their joining in full church membership should be their own act when they were able to think for themselves. As they have grown up to an age capable of deciding, I believe they have so united themselves to your Church. This lovely girl had done so only about a month prior to the rupture of a blood-vessel, which brought on rapid consumption, and carried her off in a fortnight. I went over to the funeral by invitation, and certainly of all the funerals I ever attended it was one of the most affecting, from the oneness of feeling and the audible manifestations of grief on the occasion. The parties who had been her sponsors at baptism a few weeks before were, Clarkson the Abolitionist, and his widowed daughter. On our arrival at the little village church I found them quietly seated in their pew, into which I went. But when the bier had to pass us up the aisle, the poor old man, now verging on eighty years of age, was so broken down that he had no alternative but to give way to it, and in the emphatic language of Scripture he fairly lifted up his voice and wept aloud. The family of the deceased occupied the next pew, and a twin-brother, who had with great effort kept his grief

under some control, soon gave way; — even the clergyman, by his low and tremulous voice as he began the lesson, seemed hardly equal to his task. But as his voice became stronger and firmer, tranquillity was restored. By the grave-side, however, the scene again became quite overpowering. A chair had been set at the head of the grave for poor old Clarkson, very considerately, but he had to be supported in it, and the audible, uncontrollable expression of sorrow on every hand was truly heart-touching. When the usual service was ended, the clergyman stated that it was the wish of the deceased, or rather of her relatives, that a little hymn which had ever been a great favourite of hers should be sung on this occasion, and he had much pleasure in complying with the request. After a few minutes, way was made for the children of the village school, which this estimable girl had almost made and managed, to come up to the grave-side — about twenty or twenty-five little things, with eyes and cheeks red with crying: I thought they could never have found tongues, poor things; but once set off, they sung like a little band of cherubs. What added to the effect of it, to me, was that it was a little almost forgotten hymn of my own, written years ago; which no one present, but myself, was at all aware of.

[On some Church-of-England zealots.]

7 *mo*, 26, 1840.

Such men are like the good prophet who was very jealous for the Lord God of hosts, and believed that he only was left to serve Him; unto whom the Lord's own words were, "Yet I have left me seven thousand in Israel, who had not bowed the knee to Baal." And thus I believe it is now-a-days with some of those to whom I now refer — they would hardly regard as Christians many who conscientiously dissent from the Church of England. I regret this for their sakes; but such persuasion on their part cannot unchristianize any humble believer in Christ. Happily, we shall not in the great day of account sit in judgment on one another, but shall all stand before the tribunal of One who cannot err, and whose mercy is as boundless as his justice is unchangeable. Such, unhappily, is (however) the infirmity of our nature, that sometimes, in proportion to our own zeal and devotedness to what we regard as the voice of God, given forth in his holy word, is our interpretation of all who do not read that blessed word through our own spectacles. Like those disciples of old, who went to the Saviour, saying, "We saw one casting out devils in Thy name, and we forbade him, because he followeth not us;" — there are those who seem as if they never asked themselves touching a professing fellow-Christian differing from themselves in certain points: "Does he believe in our one common Master? Does he look for salvation through His cross? Has he been born again of His Spirit? Do his life and the pervading tone of his spirit bear evidence that he has been with Jesus?"

These are not the questions — the one to be first answered is, *whether he followeth us?* — "'T is true 't is pity: pity 't is 't is true!" But such is human nature, when warped by either sectarianism or Churchanity; for this sad spirit is by no means monopolized by your ultras on the Church side. I have seen some of the old orthodox Dissenters, of the genuine crab-stock stamp, woefully leavened with the same spirit; and, what made it the worse, some of these zealots on both sides were and are persons who, God-ward and man-ward, were alike "sans peur et sans reproche;" men whose praise was and is justly heard in their respective Churches; only, alas! men mistaking a part for the whole, and taking their own one-sided view of Christianity as the only true one, instead of looking at it in its full and entire completeness, and imbibing that generous and comprehensive spirit which is its very essence.

TO MARY W———, ON THE DEATH OF HER FATHER.

12 *mo*, 17, 1842.

Our poor frail and infirm nature, dear Mary, is sadly prone to render us unjust to ourselves, as well as unthankful to our heavenly Father, under such trials as these. We hear no more the voice we loved — we see no more the form so dear to us — for we still dwell in these clay houses: but could we see, as we (for aught we know) are seen by those dear to us, who are unclothed of mor-

tality, should we then say there was no union or communion left between us and the loved ones who are gone but a little, perhaps, before us? O, believe it not!—Thy beloved father is as much thy father in his present happiness as in his past helplessness.

Aldeburgh, 7 *mo*, 19, 1844.

My dear Friend,

This is our nearest Suffolk watering-place; and having had to fag harder than usual of late, I determined yesterday to enjoy a quiet Sabbath by the sea. So I have persuaded Tills to drive me down. We have no Quakerly meeting-house here, and, having come down for the express purpose of inhaling the sea-breezes, I have resolved on getting all I can of them. Tills is gone to church, and has left me alone in a delightful room, from the window of which I could throw a stone into the German Ocean. I have therefore set the window open, drawn the table close up to it, and have been seated for the last half-hour, lulled by the ripple of the waves on the beach, and drawing in at every breath, I hope, some renewal of health and spirits for the desk-work of the next fortnight.

TO ELIZABETH AND MARIA C——.

[Describing pictures in his study.]

5 *mo*, 14, 1842.

* * On each side of the window hangs a portrait, and a third portrait, of old Chambers, the itinerant poetaster, hangs in one corner; the last-named was painted by Mendham, of Eye, the same self-taught Suffolk artist who painted the Old Man and Child, that hangs over the piano. The other two portraits are quite unknown to thee, but I hope one day or other to show them to thee. They were picked up by E. F—— in his exploratory visits to brokers' shops about town. One is a portrait of Stothard the painter, by Northcote, a careless, hasty oil sketch, but very effective and pleasing, being, in truth, a speaking likeness of a benevolent, happy, and intelligent-looking gentleman of between sixty and seventy, perhaps nearer the latter than the former, if, indeed, the original were not more than seventy. Any how it is a delightful specimen of green old age, placid and cheerful. The other, Edward will have to be the portrait, by anticipation, of Bill Sykes, in Oliver Twist. I call it Peter Bell! The fellow has, I own, a somewhat villanous aspect, and his arms are brought forward in a way that conveys a fearful suspicion that his hands, luckily not given,

are fettered. His elf-locks look as they had never known *sizzors*, (I don't believe I have spelt that word right, but I never had to write it before,) but had been hacked away with a blunt knife; his upper lip and all the lower part of the face cannot have been shaven for a week; yet there is a touch of compunction about the full, dark, and melancholy eyes, which will not allow me to pronounce the fellow altogether bad. The broker who sold it to Edward, called it a portrait of a gamekeeper, and said it was by Northcote. I opine it to be by Opie. Fuseli once said in his caustic way, that Opie never painted any characters so well as cut-throats and villains, and acquitted himself best in these when he studied his own features well in a glass, before he sat down to his easel; but that was vile on the part of Fuseli, for I have seen a portrait of Opie without a taint of villany. But be the thing hanging before me by whom it may, or a semblance of whom it will, I would not take a £10 note for it. It can be no fancy sketch; there is a reality about it there is no mistaking.

7 *mo*, 16, 1842.

My dear Libby,

My good cousin Bessy A——, from G——, has been L.'s guest more than a week, and the day after she came I told her that I expected a letter from Libby C— on the morrow. On her wanting to know *why* I expected such an arrival, I gave her divers most excellent reasons; reasons enough to satisfy the most incredulous. I had

written to thee I know not how long before; I had *sent* thee, and *lent* thee the world and all of rhymes; and had furnished thee with a subject on which to write more, which confessedly took thy fancy, so that I was in daily expectation of reaping the fruit, a golden harvest. I put her in mind that it was no effort in the world to thee to write letters. In short, I argued the point with her in a manner the most convincing, but I convinced her not that a letter would come on the morrow. Nor did I convince L—; but then, from never writing letters herself, she has grown into an unbeliever, or nearly so, that letters are to be written. However no letter has come, and I begin to grow sceptical myself, not as to the fact of letters being writeable, but as to there being such a person as E. C— to write them, unless they are to reach one through that mysterious office which used to convey Mrs. Rowe's letters from the dead to the living. I begin to have the oddest and queerest misgivings as to whether that migratory life of thine thou hast lived so long, may not have attenuated all that was bodily in thee into air, thin air! and when one begins to admit a doubt as to the bodily existence of an old correspondent, hosts of thick-coming fancies flock in; if I begin to doubt whether there be *now* a Libby C— in positive and real substance moving about on this world of ours, what proof have I there ever was such a person? I once read a very ingenious treatise written to show that there never was such a person as Napoleon; methinks I could write one full as plausible to show that there never was an Elizabeth C—. While I kept on having letters from thee, a sort of vague idea that there was some where a somebody, or something, corporeal, or spiritual, or both, which answered — being so addressed or apostrophized, tended to perpetuate the idea

of thy reality. I could think of thee, as one does of the wandering Jew of antiquity, and I had thoughts of addressing thee in verse, with these lines of Wordsworth for my motto—

> "O cuckoo! shall I call thee bird?
> Or but a wandering *voice!*"

but the voice having ceased to make its responses, I am at a loss what to think, or to do; so I just scribble these lines as a sort of last resource, a forlorn hope.

TO MARIA C——.

10 *mo*, 17, 1844.

I GO out so rarely that I am in a state of bewilderment on such occasions, and seem to myself to be as one walking in a dream. It can therefore hardly be strange that I should have lost thy letter, having at that period lost myself. — Don't think it any mark of disrespect to thyself, for had I been favoured with one from the queen of Sheba, on the theory of Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe's "Letters from the Dead to the Living," it would in all likelihood have fared no better. How should a man be a safe keeper of anything, when, a change of locality having clean taken him out of himself, he is no longer, in fact, himself. I have been home two days, but I am not myself yet. It will take a good fortnight ere I shall fully regain my personal identity. I keep picking up, in lucid

intervals, first one and then another of the *disjuncta membra* of my old self—as children put together a dissected puzzle, which they have a vague memory of having put together before. But enough of this confused babble.

Woodbridge, 9 *mo*, 4, 1844.

Dear Maria,

Does not this "look like business?" as Constable's men said to my artist friend, when he set up his easel behind Flatford Mill, to paint Willy Lott's house. I have hardly started thee from our gate, when I am in my cabin writing a letter, or letteret, to greet thee at the morrow's breakfast table. What I shall find to put into it, I will not now stop to ask myself. First and foremost, Lucy and the monkey* send all sorts of kind and cordial greetings, which they say must be specially welcome after the absence of a whole night. Secondly, we are all of us charmed with your flying visit, and should have been still more charmed had it been a less flying one, for the whole thing was such a whirl, there was not time to group you in tableaux, far less to study or contemplate you individually; it was for all the world like a peep into a kaleidoscope, before the component items have shaped themselves into any symmetrical whole; and so you keep flitting before my vision at this moment. Grandmamma prominent one minute, then those Tivetshall girls, then Libby and thee.

* A pet niece.

Then come Samuel and the Etonian, and Miss B—— bringing up the rear. It was certainly a thing to be thankful for, to get such a group together, even to have a glimpse of, but one can hardly help regretting it was for a glimpse only. Old proverbs, 't is true, say somewhat of welcoming the coming and speeding the parting guest. But the latter was scarcely necessary when guests speed themselves off so rapidly. However, I will not grumble, but try and be most thankful for the moment you did give us.

TO MR. FULCHER,

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER OF

THE SUDBURY POCKET BOOK.

10 *mo*, 29, 1832.

THY packet of Pocket Books, for which I thank thee, reached me on Saturday night.

The poetry, original and selected, is, I think, quite on a par with that of former years — with one exception, to which I shall refer presently; only, that I think thou art somewhat too partial to Robert Montgomery in thy gleanings. Tastes, to be sure, have a proverbial right to differ — but I never could get through a volume of Robert's yet. But I am too eager to get to my exception in thy original poetry, to say another word about the bard of Satan.

That exception, then, has reference to the first piece — "The dying Infant" — to which I see thy initials are appended, and which I pronounce to be as much superior to any piece which has yet appeared in any of thy Pocket Books as the poetry of James is to that of Robert Montgomery. They say poets are loth to award cordial praise to the efforts of their contemporaries, but I will praise this most heartily; nor do I at all believe that any one of the forthcoming annuals, with all their proud pretence and

lists of eminent contributors, will have a piece at all approaching to it in excellence. Marry, an' thou writest such stanzas, I shall fight shy of figuring in thy pages as a foil to their Editor's own contributions. I do not know that I shall not turn Pocket Book Reviewer, for the mere purpose of making the poem known; but it is needless.

Thine in haste,

B. B.

P. S. Don't bother me about politics, which I care not a rush about (by comparison) while I can have such nursery rhymes to read.

The following is the very pretty poem to which Mr. Barton alludes: —

THE DYING CHILD.

"What should it know of death?"—*Wordsworth.*

Come closer, closer, dear Mamma,
My heart is filled with fears;
My eyes are dark, I hear your sobs,
But cannot see your tears.

I feel your warm breath on my lips,
That are so icy cold:—
Come closer, closer, dear Mamma,
Give me your hand to hold.

I quite forget my little hymn,
"How doth the busy bee,"
Which every day I used to say,
When sitting on your knee.

Nor can I recollect my prayers
And, dear Mamma, you know
That the great God will angry be,
If I forget *them* too.

And dear Papa, when he comes home,
Oh will he not be vex'd?
"Give us this day our daily bread;"—
What is it that comes next?

"Thine is the kingdom and the power:"—
I cannot think of more,
It comes and goes away so quick,
It never did before.

"Hush, Darling! you are going to
The bright and blessed sky,
Where all God's holy children go,
To live with him on high."

But will he love me, dear Mamma,
As tenderly as you?
And will my own Papa, one day,
Come and live with me too?

But you must first lay me to sleep,
Where Grand-papa is laid;
Is not the Churchyard cold and dark,
And sha'n't I feel afraid?

And will you every evening come,
And say my pretty prayer
Over poor Lucy's little grave,
And see that no one 's there?

And promise me, whene'er you die,
That they your grave shall make
The next to mine, that I may be
Close to you when I wake.

Nay, do not leave me, dear mamma,
Your watch beside me keep:
My heart feels cold — the room's all dark;
Now lay me down to sleep:—

And should I sleep to wake no more,
Dear, dear Mamma, good-bye:
Poor nurse is kind, but oh do *you*
Be with me when I die! G. W. F.

[On proposing a portrait of Jemmy Chambers* as a frontispiece for Mr. Fulcher's "*Ladies*' Pocket Book."

4 *mo*, 6, 1838.

LADIES are somewhat fond of pet oddities. An old, tattered, weather-beaten object, like old Chambers, is the very thing to take their fancies. Why, when the poor wretch was living, and had located himself hereabouts, his best friends were the ladies. When they stopped to speak to the old man, to be sure, they would get to windward of him, as a matter of taste; for he was a walking dung-hill, poor fellow, most of his wardrobe looking as if it had been picked off some such repositories, and his hands and face bearing evident marks of his antipathy to soap and

* One of those Edie Ochiltrees, who, by virtue of a Blue Gown, or of a genius that will not be gainsaid, are privileged to go about a neighbourhood and pick up a scanty subsistence from the charity and curiosity of the inhabitants. He was born at Soham, in Cambridgeshire; but for the latter years of his life wandered about Woodbridge, housing himself at times in a half-ruined cottage called *Cold Hall*, on a hill overlooking the town and river. "His poetry, or what he put forth as such," wrote Mr. Barton again, "was poor doggerel; but he himself, and the life he led, are (or were) full of poetry;—now sleeping in a barn, cow-house, or cart-shed; at others, in woods; but always 'in the eye of nature,' as Daddy Wordsworth said of his Cumberland beggar." So Jemmy Chambers went about, with two or three dogs for company, one of which he carried in his arms. No gift of clothes could induce him to keep them or himself clean; he would not stay in a house that was once fitted up for him. He died about twenty-five years ago. The portrait here spoken of represents him in his dirty habits as he lived, about to indite some of his acrostics, his dogs about him, and he himself a vigorous old man with a face like Homer's.

water. Yet, though he was the very opposite of a lady's lap-dog, curled, combed, washed, and perfumed, he had his interest, and it was pretty effective too, with the sex. His wretched appearance was sure to appeal to their compassion: the solitary wandering life he led, his reputed minstrel talent, some little smattering of book-learning, which he would now and then display — in short, I might write a regular treatise, giving very philosophical reasons why C——— was quite a "lady's man."

As to thy election politics, I pity thee. Politics of any sort, or of all sorts, are not to my taste; but those connected with electioneering tactics are the most loathsome. I would as soon turn in three in a bed with two like Chambers, as go through the endurance of an election at I——— or S———. Believe me, this is no "façon de parler" — for I should be truly sorry a dog of mine, for whose respectability I felt the least regard, should be put in nomination for either place.

11 *mo*, 3, 1842.

THIS very sudden news of poor Allan Cunningham's death has both shocked and grieved me. I had a letter from him on Friday morning last — I suspect the last he wrote — it was in his old cordial, kindly tone, but evidently written by an invalid. So I sat me down on Saturday night, and wrote him a long epistle, urging him to come down to Lucy and me for a week, as I was quite in hopes a few days' country air and quiet relaxation would

do him good. I exerted all my powers of persuasion as eloquently as I could, of course to no purpose, for at the very time I was writing he was dying. And so I have lost my old favourite — him whom Charles Lamb used to call the "large-hearted Scot" — and a large and warm heart he had of his own. It seems to me now as if I never would give a fig to go to town again. The very last time I was there, Lucy and I spent a morning at Chantrey's, walking with Allan about those great rooms, each of them as big as a little cathedral, and swarming with statues — busts and groups — many as large as life — all still as death. It was worth somewhat to sit at the foot of some grand mass of stone or marble, and hear Allan talk about Sir Walter Scott, and Sir Francis, and Wilkie, and Burns; — or when he was still, and we as mute, to look round at all those glorious works of art, till we ourselves seemed to grow into stone like them; — and now and then the din of the great Babel without, faintly heard there, would come upon us like echoes from another world, with which we then had no concern. We shall never go there more. Sir Francis and Allan, both then living, are now dead as the wonders they created; — the rooms are stripped; — and there's an end of that beautiful chapter in one's little life.

5 *mo*, 31, 1843.

My dear Friend,

I am not over-much taken with either thy frontispiece or vignette* — I mean, as subjects for poetry — for, as architectural drawings, I own they are very pretty. Thou hast very cleverly hinted how they might become matters for rhyme —

> "But we, who make no honey, though we sting,
> Poets — are sometimes apt to maul the thing."

There is somewhat to me bordering on a sad joke in building a splendid Corn Exchange, and surmounting it by figures wielding the sickle or holding the plough, when what is termed the agricultural interest, and those concerned in it, are either ruined or on the brink of being so. Again, of your Town Hall, its antiquity is its sole poetical feature. After the unenviable notoriety your auld town has of late acquired, for what it has witnessed of your election doings, truth to speak, "least said is soonest mended." I think, were I a free burgess, I should prefer its senatorial honours should, for the present, remain unsung.

My daughter requests me to say, with her best regards to Mrs. F. and thyself, that she earnestly hopes thy next will have no blue ink printing in it; for it is a sore trial to the eyesight. I have heard many others make the same complaint. Whig as I am, I could much sooner forgive thee thy blue† politics than thy blue ink; the first are no bore to me, for I no more trouble myself about the

* Sent to him to rhyme upon, for Mr. Fulcher's Pocket Book.

† Blue is the colour of the Tory party in Suffolk—Yellow, of the Whig.

colour of a man's politics, than about the colour of the coat he may choose to wear; but I would not wish thy Pocket Book to be unreadable while I write poetry for it.

1 *mo*, 21, 1844.

I HAVE been sad and sick at heart for several weeks, owing to the illness and death of an only and favourite sister; and just as the raw edge of that wound was abating of its first anguish, have another trial to encounter which costs me little less of heart-sorrow. My old and dear friend Dr. L———, who for eight and thirty years has been a friend sticking closer than a brother — who closed the eyes of my wife, and was one of the first on whom my child's first opened — is about to retire from practice as a physician, and leave Woodbridge to be nearer his only child, now settled in Norwich. I could almost as soon have looked for Woodbridge church to have walked off as he — the idea that he could live elsewhere, or that Woodbridge could go on without him, never once occurred to me. Well might old Johnson say,

> "Condemn'd to hope's delusive mine,
> As on we toil from day to day,
> By sudden blast, or slow decline,
> Our social comforts drop away."

I actually begin to draw comfort from the thought that we too must, ere long, drop away too. I seem daily to have less to cling to.

[On returning to Mr. Fulcher the proof of some verses for the Pocket Book.]

8 *mo*, 9, 1844.

DEAR F.,

WITH the exception of one trifling error in the last piece, where the letter *n* has been put instead of *u*, I see not but that thy typographical bill of fare, now returned, is faultless. I hope they will not follow in thy pages seriatim as they stand on this portentous ballad-looking strip of paper, or thy readers will think there is no end of me. Sprinkled about, with other folk's rhymes filling up the "interstices between the intersections," as old Johnson said of network, they may pass. But I had no notion I had sent thee such a lot. I have had the curiosity to measure the length of my contribution, and find it is a good *two feet;* besides which, I sent thee "Glemham Hall" and some enigmatical rhyme. So I must have supplied thee with an honest *yard of poetry.* A fact, I think, worthy of being recorded on my tomb-stone, if I should ever have one; which, as I am a Quaker, is questionable.

I told thee when I got that cheque of thee to help me to the Constable landscape, that I would work it out. If a whole yard of rhyme has not cleared off that score and left a trifle for a nest egg, I can only say, the more the shame and the greater the pity. But I was bent on making my last appearance in thy P. B. with some eclat, for I think it grows time for me to make my bow and retire from the vain and unprofitable vocation. No man can go on scribbling verse for ever, and not weary out his readers or himself. I begin to feel somewhat of the latter symptoms; I think it very likely thy readers may have gotten the start of

me. Any how, I think I have earned a furlough for a few years to come; so I give thee fair notice, not to calculate on my appearing on parade when the drum beats again. I shall not feel the less cordial interest in thy pretty little annual, or recommend it the less heartily; but I appeal to thee candidly and fearlessly, if three full apprenticeships ought not to entitle me to make my bow and leave the field honourably. Our intercourse, in a friendly way, will not, I hope, be in any degree affected by this — I should be very sorry indeed it were. Give my kindest regards to Mrs. F., and believe me, my old friend,

Ever affectionately,

B. B.

TO MISS BETHAM.

4 *mo*, 7, 1845.

L. is gone to a concert, and, truth to tell, I was sorely tempted to go myself: but it was to be performed at the theatre — rather an un-Quakerish locality; and, as J—— and A——, though tempted like myself, seemed to think it would not do for them to go, I, who have less music in my ear, though I flatter myself I have some in my soul, could not with decent propriety be the only Quaker there. But I had a vast curiosity to go; for it is not an ordinary concert, but performed on certain pieces of rock, hewn out of Skiddaw, which, struck with some metal instrument, emit sounds of most exquisite sweetness. We have heard of sermons from stones, but I never dreamt of going there for music; but we live in a wondrous age for inventions of all sorts: so I, for one, by no means despair of seeing a silken purse made out of a sow's ear, in defiance of the proverbial wisdom of our ancestors.

TO THE REV. T. W. SALMON.

8 *mo*, 9, 1840.

I HAVE been for two days turning over to me a new leaf in the varied volume of human life; having been suppœnaed as a witness to the Assizes, on a trivial cause, where my evidence was deemed requisite. So I have spent two days in Court, one in the Crown, or Criminal side, and one in the Nisi Prius Court. As I had never before seen any thing of the administration of justice, I could not but feel greatly interested in the proceedings, more especially in those of the Criminal Court. In the other, the only trial I heard was a tedious squabble about throwing up the lease of a house at Newmarket, in which there appeared to me a confused and contradictory mass of evidence on the part of near thirty witnesses, and a great waste of words on the part of four counsel, with a charge equally bewildering on the part of the learned judge — who honestly told the jury at the opening of it that he was very thankful the case was in their hands, and not in his, for ultimate decision. The case on which I went was not called, so for my comfort I have to go again to-morrow, and shall be thankful if I then get quit of it. I should be sorry to spend any great portion of my life in such an atmosphere; physically and morally, it struck me as any thing but a healthy one.

Still there is much that is very imposing in many of its forms and ceremonies, though blended, I thought, with some childish mummery, at least as far as respected the dress of the learned judge presiding in the Criminal Court; the wig denoting the masculine, and the drapery below appearing to me any thing but manly. Yet, as the cortege drove up with a flourish of trumpets, and a line of javelin men, &c., &c., and my thoughts travelled to the cells of the jail behind, where, on these occasions, there must often be human beings waiting the result of a trial whose issue to them must be life or death, there was a thrilling feeling of solemnity excited by the scene altogether. It seemed to bring before me an inconceivably more awful and solemn tribunal, when the last trumpet shall sound, when the dead shall be raised, and the Great Assize, whose verdict shall be for Eternity, must be held on the countless myriads who have existed through all the successive ages of time.

TO MRS. SALMON.

10 *mo*, 8, 1848.

My dear Friend,

The same kindness that induced thee to take us in, and to make so much of us during our pleasant Hopton sojourn, will, I am sure, impart some little interest to a few lines reporting our safe return home, and our partial reinstatement in our wonted domicile; I call it partial,

inasmuch as one can hardly, all at once, fancy one's self really and veritably at home. I still seem to myself, in thought, feeling, and spirit, more than half at Hopton; as is very natural, for I thoroughly enjoyed my saunters and strolls there and thereabout, and can find or think of no walk half so pleasant as your cliffs, and Gorlestone pier. I miss too, more than a little, your agreeable family circle. Theo's lively chit-chat, Jane's comic comments, the smile of the younger girls, Frank's novel illustrations of Natural History, and the evening reports of Willy, scant as they were, of what chanced to be going on at Yarmouth. On the whole, my dear friend, I quite think our coming to you as we did was a right thing; and I am very sure it was a pleasant one, as it gave me an opportunity of seeing you all together once again, and renewing my acquaintance with some of the young folks respecting whom my memory stood in some need of being brushed up a little. We got outside at Lowestoft, and kept there till we reached Yoxford, when finding the inside entirely empty, I was not sorry once more to turn in, and found the change of rest to my back very agreeable, though the heat of the day rendered the loss of the fresher air at the top of the coach a very sensible privation. We arrived about four o'clock, and, after a reviving ablution, I felt none the worse for my journey, and decidedly the better for the few days' turn out. Libby Jones and E. F. G. dropt in about five and took tea with us: she left us soon after, but Edward stayed till between seven and eight, and then started for a moonlight walk to Boulge.

TO JANE B——.

2 *mo*, 15, 1847.

DEAR JANE,

I AM too late to send thee a Valentine; but we are both old enough to have done "wi' sic frivolities," as Grizel Oldbuck said — so that matters little. I send thee a copy of my little tribute to the memory of John Joseph Gurney. It's a small matter; but I have taken no small pains to make it as worthy of its subject as my scant leisure and declining ability would permit. In fact, I have bestowed more pains on this sheet and a half, than on a volume in my better days — a sad proof how near I draw to my dotage. But I found this poor tiny effort was expected of me, both by those within and those without our pale; so I resolved not to shirk it, little as I felt equal to doing justice to such a theme. I have a notion it will be more kindly taken (as a general result) *out* than *in;* for some of our good Friends, who have no hearty liking to poetry or poets, will liken me to him of old, who put forth an unbidden — ergo, an unhallowed hand on the ark of old. From thee, dear Jane, I hope for a more charitable verdict: but I look for it with some anxiety, as thou hast much of the better part of poetry and Quakerism too in thee, and none can judge better of any attempt to combine the two without wrong to either.

Thine affectionately,

B. B.

TO THE REV. G. CRABBE.

9 *mo*, 1, 1845.

MANY years ago I wrote some verses for a Child's Annual, to accompany a print of Doddridge's mother teaching him Bible History from the Dutch tiles round their fire-place. I had clean forgotten both the print and my verses; but some one has sent me a child's penny cotton handkerchief, on which I find a transcript of that identical print, and four of my stanzas printed under it. This handkerchief celebrity tickles me somewhat. Talk of fame! is not this a fame which comes home, not only to "*men's business and bosoms*," but to children's noses, into the bargain! Tom Churchyard calls it an indignity, an insult, looks scorny* at it; and says he would cuff any urchin whom he caught blowing his nose on one of his sketches! All this arises from his not knowing the complicated nature and texture of all worldly fame. 'T is like the image the Babylonish king dreamt of with its golden head, baser metal lower down, and miry clay for the feet. It will not do to be fastidious; you must take the idol as it is; its gold sconce, if you can get it; if not, take the clay feet, or one toe of another foot, and be thankful, and make

* A Suffolkcism.

what you can of it. I write verse to be read! it is a matter of comparative indifference to me whether I am read from a fine-bound book, on a drawing-room table, or spelt over from a penny rag of a kerchief by the child of a peasant or a weaver. So, honour to the cotton printer, say I, whoever he be; that bit of rag is my patent as a household poet.

9 *mo*, 1, 1845.

My Dear Friend,

Here goes for my second letter to thee this blessed day. If that a'nt being a *letter-ary* character I should like to know what is. Some folks make a great fuss about writing letters; they pretend to say they can't write a letter; they never know what to say; yet they can *talk*, an hour by the clock! as if there were any more difficulty in talking on paper than in a noisier lingo. I never could understand the difference. Not that I should prefer epistolizing with a friend to having him *tête-à-tête*; but no one can carry his friends about with him; and when you are two miles apart you can no more hope to make a friend *hear* you, than if you were twenty or two hundred. *Then* talking on paper seems to me just as natural and easy as talking with your tongue; and so it would be to every one else, if they did not think it necessary to write fine letters, and say something smart or striking. This lies at the bottom of it. A man cares little, by comparison, what he blurts out, *vivâ voce*, he

thinks he may say a silly thing with impunity, it can't stand on record against him; but when he gets a pen in his hand, he fancies, forsooth, he has a character to win, or to keep, for being eloquent, witty, or profound; the natural result is, he writes a stupid, unnatural letter; then says he hates letter-writing, and wonders how any body can like it. Women, who act more on impulse than we do, and make fewer metaphysical distinctions, and are less conceited, though they may have a pretty sprinkling of vanity, beat us out and out at letter-writing. A letter with a woman, if she be good for any thing, is an affair of the heart rather than the head, so they put more heart into their letters.

9 *mo*, 5, 1845.

I AM inclined to think I did not go *far enough* in my position that it is as easy to write as to talk. I have a great notion it is much easier, at least I find I can always give utterance to my own thoughts and feelings with more readiness, ease, and fluency, on paper than orally — and I cannot conceive why others should not. In company, conversation may be going on all round you, and your attention is apt to be divided and distracted — even in a *tête-à-tête* you must have two duties to perform, that of listener, as well as speaker, and in your desire not to engross more than your share of the talk, you are not unlikely to get less. In *vivâ voce* converse too, how often

it happens that you cannot think of the very thing you most wanted to say. Many a time, after a long and moody discussion of a topic with a friend about a subject on which we took opposite views, I have called to mind, when too late to be of any use to me, some pithy argument which would have blown all his to atoms, and which I should have been almost sure to have had at my fingers' ends had I been quietly arguing the matter on paper in my own study.

5 *mo*, 14, 1846.

I RAN down on the Sabbath to thy father's old borough, over those glorious heaths, now decked in gorgeous golden livery, and rich in perfume as any pinery. I gulped down all the sea air I could in a long stroll on the beach, walking twice over from Slaughden quay to Vernon's, between the time of leaving a conventicle I went to and dinner; besides one stroll on the terrace; and came back all the better, bodily to a certainty, and I hope none the worse, spiritually. I don't think I derived much edification from the service at the chapel, for the usual minister, a very decent sort of body, whom I had heard before, and went *there* partly to hear again, was out, and his place was supplied by an honest, well-meaning Wesleyan, an out-and-out teetotaller, who lugged in some queer statistics about alcohol and its ill effects, which I thought a little out of place. But I dare say the good

man thought it his duty. One item in his long prayer, before the sermon, was novel to me; it had an especial clause in it, "for all inmates of madhouses, and Lunatic Asylums!" To the best of my recollection I never before heard these poor unfortunates especially prayed for, in any Christian congregation, whether of the Establishment or of any other sect. You have, to be sure, a saving clause in one of yours, where you pray, if I remember aright, for "all sorts and conditions of men," which of course must include lunatics; but the express reference was new to me; and I felt no disposition to quarrel with it; so if the good man put somewhat into his sermon I could have dispensed with, he brought also somewhat into his prayer that partly made amends for it. I think it possible the worthy Wesleyan had come to the conclusion that nine-tenths of maniacs had been rendered such by strong drink; and therefore, as a teetotaller, he more especially felt bound to make compassionate mention of them; if so, it was all the more to the credit of his Christian charity.

5 *mo*, 30, 1846.
Seventh day evening.

DEAR C.,

IF to-morrow be as fine as to-day has been, I may be tempted to stroll over to thine to dinner, assuming thy dinner hour to be five o'clock I think by start-

ing at *three*, or perhaps *two*, I may perform that feat of pedestrianism in the two, or at most three, hours. Do not exult over me on thy more Herculean powers of bone, sinew, or muscle! recollect,

> "My eyes, my feet, begin to fail,
> My pace would scarce outstrip the snail."

Nor does it greatly, when I walk alone. For every stile I come to I am sure to find, or fancy, my nose is hungry, as well as my feet weary, and I can feed the one and rest the other best by sitting on the top of said stile. Once seated, I am often in no hurry to rise again — especially if I chance to have a book in my pocket. So that I am not sure that an hour, or even one and a half, is an unreasonable allowance to a mile, but with a friend I can occasionally go beyond this.

Do not however be too sure that I shall be as resolute to-morrow as I feel inclined to be this evening. From the plotting of such an effort to its performance is a wide step, wider than I may fancy myself equal on the morrow to accomplish: but this may serve to notify that the thing was in my heart to be done; and charitably give me credit for the goodness of my intention, rather than wrathfully vituperate me for failing therein. Old Johnson once said of some friend of his — "I am not sure, sir, that he has seen the inside of a church these seven years; but he never passes one, or goes through a churchyard, without taking off his hat; and that shows good principles." In like manner, though I rarely walk to Bredfield, I often think of it, and wish myself there, and half resolve on walking there — all which shows my friendly regard for the place,

and my love for those who dwell there. Make what thou canst of this.

Thine ever,

8 *mo*, 20, 1846.

My dear Friend,

I was going to begin "My dear old Friend," for I have sometimes hard work to convince myself that our acquaintance is only of few years' standing. There are natures so intrenched in all sorts of artificial outworks, each of which must be deliberately carried by siege ere you can get at what there is of nature in them, that you had need *know* them, in conventional phraseology, half or a quarter of a life, ere you know aught about them. There are others whom, by a sort of instinctive free-masonry, you seem old friends with at once. The value of the acquisition depends not always on the time and labour it costs to make it — it is very often clean the contrary; for it by no means unfrequently turns out, that what has cost you much time and pains to get at is worth little when obtained. I speak not of principles or truths, which you must find out for yourself, and this must often be a slow process; but I am talking of those who profess them, and these, methinks, ought to be more promptly discernible and discoverable. Man would not be such a riddle to man, did not too many of us wear masks, and intrench ourselves in all sorts of conventionalities and formalities.

I do not think there is much of these in either of *us;* and that, I take it, is the reason why we have got all the more readily at each other. Enough, however, of this long introduction, which I have blundered into without design or malice aforethought.

I am glad to hear of thy having had so pleasant a visit at Beccles — we must talk it over one of these days. The days are perceptibly shortening, and longer evenings will drive us to have fires — we will get over one for a Beccles palaver. I am well pleased, too, thou hast found that "Sun-dew," as thy heart was set upon it. "All have their hobbies." Flowers, wild or cultivated, do not chance to be mine; but there is no reason why they should not be thine. So I repeat that I am well pleased thou shouldst have found thy coy pet. I saw naught of the Regatta; but I saw as much of it as I have seen of any one of its precursors, for I never yet went over the threshold on any one of our Regatta days; so, as none of the boats or yachts will sail by our bank windows,* I have never yet seen one of them — I mean on these days of their especial display.

As I have but imperfect sympathies with thee on wild-flowers, I cannot with any decent show of reason challenge thy cordial ones with me about pets of my own. But I have within a fortnight or so made a curious discovery, which has interested me a good deal. My father was a Carlisle body, but left the "north countrie" ere I was born; — my two elder sisters were born at Carlisle, but left it when mere children; so their recollections never let me into the light of my progenitors. My father died ere I was seven years old, having married a second wife near London, and I grew up as part of her family rather than

* Which are some way inland.

my own. I have heard my elder sister say I was named after my grandfather, who was a manufacturer, I suspect on a small scale, at Carlisle. He carried a head on his shoulders, though, that manufacturing body; for he invented a curious piece of machinery, long since forgotten, but a sort of wonder in its day; for it won him a gold medal from some society in London. This is about all I ever knew of him until within about a fortnight, when I had a letter from a far-away cousin of mine at Carlisle, to con gratulate me on my pension; and to ask in return my condolence on having lost a brother. The writer then adds—"Our burial-place is at St. Cuthbert's churchyard, in this city (Carlisle), where also are interred your grandfather and grandmother, but the stone is much fallen into decay." I wrote directly to learn further particulars, and have got the following copy of the inscription on the stone:

ERECTED
IN MEMORY OF BERNARD BARTON;
WHO DIED JAN. 6TH, 1773;
AGED 45 YEARS.
ALSO
OF MARY, HIS WIFE; WHO DIED
MAY 20TH, 1786; AGED 54 YEARS.
ALSO
OF FIVE OF THEIR CHILDREN;
VIZ.
GEORGE, WILLIAM, ABRAHAM,
HENRY, AND BERNARD;
WHO DIED IN THEIR INFANCY.

Here 's a pretty chapter of one's family history to have been cut on stone some scores of years agone, and only now to have dawned on me. How that old mouldering tumble-down gravestone has peopled the past for me, and introduced me in fancy to a set of people I had not before dreamt of — "bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh." The first thought which struck me on reading it was the comparative youthfulness of my grandparents. One naturally fancies one's grandfather and grandmother to have been old folk. Why, I am already near a score years older than my venerable namesake; and his widow, after surviving him thirteen years, was considerably my junior. My father, I think, died under forty, so I have no claim to longevity by right of descent. Then only to think of those five uncles of mine, or uncle-ets, rather, for they grew not up to mature uncle-hood. Had they all lived, wedded, and had families, what a Bartonian host we should or might have been! I have, as thou wilt conclude, sent to beg the old stone may be cleaned and renovated, and set upright again; for it is vastly out of the perpendicular; and but for my having thus accidentally heard of it, would probably have fallen down, and been carried off to serve as a door-step, or to assist in the pavement of some pig-stye, mayhap.

"To such vile uses may we come at last."

My brother, to whom I wrote directly I heard of this humble memorial, feels as much interested as I do about it, and has given me *carte blanche* for the defraying any costs or charges such renovation and re-erection may involve. If the old stone will stand it, I mean to have cut on the reverse side —

REPAIRED AND ERECTED
1846,
BY BERNARD AND JOHN BARTON,
GRANDSONS OF THE FIRST-NAMED
DECEASED.

So much for my grand-dad and grandame; and now, peace to their memories. But is it not curious that the knowledge of such a relic should have dawned on one seventy-three years after its erection, all along of Sir Robert's giving me a pension?

We purpose having a cold set-out — some folks call the thing a collation, others, a collection, throughout all the middle portion of this day week — in the discussion of which I hope thyself, and any, or all, thy family will assist, at whatever hour best suits you and the doings of the day.* Tell Master George, as a younger pillar of the Church, I rely on *his* presence, and let us know at what time we may hope for the pleasure of your company. And now, having bothered and bored thee enough in all conscience, I take my leave.

Thine affectionately,

B. B.

12 *mo*, 18, 1847.

DEAR C.,

THOU hast no notion what an effort it is to me to get out, or thou wouldst marvel not at my staying at

* The consecrating a new church at Woodbridge.

home. Did not Solomon say there is a time for going out, and a time for staying at home. If he did not, he ought to have said it; and his omission negatives not the fact.

I yet hope to see Bredfield one day or the other; but the *when* and the *how* are hid from me. My walking faculties are not what they used to be; and *flying* is too costly to have recourse to. Besides, my good old friend, I can't make out that it is any farther from Bredfield to Woodbridge than it is from here to thine; yet I think I perform that pious pilgrimage three times to thy one. Think of that, and make allowance for my old age and growing infirmities. Thine, with love to all the younkers, *hes* and *shes*.

Ever truly,

Bernardus.

My dear C.,

I think Lucy had a note from Caroline yesterday brought by your Mercury, to which she made her response; but she did not know when she made it that the said Mercury was also the bearer of more substantial proofs of your friendly memory, until I reported having seen the unwonted spectacle of a hare, and a brace of birds, hanging up below. Our damsel, it seems, brought the note up-stairs, but said not a word of the notable postscript she had hung up in our tiny larder. On her mistress letting out at her for the omission, and telling her she had been the cause of her doing a very rude thing, at

least not doing a civil and thankful one, by not acknowledging such an importation; she said, I thought very adroitly, that she concluded *they* were in the letter. The supposition was not an unnatural one; at any rate, it will account for the tardiness of our acknowledgments, which I promised Lucy I would duly make this evening.

I had a letter the other day from a first cousin of mine, of whom I had not heard for near fifty years, and whom I fancied to have been dead. She is about my own age, I fear very poor, sickly, and infirm; but picks up a living I hardly know how, though I doubt a scanty one. She sent me a little scrap of her verse, for she, too, is a dabbler in rhyme. To me there is something really touching in her simple and brief record of her solitary state, and I have printed a few copies of it, giving it a title of my own making, as I received it without any; and I hope by sending a copy here and there among some of our kinsfolk who are better off than either she or myself, some trifling benefit may accrue to her.

There is, to my fancy, a tone of genuine pathos in this little ditty which more than compensates for any defect in poetic beauty, and though in her verse she not unnaturally dwells on the darker side, the letter which came with it has no murmuring or repining whatever; on the contrary, she expresses her gratitude at being able to earn her own living by her own exertions.

I have written to my poor cousin, whom I well remember nearly fifty years ago, as kind and encouraging a letter as I could indite, and I hope to render some little service, or to show by my sympathy that I am more proud than ashamed of our kinship.

Thine truly,

B. B.

MANY a time when I have been taking a solitary stroll by the sea-side, the sight of footsteps left when no one was in sight has set me thinking whose they might be.

LETTERS

FROM

SOUTHEY, C. LAMB, &c.

TO

BERNARD BARTON.

FROM ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Keswick, 3rd August, 1814.

My dear Sir,

I should have answered your letter immediately, if I had not been engaged with visitors when it arrived. In the course of my life I have more than once had reason to be thankful for having done things which would have been left undone, if the first impulse had been suffered to pass by — for, second thought in matters of feeling usually brings with it hesitation and demurral and doubt, from which the whole brood of sins of omission are derived. Your letter affected me. It seems to come from a good heart and a wounded one, and therefore I will venture to say what is upon my mind in spite of those obvious considerations which might prevent me.

* * * * * *

I shall be very glad to receive your little volume. If it be left either at Messrs. Longman's in Paternoster Row, or at Mr. Murray's in Albemarle Street, it will find its way to me in a parcel.

From what I have heard, I believe that the magazine has given you a portrait of me as little accurate as its information about my poem. I am a man of forty, younger in appearance and in habits, older in my feelings and frame of mind. I have been married nearly nineteen years,

and have had seven children — two of whom (one being my first-born) are in a better world. The eldest now living is in her eleventh year. There is only one boy among them; he is nearly eight, and has me for his schoolmaster and play-father, characters which we find it very easy to combine. You call me a fortunate being, and I am so, because I possess the will as well as the power of employing myself for the support of my family, and value riches exactly at what they are worth. I have store of books, and pass my life among them, finding no enjoyment equal to that of accumulating knowledge. In worldly affairs the world must consider me as unfortunate, for I have been deprived of a good property, which, by the common laws of inheritance, should have been mine; and this through no fault, error, or action of my own. But my wishes are bounded by my wants, and I have nothing to desire but a continuance of the blessings which I enjoy.

Enough of this. Believe me, with the best wishes for your welfare,

Sincerely yours,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

19*th December*, 1814. *Keswick.*

MY DEAR SIR,

YOU will wonder at not having received my thanks for your Metrical Effusions; but you will acquit me

of all incivility when you hear that the book did not reach me till this morning, and that I have now laid it down after a full perusal. It was overlooked at Murray's, for I have received several parcels from him in the course of the last two months; and when upon the receipt of yours I wrote to inquire for it, it was packed up in company with heavier matter, and travelled down by the slowest of all carriers.

I have read your poems with much pleasure; those with most which speak most of your own feelings. Have I not seen some of them in the Monthly Magazine?

Wordsworth's residence and mine are fifteen miles asunder; a sufficient distance to preclude any frequent interchange of visits. I have known him nearly twenty years, and, for about half that time, intimately. The strength and the character of his mind you see in the "Excursion," and his life does not belie his writings; for in every relation of life, and every point of view, he is a truly exemplary and admirable man. In conversation he is powerful beyond any of his contemporaries; and as a poet, I speak not from the partiality of friendship, nor because we have been so absurdly held up as both writing upon one concerted system of poetry, but with the most deliberate exercise of impartial judgment whereof I am capable, when I declare my full conviction that posterity will rank him with Milton.

You wish the "Metrical Tales" were republished; they are at this time in the press, incorporated with my other minor poems in three volumes. *Nos hæc novimus esse nihil* may serve as a motto for them all.

Do not suffer my projected Quaker poem to interfere with your intentions respecting William Penn. There is not the slightest reason why it should. Of all great repu-

tations, Penn's is that which has been most the effect of accident. The great action of his life was his turning Quaker: the conspicuous one, his behaviour upon his trial. In all that regards Pennsylvania, he has no other merit than that of having followed the principles of the religious community to which he belonged, when his property *happened* to be vested in colonial speculations. The true champion for religious liberty in America was Roger Williams, the first consistent advocate for it in that country, and perhaps in any one. — I hold his memory in veneration. But because I value religious liberty, I differ from you entirely concerning the Catholic question, and never would intrust any sect with political power whose doctrines are inherently and necessarily intolerant.

Believe me,

Yours with sincere respect,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Keswick, 21st January, 1820.

DEAR SIR,

YOU propose a question to me which I can no more answer with any grounds for an opinion than if you were to ask me whether a lottery ticket should be drawn a blank or a prize; or if a ship should make a prosperous voyage to the East Indies. If I recollect rightly, poor Scott, of Amwell, was disturbed in his last illness by some hard-hearted and sour-blooded bigots who wanted him to repent of his poetry as a sin. The Quakers are much

altered since that time. I know one, a man deservedly respected by all who know him, (Charles Lloyd the elder, of Birmingham,) who has amused his old age by translating Horace and Homer; and he is looked up to in the Society, and would not have printed the translations if he had thought it likely to give offence.

Judging, however, from the spirit of the age as affecting your Society, like everything else, I should think they would be gratified by the appearance of a poet among them who confined himself within the limits of their general principles. They have been reproached with being the most illiterate sect that has ever arisen in the Christian world, and they ought to be thankful to any of their members who should assist in vindicating them from that opprobrium. There is nothing in their principles which should prevent them from giving you their sanction; and I will even hope there are not many persons who will impute it to you as a sin if you should call some of the months by their heathen names.* I know of no other offence that you are in danger of committing. They will not like virtuous feelings and religious principles the worse for being conveyed in good verse. If poetry in itself were unlawful, the Bible must be a prohibited book.

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* *One* in the "British Friend," did impute this as a sin, twenty-five years after Southey thus wrote.

Keswick, 25th Oct., 1820.

My dear Sir,

I must be very unreasonable were I to feel otherwise than gratified and obliged by a dedication* from one in whose poems there is so much to approve and admire. I thank you for this mark of kindness, and assure you that it is taken as it is meant.

It has accidentally come to my knowledge that a brother of yours is married to the daughter of my worthy and respected friend, Mr. Woodruffe Smith. When you have an opportunity, it would oblige me if you would recall me to her remembrance, by assuring her that I have not forgotten the kindness which I so often experienced at her father's house.

Perhaps you may consider it an interesting piece of literary news to be informed that, among my various employments, one is that of collecting and arranging materials for "The Life of George Fox, and the Rise and Progress of the Quakers." You know enough of my writings to understand that the consideration of whom I may please or displease would never make me turn aside from what I believed to be the right line. I shall write fairly and freely, in the spirit of Christian charity. My personal feelings are those of respect toward the Society, (such as it has been since its first effervescence was spent,) and of goodwill because of its members whom I have known and esteemed. Its history I shall relate with scrupulous fidelity, and discuss its tenets with no unfavourable or unfriendly bias, neither dissembling my own opinion when it accords,

* Of the "Day in Autumn."

nor when it differs from them. And perhaps I may expose myself to more censure from others on account of agreement, than from them because of the difference. But neither the one result nor the other will, in the slightest degree, influence me; my object being to compose with all diligence and all possible impartiality an important portion not of ecclesiastical history alone, but of the history of human opinions.

I will only add, that in this work I shall have the opportunity which I wish for, of bearing my testimony to the merit of your poems.

Believe me, my dear Sir,

Yours truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Keswick, 24th November, 1820.

MY DEAR SIR,

I TRUST you will have imputed my silence about your "Day in Autumn" to the true cause — the delay to which such communications are liable in waiting for an opportunity of conveyance. It was not till this morning that I received it in a parcel, dated on the sixth of this month. The waggon travels slowly, and more time is lost in carrier's warehouses, when a parcel has to change conveyances twice or thrice on the road, than is required for the journey. I now thank you again for the dedication and the poem. It is a very pleasing production, in a fine strain of genuine feeling.

In reply to your questions concerning "The Life of George Fox," the plan of the work resembles that of "The Life of Wesley," as nearly as possible. Very little progress has been made in the composition, but a good deal in collecting materials and digesting the order of their arrangement. The first chapters will contain a history of the religious, or irreligious dissensions in England, and their consequences, from the rise of the Lollards to the time when George Fox went forth. This will be such an historical sketch as that view of our ecclesiastical history in "The Life of Wesley;" which is the most elaborate portion of the work. The last chapter will probably contain a view of the state of the Society at the time, and the modification and improvement which it has gradually and almost insensibly received. This part, whenever it is written, and all those parts wherein I may be in danger of forming erroneous inferences from an imperfect knowledge of the subject, I shall take care to show to some members of the Society before it is printed. The general spirit and tendency of the book will, I doubt not, be thought favourable *by* the Quakers as well as *to* them, and the more so by the judicious, because commendation comes with tenfold weight from one who does not dissemble his own difference of opinion upon certain main points.

Perhaps in the course of the work I may avail myself of your friendly offer; and ask you some questions as they occur, and transmit certain parts for your inspection.

Farewell, my dear Sir, and believe me,

Yours with much esteem,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Keswick, 19*th Jan.*, 1821.

My dear Sir,

Though I am more than usually busy at this time, (otherwise your former letter would not have been unnoticed so long,) I feel myself bound to assure you without delay, that the paragraph which you have transmitted to me from I know not what magazine, has surprised me quite as much as it can have done you. There is not the slightest foundation for it, nor can I guess how such a notion should have arisen. So far is it from being true, that offers of assistance in the way of documents have been made me by several of the Society, books have been sent me by some, and I have been referred to others for any information or aid which I may happen to want, and they be able to afford. Mrs. Fry offered me access to some manuscript collections in the possession of some of her friends, and Thomas Wilkinson (of whom you cannot think with more respect than I do) asked me the other day to let him know what books I wanted, and he would endeavour to borrow them for me with good hopes of success.

I can only account for the paragraph by supposing the editor, whoever he may be, may have heard that Longman had not been able to obtain for my use the first edition of G. Fox's Journal. I have found it since in the possession of an acquaintance in the country.

Your poem is a very pleasing one. How came the prejudice against verse to arise among the Quakers, when so many of the primitive Quakers wrote verses themselves?

miserably bad ones they were, but still they were intended for poetry.

Farewell, my dear Sir, and believe me,
Yours with sincere respect,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

[BERNARD BARTON TO SOUTHEY.]

Woodbridge, 2 mo, 18, 1821.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE information contained in thy last, respecting the facilities afforded thee in the prosecution of thy present undertaking, was, on every account, highly agreeable to me; and I should have immediately returned my acknowledgments to thee for so promptly contradicting the report I had transmitted, had I not, besides being a good deal engaged myself, considered thy time much too valuable to be lightly intruded upon. After saying thus much, thou wilt, I hope, give me credit for having felt some hesitation, and indeed catechised myself pretty closely, prior to again addressing thee on a subject, seldom many days out of my thoughts.

As thy proposed "Life of George Fox, and History of the Rise and Progress of our Society," is more talked of, and the knowledge of thy being engaged on such a work becomes more widely extended, it is very natural that those interested in the subject should have increased op-

portunities afforded them of hearing the opinions expressed by others; of comparing those opinions with their own; and that they should, as a necessary consequence of this, feel desirous of now and then imparting to the historian the apprehensions, as well as hopes, excited by his undertaking. I would not, believe me, put either thy time or patience in wanton and needless requisition, but on one topic I could wish, both as respects our feelings and our faith, to solicit thy serious, candid, and patient thought.

A belief in the influences of the Holy Spirit, though entertained under various modifications, is, I think, no *peculiar* tenet of ours; we may and do carry the principle *further*, and rely on the *perceptibility* of its guidance, and *internal consciousness of its teachings*, (if I may so express myself;) we may, I say, carry our belief on these matters beyond that of some of our fellow-Christians: but I think most who profess the Christian name, with the exception perhaps of the Socinians, admit the principle itself in the abstract; and consider the influences of the Spirit as one of the highest privileges to which the gospel of Christ introduces those who humbly receive it. Not doubting but it is so regarded by thee, I cannot suppress the solicitude I feel, that in the discussion of a tenet so important, and which our peculiar acceptation of, belief in, and reliance upon, renders a marked feature of our faith; I repeat, I cannot but be anxious that this topic, if discussed at all by thee, should be touched upon with that humility and reverence befitting one who himself admits the existence of such a Spirit, who believes in its holy influence, but who probably differs from us in respect to that influence being perceptible, and who may even look upon our belief in such perceptibility as mysticism, if not actual delusion. Bear with me on this subject, my valued friend, for,

believe me, I have no wish to dwell longer upon it than is essential to my purpose, and I most certainly am not going now to enter into a detailed defence of our views of it; but should those views appear to thee erroneous, allow me to express my earnest hope that thou wilt not, in attempting their refutation, at once endanger the foundation, because thou mayest not quite approve of our superstructure. Do not let me, I entreat, be misunderstood. I have no fear of thy discussing our belief in a tone of ridicule, or even of levity; of thy talking of our professing to be led by the Spirit, in the light and trifling manner in which the fundamental article of our creed has been railed at by scoffers, burlesqued by dramatists, and jeered at by the vain, unthinking ribaldry of the lowest vulgar, with whom the taunt, *now* happily seldom heard, "Friend, doth the Spirit move thee?"—has before now passed as a joke. On these points I can have no fears; nor is it on any such ground that I feel the solicitude I now express. But it has occurred to me, that with a view to counteract the tendency of a doctrine which may appear to thee as opening a door to fanaticism and enthusiasm, thou mayest quite unintentionally weaken what, I am fully persuaded, is viewed by thee as sacred; and, without convincing *us* that we believe too much, mayest promote the more cold and sceptical views of those who believe too little. I certainly am not going to be so dictatorial as to tell our historian he is not to give his own serious and deliberately-formed opinion on the tenets of a sect whose rise and progress he undertakes as his theme; nor can I or do I expect that opinion to be in precise accordance with our own; but the more immediate object of this address is to induce thee, if any inducement can be needful, to regard this point of religious doctrine as one on which it becomes

even the acutest and strongest of human intellects to write with diffidence; as one on which it is very possible to darken counsel by words without knowledge. It will ever remain, at least such is my belief, after philosophy and even theology have exhausted their powers in its discussion, a point of abstract faith, of deep feeling; — to be humbly believed, to be meekly obeyed; but not to be too curiously analysed, or lightly argued upon. Those who reverently and devoutly believe its truth, and think they feel its efficacy, are not very likely to abandon it; and even those who think it fallacious, may perhaps wisely pause, before they attempt to prove its fallacy; lest in demonstrating the impossibility of the Holy Spirit being a perceptible guide, and its dictates not only *remotely*, but *immediately* influential, they should, however undesignedly, inflict pain on those who think differently; lower, or at least lessen, A GIFT for which, according to *their* view of it, they supplicate publicly, and afford cause of triumph to those who avowedly deny its existence.

Believing, as I do, that on thy susceptibility of feeling and correctness of judging respecting *this one point* much of the value of thy history, of its utility to others, as well as ourselves, must in great measure depend, I cannot apologize for the freedom I have taken in expressing my opinions or feelings respecting it. *Without a capacity to appreciate this principle*, as held by our early predecessors, it appears to me impossible to write their history fairly; — *with it*, I have no apprehension of thy erring very materially. Thus thinking, it would be a great satisfaction to me, if I may ask such a favour, to know something of thy sentiments on this subject. Perfect coincidence with ours I do not expect; but I should be sorry to find our friendly historian, for such I am persuaded thou art in intention,

among those who can for a moment doubt that "there is a Spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding!"

Thine most affectionately,

B. B.

July 9, 1821.

My dear Sir,

I had not leisure to reply to your former letter when it arrived; a full reply to it, indeed, would require a dissertation rather than a letter. The influence of the Holy Spirit is believed by all Christians, except the ultra Socinians; the more pious Socinians would admit it, though under a different name. But the question what is, and what is not the effect of that influence, is precisely asking where, in religious cases, reason ends, and insanity begins. In all communities of Christians there have been and are persons, who mistake their own imaginations for inspiration; and that this was done in some cases by the early Quakers, the present members of that Society would not deny.

It is always my custom to have a work long in my thoughts before it is taken actually in hand; and to collect materials and let the plan digest while my main occupation is upon some other subject which has undergone the same slow but necessary process. At present, I am printing "The History of the Peninsular War," a great

work, and it is probable that this is not the only work which I shall bring out, before "The Life of George Fox" becomes my immediate business. One great advantage arising from this practice is, that much in the mean time is collected in the course of other pursuits which would not have been found by a direct search; facts and observations of great importance frequently occurring where the most diligent investigator would never think of looking for them. The habit of noting and arranging such memoranda is acquired gradually; and can hardly be learnt otherwise than by experience.

So Buonaparte is now as dead as Cæsar and Alexander! I did not read the tidings of his death without a mournful feeling, which I am sure you also must have experienced, and which I think you are likely as well as able to express in verse. It is an event which will give birth to many poems, but I know no one so likely as yourself to touch the right strings.

Farewell, and believe me,

Yours very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

I do not remember whether I told you that Thomas Wilkinson, who is a collector of autographs, showed me a specimen of George Fox's hand-writing, and told me it bore a remarkable resemblance to Mirabeau's, than whom it would not be possible to find a man more unlike him in every thing else.

[On receiving from Mr. Barton a MS. specimen, and afterwards the printed volume, of his "Napoleon."]

Keswick, 22nd August, 1821.

I LIKE your specimen in every thing, except in its praise of Bertrand. A man does not deserve to be praised for *constant worth* whose merit consists in fidelity to a wicked master. If this is to be admitted as virtue, the devil may have his saints and martyrs. No man of *worth* could have adhered to Buonaparte after the murder of the Duc D'Enghien, and after his conduct to Portugal and Spain. I say nothing of former atrocities, because, before they were confessed by Buonaparte himself, they were denied, and might have been deemed doubtful; but these crimes were public and notorious, and not to be extenuated, not to be forgotten, not to be forgiven.

I notice only one line in which the meaning is ambiguously expressed — "Thy power man's strength alone;" — perhaps I might not have noticed it if the want of perspicuity did not arise in part from a license which I detected myself in committing this morning — the use of *alone* instead of *only*. What you mean to say, is, that *man's only strength is thy power;* but as the words now stand they may convey an opposite meaning.

18*th May*, 1822.

THANK you for your volume, which I received three hours ago — long enough to have read the principal poem, and a large portion of the minor ones. They do you great credit. Nothing can be better than the descriptive and sentimental parts. In the reasoning ones, you sometimes appear to me to have fallen into Charles Lloyd's prosing vein. The verse indeed is better than his, but the matter sometimes, (though rarely,) like much of his later compositions, incapable of deriving any advantage from metre. The seventh stanza is the strongest example of this. On the other hand, this is well compensated by many rich passages and a frequent felicity of expression. Your poem, if it had suited your object so to have treated it, might have derived further interest from a view of Buonaparte's system of policy, the end at which he aimed, and the means which he used. I believe that no other individual ever occasioned so much wretchedness and evil as the direct consequence of his own will and pleasure. His partisans acknowledge that the attempted usurpation of Spain was his sole act, and it was so palpably unjust, that the very generals who served him in it, condemn it without reserve. That war, in its progress and consequences, has not cost so little as a million of lives, and the account is far from being closed.

You will not like Buonaparte the better, perhaps, if I confess to you that, had it not been for him, I should perhaps have assented to your general principle concerning the unlawfulness of war, in its full extent. But when I saw that he was endeavouring to establish a military despotism

throughout Europe, which, if not successfully withstood abroad, must at last have reached us on our own shores, I considered him as a Philistine or a heathen, and went for a doctrine applicable to the times, to the books of Judges and of Maccabees. Nevertheless, I will fairly acknowledge that the doctrine of non-resistance connected with non-obedience is the strongest point of Quakerism. And nothing can be said against it but that the time for the general acceptance is not yet come. Would to God that it were nearer than it appears to be!

Keswick, 29th December, 1837.

My dear Sir,

I am much obliged to you for your daughter's very elegant little volume,* and heartily wish it may prove both as successful as she can wish, and as useful as she intends it to be.

The worst of all errors in religion, because in its consequences the most heart-hardening to individuals, and the most dangerous to society, is the belief that salvation is exclusively confined to a particular church or sect. Wherever that opinion prevails there is an end of Christian charity. I rejoice therefore that you and your daughter are both catholic Christians, and are agreed that though

* Gospel History.

one goes to church, and the other to meeting, both may go to heaven, and both are on the road thither. May we all meet there.

Yours very truly, and with many thanks and good wishes to your daughter,

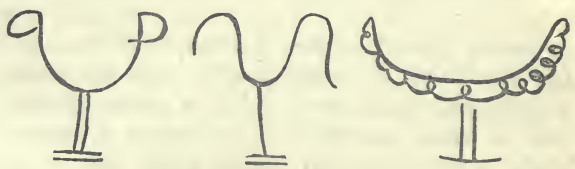
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

FROM CHARLES LAMB.

December 1, 1824.

Dear B. B.

If Mr. Mitford will send me a full and circumstantial description of his desired vases, I will transmit the same to a gentleman resident at Canton, whom I think I have interest enough in to take the proper care for their execution. But Mr. M. must have patience, China is a great way off, farther perhaps than he thinks; and his next year's roses must be content to wither in a wedgewood-pot. He will please to say whether he should like his "arms" upon them, &c. I send herewith some patterns which suggest themselves to me at the first blush of the subject, but he will probably consult his own taste after all.



The last pattern is obviously fitted for ranunculuses only. The two former may indifferently hold daisies, marjoram, sweet-williams, and that sort. My friend in Canton

is Inspector of Teas, his name is Ball; and I can think of no better tunnel. I shall expect Mr. M.'s decision.

T. and H. finding their magazine goes off very heavily at 2*s.* 6*d.* are prudently going to raise their price another shilling; and having already more authors than they want, intend to increase the number of them. If they set up against the "New Monthly," they must change their present hands. It is not tying the dead carcass of a Review to a half-dead Magazine will do their business. It is like G. D. multiplying his volumes to make 'em sell better. When he finds one will not go off, he publishes two; two stick, he tries three; three hang fire, he is confident that a fourth will have a better chance.

July 2, 1825.

MY DEAR B. B.,

MY nervous attack has so unfitted me, that I have not courage to sit down to a letter. My poor pittance in the "London" you will see is drawn from my sickness. Your book is very acceptable to me, because most of it is new to me; but your book itself we cannot thank you for more sincerely than for the introduction you favoured me with to A. K. Now, I cannot write *Mrs.* A. K. for the life of me. She is a very pleas——— but I won't write all we have said of her so often to ourselves, because I suspect you would read it to her. Only give my sister's and my kindest *remembrances* to her, and how glad we are we can say that word. If ever she

come to Southwark again, I count upon another Bridge walk with her. Tell her I got home time for a rubber; but poor Tryphena will not understand that phrase of the worldling.

I am hardly able to appreciate your volume now. But I liked the Dedication much, and the apology for your bald burying-grounds. To Shelley, but *that* is not new. To the young Vesper-singer, Great Bealings, Playford, and what not?

If there be a cavil, it is that the topics of religious consolation, however beautiful, are repeated till a sort of triteness attends them. Do children die so often, and so good, in your parts? The topic taken from the consideration that they are snatched away from *possible vanities*, seems hardly sound; for to an omniscient eye their conditional failings must be one with their actual; but I am too unwell for Theology — such as I am,

I am yours and A. K.'s truly,

C. Lamb.

August 10, 1825.

Dear B. B.,

You must excuse my not writing before, when I tell you we are on a visit to Enfield, where I do not feel it natural to sit down to a letter. It is at all times an exertion. I had rather talk with you, and A. K., quietly at Colebrooke Lodge, over the matter of your last. You mistake me when you express misgivings about my relishing a series of Scriptural poems I wrote confusedly —

what I meant to say was, that one or two consolatory poems on deaths would have had a more condensed effect than many. Scriptural devotional topics admit of infinite variety. So far from poetry tiring me because religious, I can read, and I say it seriously, the homely old version of the Psalms in our Prayer Books for an hour or two together sometimes, without sense of weariness.

I did not express myself clearly about what I think a false topic insisted on so frequently in consolatory addresses on the death of infants. I know something like it is in Scripture, but I think humanly spoken. It is a natural thought, a sweet fallacy to the survivors — but still a fallacy.

"1826."

DEAR B. B.,

I DON'T know why I have delayed so long writing. 'T was a fault. The under-current of excuse to my mind was, that I had heard of the vessel in which Mitford's jars were to come; that it had been obliged to put in to Batavia to refit, (which accounts for its delay,) but was daily expected. Days are past, and it comes not, and the mermaids may be drinking their tea out of his china for aught I know; but let 's hope not. In the mean time, I have paid £28, &c., for the freight and prime cost. But do not mention it. I was enabled to do it by a receipt of £30 from Colburn, with whom, however, I have done. I should else have run short, for I just make ends

meet. We will await the arrival of the trinkets, and to ascertain their full expense, and then bring in the bill.

I am very sorry you and yours have any plagues about dross matters. I have been sadly puzzled at the defalcation of more than one-third of my income, out of which when entire I saved nothing. But cropping off wine, old books, &c., &c., in short, all that can be called pocket-money, I hope to be able to go on at the Cottage.

Colburn has something of mine in last month, which he has had in hand these seven months, and had lost, or could n't find room for: I was used to different treatment in the "London," and have forsworn periodicals.

I am going through a course of reading at the Museum—the Garrick plays, out of part of which I formed my specimens; I have two thousand to go through, and in a few weeks have despatched the tithe of 'em. It is a sort of office to me—hours, ten to four, the same. It does me good; man must have regular occupation that has been used to it. So A. K. keeps a school! She teaches nothing wrong, I'll answer for 't. I have a Dutch print of a schoolmistress; little old-fashioned Fleminglings, with only one face among them. She, a princess of a schoolmistress, wielding a rod for form more than use: the scene an old monastic chapel, with a Madonna over her head, looking just as serious, as thoughtful, as pure, as gentle, as herself. 'T is a type of thy friend.

Will you pardon my neglect? Mind, again I say, not to show this to M.; let me wait a little longer, to know the event of his luxuries. Heaven send him his jars uncracked, and me my ———.

Yours with kindest wishes to your daughter and friend, in which Mary joins,

C. L.

DEAR B. B.,

THE "*Busy Bee*," as Hood, after Dr. Watts, apostrophizes thee; and well dost thou deserve it for thy labours in the Muse's gardens, wandering over parterres of Think-on-mes and Forget-me-nots, to a total impossibility of forgetting thee:—thy letter was acceptable, thy scruples may be dismissed, thou art *rectus in curia*,—not a word more to be said, *verbum sapienti*, and so forth, the matter is decided with a white stone, (classically, mark me,) and the apparitions vanished that haunted me,—only the cramp, Caliban's distemper, clawing me in the calvish part of my nature, making me ever and anon roar bullishly, squeak cowardishly, and limp cripple-ishly. Do I write Quakerly and simply? 'T is my most Master Mathews-like intention to do it. See Ben Jonson.—I think you told me your acquaintance with the drama was confined to Shakspeare and Miss Bailly—some read only Milton and Croly. The gap is from an ananas to a turnip. I have fighting in my head the plots, characters, situations, and sentiments of four hundred old plays, (bran new to me,) which I have been digesting at the Museum, and my appetite sharpens to twice as many more, which I mean to course over this winter. I can scarce avoid dialogue fashion in this letter. I soliloquize my meditations, and habitually speak dramatic blank verse without meaning it. Do you see Mitford? he will tell you something of my labours. Tell him I am sorry to have missed seeing him, to have talked over those old TREASURES. I am still more

sorry for his missing pots.* But I shall be sure of the earliest intelligence of the lost tribes. His "Sacred Specimens" are a thankful addition to my shelves. Marry, I could wish he had been more careful of corrigenda— I have discovered certain which have slipt in his errata. I put 'em in the next page, as perhaps thou canst transmit them to him. For what purpose, but to grieve him? (which yet I should be sorry to do;) but then it shows my learning, and the excuse is complimentary, as it implies their correction in a future edition. His own things in the book are magnificent, and as old Christ's Hospitaller, I was particularly refreshed with his eulogy of our Edward. Many of the choice excerpta were new to me. Old Christmas is a coming, to the confusion of Puritans, Muggletonians, Anabaptists, Quakers, and that unwassailing crew. He cometh not with his wonted gait; he is shrunk nine inches in the girth, but is yet a lusty fellow. Hood's book is mighty clever, and went off six hundred copies the first day. Sion's songs do not disperse so quickly. The next leaf is for Rev. J. M.† In this,

ADIEU.

Thine briefly in a tall friendship,

C. LAMB.

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* The China vases before mentioned.

† Containing corrigenda for the "Sacred Specimens."

"*June* 11*th*, 1827.

MARTIN'S Belshazzar (the picture) I have seen; its architectural effect is stupendous, but the human figures, the squalling contorted little antics that are playing at being frightened, like children at a sham ghost who half know it to be a mask, are detestable. Then the *letters* are nothing more than a transparency lighted up, such as a lord might order to be lit up on a sudden at a Christmas gambol, to scare the ladies. The *type* is as plain as Baskervil's; they should have been dim, full of mystery — letters to the mind rather than the eye. Rembrandt has painted a Belshazzar and a courtier or two, (taking a part of the banquet for the whole,) not fribbled out a mob of fine folks. Then every thing is so distinct, to the very necklaces; and that foolish little prophet — what *one* point is there of interest? The ideal of such a subject is that you, the spectator, should see nothing but what at the time you would have seen — the *hand* and the *king;* not to be at leisure to make tailor-remarks on the dresses, or, Doctor-Kitchener-like, to examine the good things at table.

Just such a confused piece is his Joshua — frittered into a thousand fragments, little armies here, little armies there; — you should only see the *sun* and *Joshua;* if I remember, he has not left out that luminary entirely, but for Joshua, I was ten minutes a finding him.

Still he is showy in all that is not the human figure or the preternatural interest: but the first are below a drawing-school girl's attainment, and the last is a phantasmagoric trick — "Now you shall see what you shall see: — dare is Belshazzar, and dare is Daniel."

My dear B. B.,

You will understand my silence when I tell you that my sister, on the very eve of entering into a new house we have taken at Enfield, was surprised with an attack of one of her sad long illnesses, which deprive me of her society, though not of her domestication, for eight or nine weeks together. I see her, but it does her no good. But for this, we have the snuggest, most comfortable house, with every thing most compact and desirable. Colebrook is a wilderness: the books, prints, &c., are come here, and the New River came down with us. The familiar prints, the bust, the Milton, seem scarce to have changed their rooms. One of her last observations was, "How frightfully like this room is to our room at Islington!" — our up-stairs, she meant. How I hope you will come, some better day, and judge of it! We have lived quiet here for four months, and I will answer for the comfort of it enduring.

On emptying my book-shelves, I found a Ulysses,* which I will send to A. K. when I go to town, for her acceptance — unless the book be out of print. One likes to have one copy of every thing one does. I neglected to keep one of "Poetry for Children," the joint production of Mary and me, and it is not to be had for love or money.

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* One of Mr. Lamb's version of Chapman's Odyssey.

DEAR B. B.,

WE are pretty well and comfortable, and I take a first opportunity of sending the "Adventures of Ulysses," hoping that among US — Homer, Chapman, and Co., we shall afford you some pleasure. I fear it is out of print; if not, A. K. will accept it, with wishes it were bigger; if another copy is not to be had, it reverts to me and my heirs *for ever*. With it I send a trumpery book; to which, without my knowledge, the editor of the "Bijoux" has contributed Lucy's verses; I am ashamed to ask her acceptance of the trash accompanying it. Adieu to Albums for a great while, I said, when I came here; and had not been fixed two days, but my landlord's daughter (not at the pot-house) requested me to write in her female friend's, and in her own. All over the Leeward Islands, in Newfoundland, and the Back Settlements, I understand there is no other reading. They haunt me. I die of Albophobia!

"1827.

MY DEAR B. B.,

A GENTLEMAN I never saw before brought me your welcome present.* Imagine a scraping, fiddling, fidgeting, *petit-maître* of a dancing-school advancing into my parlour, with a *coupee* and a sidelong bow, and pre-

* The "Widow's Tale," &c.

senting the book as if he had been handing a glass of lemonade to a young Miss — imagine this and contrast it with the serious nature of the book presented. Then task your imagination, reversing this picture, to conceive of quite an opposite messenger, a lean, straight-locked, whey-faced Methodist, for such was he in reality who brought it, the genius (it seems) of the "Wesleyan Magazine." Certes, friend B., thy "Widow's Tale" is too horrible, spite of the lenitives of religion, to embody in verse; I hold prose to be the proper exposition of such atrocities! No offence, but it is a cordial that makes the heart sick. Still, thy skill in compounding it I do not deny. I turn to what gave me less mingled pleasure. I find marked with pencil these pages in thy pretty book, and fear I have been penurious.

Page 52, 53, capital.
59, sixth stanza, exquisite simile.
61, eleventh stanza, equally good.
108, third stanza, I long to see Van Balen.
111, a downright good sonnet. *Dixi.*
153, lines at bottom.*

* Pages 52, 53, refer to the poem "Which Things are a Shadow." 59, 61, to the sixth and eleventh stanzas of "A Grandsire's Tale." The "downright good sonnet," is "To a Grandmother." All of these are included in this Selection. The "third stanza" at 108, that made Lamb long to see Van Balen, was from a little poem describing a picture by that artist that represented some angel children leading up a lamb to the infant Saviour in his mother's lap:

No — rather like that beauteous boy,
Who turns round silently to stay
Those infant angels in their joy,
As if too loud *their* gentle play,—
Like him I pause with doubtful mien,
As loth to break on such a scene.

So you see, I read, hear, and mark, if I don't learn. In short, this little volume is no discredit to any of your former, and betrays none of the senility you fear about.

Apropos of Van Balen, an artist who painted me lately had painted a blackamoor praying; and not filling his canvass, stuffed in his little girl aside of blacky, gaping at him unmeaningly; and then did not know what to call it. Now for a picture to be promoted to the exhibition (Suffolk-street) as *historical*, a subject is requisite. What does me I, but christen it the "Young Catechist," and furbished it with dialogue following, which dubb'd it an historical painting. Nothing to a friend at need.

While this tawny Ethiop prayeth,
Painter, who is she that stayeth
By, with skin of whitest lustre;
Sunny locks, a shining cluster;
Saint-like seeming to direct him
To the power that must protect him?
Is she of the heav'n-born Three,
Meek Hope, strong Faith, sweet Charity?
Or some cherub?
They you mention
Far transcend my weak invention.
'Tis a simple Christian child,
Missionary young and mild,
From her store of Scriptural knowledge,
(Bible-taught without a college,)

The "153. lines at bottom," are these:—

Though even in the yet unfolded rose
The worm may lurk, and sin blight blooming youth,
The light born with us long so brightly glows,
That childhood's first deceits seem almost truth
To life's cold after-lie, selfish and void of ruth.

Which by reading she could gather,
Teaches him to say Our Father
To the common Parent, who
Colour not respects nor hue
White and black in Him have part
Who looks not on the skin, but heart.

When I had done it, the artist (who had clapt in Miss merely as a fill-space) swore I expressed his full meaning, and the damosel bridled up into a Missionary's vanity. I like verses to explain pictures; seldom pictures to illustrate poems. Your wood-cut is a rueful *signum mortis.* By the bye, is the widow likely to marry again?

I am giving the fruit of my Old Play reading at the Museum, to Hone, who sets forth a portion weekly in the "Table Book." Do you see it? How is Mitford?

I'll just hint that "the pitcher," "the cord," and "the bowl," are a little too often repeated *(passim)* in your book, and that in page 17, last line but four, *him* is put for *he;* but the poor widow I take it had small leisure for grammatical niceties. Don't you see there's *he, myself,* and *him;* why not both *him?** Likewise *imperviously* is cruelly spelt *imperiously.* These are trifles, and I honestly like your book, and you for giving it, though I really am ashamed of so many presents.

I can think of no news, therefore I will end with mine and Mary's kindest remembrances to you and yours.

C. L.

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* Another and another sank; and now
But three of all our crew were left behind:
He unto whom my lip had pledged a vow
Which closer seem'd in this sad hour to bind,
Myself, and him, to whom was erst assign'd
Our ship's command —

"*March* 25, 1829."

I HAVE just come from Town, where I have been to get my bit of quarterly pension. And have brought home, from stalls in Barbican, the old "Pilgrim's Progress" with the prints, "Vanity Fair," &c., now scarce. Four shillings. Cheap. And also one of whom I have oft heard and had dreams, but never saw in the flesh — that is, in sheepskin — "The whole theologic works of

Thomas Aquinas!"

My arms ached with lugging it a mile to the stage, but the burden was a pleasure, such as old Anchises was to the shoulders of Æneas; or the Lady to the Lover in the old romance, who having to carry her to the top of a high mountain — the price of obtaining her — clambered with her to the top and fell dead with fatigue.

O the glorious old schoolmen!

There must be something in him. Such great names imply greatness. Who hath seen Michel Angelo's things — of us that never pilgrimaged to Rome — and yet which of us disbelieves his greatness? How I will revel in his cobwebs and subtleties till my brain spins!

N. B. I have writ in the Old Hamlet* — offer it to Mitford in my name, if he have not seen it. 'T is woefully below our editions of it. But keep it, if you like.

I do not mean this to go for a letter, only to apprize you that the parcel is booked for you this 25th March, 1829, from the Four Swans, Bishopsgate.

With both our loves to Lucy and A. K.

Yours ever.

C. L.

* The reprint of the first quarto, in which C. L. wrote his name.

"*August* 30, 1830."

DEAR B. B.,

MY address is 34, Southampton Buildings, Holborn. For God's sake do not let me be pestered with Annuals. They are all rogues who edit them, and something else who write in them. I am still alone, and very much out of sorts, and cannot spur up my mind to writing. The sight of one of those Year Books makes me sick. I get nothing by any of 'em, not even a copy.

Thank you for your warm interest about my little volume,* for the critiques on which I care the five hundred thousandth part of the tithe of a half farthing.

I am too old a militant for that. How noble, though, in R. S. to come forward for an old friend, who had treated him so unworthily.

Moxon has a shop without customers, and I a book without readers. But what a clamour against a poor collection of Album verses, as if we had put forth an Epic.

I cannot scribble a long letter — I am, when not at foot (?) very desolate, and take no interest in anything, scarce hate anything, but annuals. I am in an interregnum of thought and feeling.

What a beautiful autumn morning this is, if it was but with me as in times past, when the candle of the Lord shined around me!

I cannot even muster enthusiasm to admire the French heroism.

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* "Album verses," published by Mr. Moxon in 1830; sneered at by some of the Reviewers, and vindicated in a Sonnet by Southey, inserted in "The Times" newspaper.

In better times I hope we may some day meet, and discuss an old poem or two.

But if you'd have me not sick,
No more of Annuals.

C. L. Ex-Elia.

Love to Lucy, and A. K., always.

"*April*, 1831."

Vir bone!

Recepi literas tuas amicissimas, et in mentem venit responsuro mihi, vel raro, vel nunquam, inter nos intercedisse Latinam linguam, organum rescribendi, loquendive. Epistolæ tuæ, Plinianis elegantiis (supra quod Tremulo deceat) repertæ, tam a verbis Plinianis adeo abhorrent, ut ne vocem quamquam (Romanam scilicet) habere videaris, quam "ad canem," ut aiunt, "rejectare possis." — Forsan desuetudo Latinissandi ad vernaculam linguam usitandam, plusquam opus sit, coegit. Per adagia quædam nota, et in ore omnium pervulgata, ad Latinitatis perditæ recuperationem revocare te institui.

Felis in abaco est, et ægré videt.

Omne quod splendet nequaquam aurum putes.

Imponas equo mendicum, equitabit idem ad diabolum.

Fur commodé a fure prenditur.

O *Maria*, *Maria*, valdé contraria, quomodo crescit hortulus tuus?

Nunc majora canamus.

Thomas, Thomas, de Islington, uxorem duxit die nuperâ Dominicâ. Reduxit domum posterâ. Succedenti baculum emit. Postridie ferit illam. Ægrescit illa subsequenti. Proximâ (nempe Veneris) est mortua. Plurimum gestiit Thomas, quòd appropinquanti sabbato efferenda sit.

Horner quidam Johannulus in angulo sedebat, artocreas quasdam deglutiens. Inseruit pollices, pruna manu evellens, et magnâ voce exclamavit, "Dii boni, quam bonus puer fio!"

Diddle-diddle-dumkins! meus unicus filius Johannas cubitum ivit, integris braccis, caligâ unâ tantum, indutus — Diddle-diddle, &c. *Da Capo.*

Hic adsum saltans Joannula. Cum nemo adsit mihi, semper resto sola.

In his nugis carem diem consumo, dum invigilo valetudini carioris nostræ Emmæ, quæ apud nos jamdudum ægrotat. Salvere vos jubet mecum Maria mea, ipsa integrâ valetudine.

ELIA.

Ah agro Enfeldiense datum, Aprilis nescio quibus Calendis—

Davus sum, non calendarius.

P. S. Perdita in toto est Billa Reformatura.

FRAGMENTS FROM C. LLOYD'S LETTERS.

My son is gone in spite of my haste; therefore, like the good preachers among Friends, who, when their subject has carried them from themselves, and they have got into *a tone*, often stop, and, suddenly recollecting themselves, drop their tone — so will I pause in my celerity and bad writing, which, to the eye, is worse than a tone to the ear. Indeed, so convinced am I that *a tone* is the natural consequence of impassioned expression, that, provided they do not absolutely whine, I like the chaunt of the Friends far better than a more cold and intellectual modulation of the voice. Farewell, my dear Friend.

I have not read your last poems* so much as I could wish. I was visited, while in London, with a very dreadful illness, and since my return it has been borrowed till I am quite impatient at its absence; and I called the other day on one of the borrowers to solicit its return. I

* Napoleon, &c.

should like to converse with you about it *vivâ voce.* I must say I do not like moral sentiments about conquerors. I could write, think, and read religiously about them; but while men must have passions, and while I think ambition one of the noblest, (mind, *humanly,* and not *religiously* speaking,) I must say that I think the common sentiments against war, aggrandizement, &c., fall rather flat. My taste would rather lead me to panegyrize them imaginatively, and then to condemn them religiously. I am rather of the opinion of an accomplished female who once told me "she liked good *fat* passions."

I HAD a very ample testimony from C. Lamb to the character of my last little volume. I will transcribe to you what he says, as it is but a note, and his manner is always so original, that I am sure the introduction of the merest trifle from his pen will well compensate for the absence of any thing of mine:—"Your lines are not to be understood reading on one leg. They are *sinuous,** and to be won with wrestling. I assure you in sincerity that nothing you have done has given me greater satisfaction. Your obscurity, when you are dark, which is seldom, is that of too much meaning, not the painful obscurity which no toil of the reader can dissipate; not the dead vacuum and floundering place in which imagination finds no footing; it is not the dimness of positive darkness, but of distance; and he that reads and not discerns must get a better pair of spectacles. I admire every piece in the

* So in orig.

collection; I cannot say the first is best; when I do so, the last read rises up in judgment. To your Mother — to your Sister — is Mary dead? — they are all weighty with thought and tender with sentiment. Your poetry is like no other: — those cursed Dryads and Pagan trumperies of modern verse have put me out of conceit of the very name poetry. Your verses are as good and as wholesome as prose; and I have made a sad blunder if I do not leave you with an impression that your present is rarely valued."

17*th Nov.*, 1822.

It seems to me that it is impossible that a person should long together write with any interest, if no one is interested in his compositions. For myself, I frankly avow I never do write from any distant consideration of fame, or of establishing a literary character, but solely when the difficulty would rather be *not* to write than to write. In this respect I am literally a Quaker poet. But then, as I grow older, and as the fervours of my imagination abate, I doubt how far fits of inspiration would come on, if no one noticed their fruits. I associate with no one here out of my own family; though I am rich enough to live without a profession, I am not to indulge in any love of variety, in travelling, &c., and I really feel that my authorship is the sole source of interest out of myself, or of sympathies with my fellow-creatures, that remains to me. If I were not to write a word more, I have matter enough by me to make eight or ten volumes. What interest

could there be in adding to this dead stock, if from time to time some of it were not embarked on a voyage of adventure? At least, so I feel; and feeling so, and finding here no *one*, not *one*, not even my wife, who seems to comprehend this feeling, (for to say the truth of her, she has not that average leaven of vanity which, without authorizing you to call a character vain, makes her to sympathize with the cravings after sympathy in others,) I was the more gratified that you so completely seemed to enter into, and to understand, my case.

INTRODUCTORY Sonnet to the Supreme Being, which I had some intention of placing before the poems which I am now publishing, but which I have omitted — omitted, because I thought that the theme of this Sonnet arrogated too much for my poems. I have now simply dedicated them in a Sonnet to my Father.

O Thou, who when thou mad'st the heart of man,
Implanted'st there, as paramount to all,
Immortal Conscience; do Thou deign to scan
With favouring eye these lays, which would recall
Man to his due allegiance. — Nothing can
Thrive without Thee; hence, at Thy throne I fall,
And Thee implore to go forth in the van
Of these my numbers, Lord of great and small!
Bless Thou these lays, and, with a reverent voice,
Next to Thyself would I my father place,

Close at thy threshold; true to his youth's choice,
His deeds with conscience ever have kept pace.
Great Father, bid my *earthly sire* rejoice,
A white-robed Christian in thy safe embrace.*

[The following little note from Sir Walter Scott refers to some curious old MS. relating to Scottish History, lent to Sir Walter for his perusal, through Mr. Barton.]

My dear Sir,

I have been lazy in sending you the two transcripts. In calling back the days of my youth, I was surprised into confessing what I might have as well kept to myself, that I had been guilty of sending persons a bat-hunting to see the ruins of Melrose by moonlight, which I never saw myself. The fact is rather curious, for as I have often slept nights at Melrose, (when I did not reside so near the place,) it is singular that I have not seen it by moonlight on some chance occasion. However, it so happens that I never did, and must (unless I get cold by going on purpose) be contented with supposing that these ruins look very like other Gothic buildings which I have seen by the wan light of the moon.

I was never more rejoiced in my life than by the safe

* The Editor cannot hear that this noble Sonnet is to be found in any of C. Lloyd's published volumes. It is surely too good to be lost; and that must be the excuse for printing it here.

arrival of the curious papers. The naming of the regent Morton, instead of Murray, in the transcript, was a gross blunder of the transcriber, who had been dreaming of these two celebrated persons till he confused them in his noddle.

I shall despatch this by a capable frank, having only to apologize for its length of arrival by informing you I have been absent in Dumfries-shire for some time, waiting on my young chief, like a faithful clansman. I am always

Most faithfully yours,

WALTER SCOTT.

4th October.
Abbotsford. 1824.

Mr. Barton had been requested by a friend to ask Sir Walter Scott to copy for her, by way of Autograph, the well-known description of Melrose Abbey by moonlight: the petition was good-naturedly granted; but instead of the usual ending,

> "Then go — but go alone the while —
> Then view St. David's ruin'd pile;
> And, home returning, soothly swear
> Was never scene so sad and fair!"

the poet had penned this amusing variation,

> Then go — and meditate with awe
> On scenes the author never saw,
> Who never wander'd by the moon
> To see what could be seen by noon.

POEMS.

POEMS.

SONNET.

Not in the shades of Academic bowers,
Nor yet in classic haunts, where every breeze
Wakes with its whispers music among trees,
And breathes the fragrance of unnumber'd flowers,
Has it been mine to nurse my minstrel powers.
Nor have I, lull'd in literary ease,
Dreamt of ascending, even by slow degrees,
The glittering steep where Fame's proud temple towers.
Yet have I been at times a listener
To them whose hallow'd harps are now suspended
In silence! and have ventured to prefer
A prayer in which both hope and fear were blended,
That I might rank their fellow-worshipper
In the esteem of some, when life is ended.

GREAT BEALINGS CHURCHYARD.

A SUMMER EVENING.

It is not only while we look upon
A lovely landscape, that its beauties please;
In distant days, when we afar are gone
From such, in fancy's idle reveries,
Or moods of mind which memory loves to seize,
It comes in living beauty, fresh as when
We first beheld it: valley, hill, or trees
O'ershadowing unseen brooks; or outstretch'd fen
With cattle sprinkled o'er, exist, and charm again.

Such pictures silently and sweetly glide
Before my "mind's eye;" and I welcome them
The more, because their presence has supplied
A joy as pure and stainless as the gem
That morning finds on blossom, leaf, or stem
Of the fair garden's queen, the lovely Rose,
Ere breeze, or sunbeam, from her diadem,
Have stol'n one brilliant, and around she throws
Her perfumes o'er the spot that with her beauty glows.

Bear witness many a loved and lovely scene,
Which I no more may visit; are ye not
Thus still my own? Thy groves of shady green,
Sweet Gosfield! or thou, wild, romantic spot!
Where, by grey craggy cliff, and lonely grot,
The shallow Dove rolls o'er his rocky bed:
Ye still remain as fresh, and unforgot,
As if but yesterday mine eyes had fed
Upon your charms; and yet months, years, since then have sped

Their silent course. And thus it ought to be,
Should I sojourn far hence in distant years,
Thou lovely dwelling of the dead! with thee:
For there is much about thee that endears
Thy peaceful landscape; much the heart reveres,
Much that it loves, and all it could desire
In Meditation's haunt, when hopes and fears
Have been too busy, and we would retire
E'en from ourselves awhile, yet of ourselves inquire.

Then art thou such a spot as man might choose
For still communion: all around is sweet,
And calm, and soothing; when the light breeze woos
The lofty limes that shadow thy retreat,
Whose interlacing branches, as they meet,
O'ertop, and almost hide the edifice
They beautify; no sound, except the bleat
Of innocent lambs, or notes which speak the bliss
Of happy birds unseen. What could a hermit miss?

"Light thickens;" and the moon advances; slow
Through fleecy clouds with majesty she wheels;
Yon tower's indented outline, tombstones low
And mossy grey, her silver light reveals:
Now quivering through the lime-tree foliage steals;
And now each humble, narrow, nameless bed,
Whose grassy hillock not in vain appeals
To eyes that pass by epitaphs unread,
Rise to the view. How still the dwelling of the dead!

BEALINGS CHURCHYARD.

DECEMBER 19, 1835.

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. M——.

WINTER'S stern winds sweep round
The sepulchre where thy cold reliques lie;
But thou hear'st not their sound
As through the lofty leafless limes they sigh.

While we who went to-day,
With thoughts too deep for tears, unto thy worth
Our last sad debt to pay,
Think but of thee beside the blazing hearth.

And now, with thankful heart
Let us thy cherished memory enshrine;
And, if our tears must start,
Let them be brighten'd by a hope divine.

Rest in thy quiet cell!
Till the last trumpet shall its silence burst;
When at that quickening spell
The dead in Christ shall joyfully rise first.

TO FRIENDS

GOING TO THE SEA-SIDE.

SINCE Summer invites you to visit once more
The haunts that you love upon Ocean's cool shore,
Where billows are foaming and breezes are free,
Accept at our parting a farewell from me.

My fancy can picture the pleasures in view,
Because I so often have shared them with you,
But unable this season to taste them again,
I must feast on the pleasure that flows from my pen.

The ramble at morning when morning awakes,
And the sun through the haze like a beacon-fire breaks,
Illuming to sea-ward the billows' white foam,
And tempting the loiterer ere breakfast to roam.

And then after breakfast, when all are got out,
The saunter, the lounge, and the looking about;
The search after shells, and the eye glancing bright,
If cornelian or amber should come into sight.

And, sweetest of all, the last ramble at eve,
When the splendours of daylight are taking their leave;
When the sun's setting rays, with a tremulous motion,
Are reflected afar on the bosom of ocean.

Oh! pleasures there are which the pen cannot paint,
And feelings to which all expression is faint;
And such to the bosom at sun-set are known,
As we muse by the murmuring billows alone.

TO J. W.

THOU hast roam'd by Deben's side,
Seen the ebb and flow
Of its radiant, rippling tide
Daily come and go.

Thou hast drawn the balmy air,
Breathed the influence
Of the breezes wandering there,
Gather'd health from thence.

Thou hast sojourn'd too awhile
With kind hearts around;
In their frank and cordial smile
Friendly welcome found.

Thou hast shared their sea-side hours,
And their country walk;
With them in their garden bowers
Held familiar talk.

Now thy busier lot is cast
In the world to be,
Let the memory of the past
Still abide with thee.

Give the world its rightful due
Not one atom more;
Keep unworldly thoughts and true
In thy bosom's core!

Be such thoughts and feelings high
Still thy better part;
The world shall never cheat thine eye,
Or paralyse thy heart.

TWO SONNETS.

I.

GUIDO FAWKES.

The city is alive! through all her streets
Is heard the sound of trump or beat of drum,
The signal of the sentinels, or hum
Deep but not loud, as rumour's tongue repeats
Tidings of terror unto all she meets:
While thousands, wrapt in expectation dumb,
Are waiting—till from dungeon deep shall come
The desperate agent in such daring feats.

He comes! each straining eye, with gazing dim,
On him is riveted; his fearful name
Low, broken murmurs only may proclaim;
Yet every glance, instinctive, turns to him,
Tracing each feature, scanning every limb,
As if his deed had won immortal fame.

II.

OLD GUY.

It is a bright but cold November day;
And in the centre of the village green
A troop of dirty ragged boys are seen
In poor and mean processional display.
If vulgar Farce and Famine could be gay,
One might conceive the spectacle had been
Plotted and plann'd that hopeful pair between,
So grim and gaunt its actors and array.
How are the mighty fallen! Is this the dread
And fearless Guido; by each urchin's cry
Hail'd but in sport, or hooted as "Old Guy,"
With whiten'd face begrimed with dirty red,
In ribald mockery to the bonfire led?
Such is the fame that ends in infamy!

Not ours the vows of such as plight
Their troth in sunny weather,
While leaves are green, and skies are bright,
To walk on flowers together.

But we have loved as those who tread
The thorny path of sorrow,
With clouds above, and cause to dread
Yet deeper gloom to-morrow.

That thorny path, those stormy skies,
Have drawn our spirits nearer;
And render'd us, by sorrow's ties,
Each to the other dearer.

Love, born in hours of joy and mirth,
With mirth and joy may perish;
That to which darker hours gave birth
Still more and more we cherish.

It looks beyond the clouds of time,
And through death's shadowy portal;
Made by adversity sublime,
By faith and hope immortal.

ORFORD CASTLE.

Beacon for barks that navigate the stream
Of Ore or Ald, or breast the ocean spray:
Landmark for inland travellers far away
O'er heath and sheep-walk — as the morning beam
Or the declining sunset's mellower gleam
Lights up thy weather-beaten turrets grey;
Still dost thou bear thee bravely in decay
As if thy by-gone glory were no dream!
Yea, now with lingering grandeur thou look'st down
From thy once fortified, embattled hill,
As if thine ancient office to fulfil;
And though thy keep be but the ruin'd crown
Of Orford's desolate and dwindled town,
Seem'st to assert thy sovereign honour still.

THE

POOL OF BETHESDA.

AROUND Bethesda's healing wave,
Waiting to hear the rustling wing
Which spoke the angel nigh who gave
Its virtue to that holy spring,
With patience, and with hope endued,
Were seen the gather'd multitude.

Among them there was one, whose eye
Had often seen the waters stirr'd;
Whose heart had often heaved the sigh,
The bitter sigh of hope deferr'd;
Beholding, while he suffer'd on,
The healing virtue given — and gone

No power had he; no friendly aid
To him its timely succour brought;
But, while his coming he delay'd,
Another won the boon he sought;
Until the Saviour's love was shown,
Which heal'd him by a word alone!

Had they who watch'd and waited there
Been conscious who was passing by,
With what unceasing, anxious care
Would they have sought his pitying eye;
And craved, with fervency of soul,
His power Divine to make them whole!

But habit and tradition sway'd
Their minds to trust to sense alone;
They only hoped the angel's aid;
While in their presence stood, unknown,
A greater, mightier far than he,
With power from every pain to free.

Bethesda's pool has lost its power!
No angel, by his glad descent
Dispenses that diviner dower
Which with its healing waters went;
But He, whose word surpass'd its wave,
Is still omnipotent to save.

Saviour! thy love is still the same
As when that healing word was spoke;
Still in thine all-redeeming name
Dwells power to burst the strongest yoke!
O! be that power, that love display'd,
Help those whom thou alone canst aid!

A FULL-BLOWN ROSE.

A FULL-BLOWN rose, in beauty's pride,
By chance my wand'ring eye descried;
Its dewy fragrance, scatter'd wide,
Perfumed the gales of morning.

When evening sunbeams tinged the sky,
I hasten'd forth, again to spy
The charms which struck my roving eye
So early in the morning.

But ah! its beauties all were flown!
And all its humid fragrance gone!
All that the sun had glanced upon,
So lovely in the morning.

Wither'd by the scorching heat,
It lay in fragments at my feet,
No more my happy sight to greet
On any future morning.

So short, so frail is beauty's reign!
Who can the pensive sigh restrain?
The longest date its charms can gain
Is but a summer's morning!

TO LADY PEEL,

WITH A COPY OF

MISS BARTON'S "SCRIPTURE NARRATIVE."

INSCRIBING these small tomes to thee,
Lady, admits at least this plea,
(Nor do I need another,)
That in thy character I trace
The matron virtues which should grace
An English wife and mother.

If such, and those whom most they love
Our humble labours but approve,
No higher compensation
Could fall within the narrow scope
Of our most cherish'd wish and hope
To serve our generation.

SONNET.

ON TRUE WORSHIP.

THE patriarch worshipp'd leaning on his staff!
And well, methinks, it were, if such our creed
That we, in every hour of truest need,
From the same hidden fount could inly quaff:
We trust in outward aids too much by half!
Could we within on "living bread" but feed,
And drink of living streams, our souls would heed
All hindering helps but as the husk and chaff.
Then every day were holy! every hour
Each heart's true homage might ascend on high,
Ascribing to the Eternal Majesty,
And to the Lamb, thanksgiving, glory, power,
Now and for ever! till the ample dower
Of earth's full praise with that of heaven should vie.

TO MY DAUGHTER.

SWEET pledge of joys departed! as I lay
Wrapt in deep slumber, I beheld thee led
By thy angelic mother, long since dead—
Methought upon her face such smiles did play
As gild the summer morning. A bright ray
Of lambent glory stream'd around her head.
I gazed in rapture; love had banish'd dread,
Even as light the darkness drives away.
Silent awhile ye stood — I could not move,
Such sweet delight my senses did o'erpower;
When, in mild accents of celestial love,
Thy guardian spoke — "Cherish this opening flower
With holy love; that so the future hour
Shall re-unite our souls in bliss above."

[1811.]

TEARS.

"JESUS WEPT." JOHN XI. 35.

NOT worthless are the tears
When pure their fountain-head,
Which human hopes and fears
Compel us oft to shed.

In grief or joy they tell
Far more than words can teach;
Their silence hath a spell
Beyond the power of speech.

In joy, though bright and brief,
Its essence they make known;
And how they soften grief
The mourner's heart will own.

And tears once fill'd HIS eye,
Beside a mortal's grave,
Who left his throne on high,
The lost to seek and save.

And fresh from age to age
Their memory shall be kept;
While man shall bless the page
Which tells that JESUS *wept!*

IZAAK WALTON.

CHEERFUL old man! whose pleasant hours were spent
Where Lea's still waters through their sedges glide;
Or on the fairer banks of peaceful Trent,
Or Dove hemm'd in by rocks on either side:
Thy book is redolent of fields and flowers,
Of freshly flowing streams and honey-suckle bowers.

Although I reck not of the rod and line,
Thou needest no such brotherhood to give
Charm to thy artless pages — they shall shine,
And thou depicted in them, long shalt live
For many a one to whom thy craft may be
A thing unknown, ev'n as it is to me.

Thy love of nature, quiet contemplation,
In meadows where the world was left behind;
Still seeking with a blameless recreation
In troubled times to keep a quiet mind;
This, with thy simple utterance, imparts
A pleasure ever new to musing hearts.

And thou hast deeper feelings to revere,
Drawn from a fountain even more divine,
That blend thine own with memories as dear,
With names our hearts with gratitude enshrine;—
Holy George Herbert, Wotton, Ken, and Donne,
The pious Hooker, Cranmer, Sanderson.

A CHILD'S MORNING HYMN.

Once more the light of day I see;
Lord, with it let me raise
My heart and voice in song to Thee
Of gratitude and praise.

The "busy bee" ere this hath gone
O'er many a bud and bell;
From flower to flower is humming on,
To store its waxen cell.

O may I like the bee still strive
Each moment to employ,
And store my mind, that richer hive,
With sweets that cannot cloy.

The skylark from its lowly nest
Hath soar'd into the sky,
And by its joyous song express'd
Unconscious praise on high.

My feeble voice and faltering tone
No tuneful tribute bring;
But Thou canst in my heart make known
What bird can never sing.

Instruct me, then, to lift my heart
To Thee in praise and prayer;
And love and gratitude impart
For every good I share:

For all the gifts Thy bounty sends,
For which so many pine;
For food and clothing, home and friends,
Since all these boons are Thine.

Thus let me, Lord, confess the debt
I owe Thee day by day;
Nor e'er at night or morn forget,
To Thee, O God, to pray!

A CHILD'S EVENING HYMN.

Before I close my eyes in sleep,
Lord, hear my evening prayer;
And deign a helpless child to keep
With Thy protecting care.

Though young in years, I have been taught
Thy name to love and fear;
Of Thee to think with solemn thought,
Thy goodness to revere.

That goodness gives each simple flower
Its scent and beauty too,
And feeds it in night's darkest hour
With heaven's refreshing dew.

Nor will Thy mercy less delight
The infant's God to be,
Who through the darkness of the night
For safety trusts to Thee.

The little birds that sing all day
In many a leafy wood,
By Thee are clothed in plumage gay,
By Thee supplied with food.

And when at night they cease to sing,
By Thee protected still,
Their young ones sleep beneath their wing,
Secure from every ill.

Thus may'st Thou guard with gracious arm
The couch whereon I lie,
And keep a child from every harm
By Thy all-watchful eye.

For night and day to Thee are one,
The helpless are Thy care.
And for the sake of Thy dear Son,
Thou hear'st an infant's prayer.

BISHOP HUBERT.

'Tis the hour of even now,
And with meditative brow,
Seeking truths as yet unknown,
Bishop Hubert walks alone.

Fain would he, with earnest thought,
Nature's secret laws be taught;
Learn the destinies of man,
And creation's wonders scan.

And, further yet, from these would trace
Hidden mysteries of grace,
Dive into the deepest theme,
Solve redemption's glorious scheme.

Far he has not roam'd before,
On the solitary shore,
He has found a little child
By its seeming play beguiled.

In the drifted barren sand
It has scoop'd with baby hand
Small recess, in which might float
Sportive fairy's tiny boat.

From a hollow shell the while,
See, 'tis filling, with a smile,
Fool as shallow as may be
With the waters of the sea.

Hear the smiling bishop ask
"What can mean such infant task?"
Mark that infant's answer plain—
"'Tis to hold yon mighty main."

"Foolish infant," Hubert cries,
"Open if thou canst, thine eyes:
Can a hollow scoop'd by thee
Hope to hold the boundless sea?"

Soon that child, on ocean's brim,
Opes its eyes and turns to him:
Well does Hubert read its look,
Glance of innocent rebuke:

While a voice is heard to say,
"If the pool, thus scoop'd in play,
Cannot hold the mighty sea,
What must thy researches be?

"Canst thou hope to make thine own
Secrets known to God alone?
Can thy faculty confined
Compass the Eternal Mind?"

Bishop Hubert turns away—
He has learnt enough to-day.

THE MISSIONARY.

He went not forth, as man too oft hath done,
Braving the ocean billows' wild uproar,
In hopes to gather, ere life's sands were run,
Yet added heaps of mammon's sordid ore;—
He went not forth earth's treasures to explore,
Where sleeps in sunless depths the diamond's ray;
Nor was he urged by love of classsic lore,
His homage of idolatry to pay
Where ancient heroes fought, or poets pour'd their lay.

He left not home to cross the briny sea
With the proud conqueror's ambitious aim,
To wrong the guileless, to enslave the free,
And win a blood-stain'd wreath of doubtful fame,
By deeds unworthy of the Christian's name;
Nor to inspect with taste's inquiring eye
Temple and palace of gigantic frame,
Or pyramid up-soaring to the sky,
Trophies of art's proud power in ages long gone by.

Nor did his fancy nurse the gentle dream
Of nature's fond enthusiast; who, intense
In admiration of her charms, would seem
To worship her; forgetful of the offence
Given to her great and glorious Maker thence:
To him the woodland scenery's sylvan thrall,
The sunny vale, or cloud-capt eminence,
The brooklet's murmur, or the cataract's fall,
But waken'd thoughts of Him whose word had form'd them all.

He went abroad — a follower of the Lamb,
To spread the gospel's message far and wide;
In the dread power of Him, the great "I AM,"
In the meek spirit of the Crucified;
With unction from the Holy Ghost supplied,—
To war with error, ignorance, and sin,
To exalt humility, to humble pride,
To still the passions' stormy strife within;
Through wisdom from above immortal souls to win.

To publish unto those who sat in night,
And death's dark shadow, tidings of glad things;
How unto them the gospel's cheering light
Was risen, with life and healing on its wings;
How he, the Lord of glory, King of kings,
Their souls to save from sin's enthralling yoke,
Had left his throne, where harps of golden strings,
By seraphs touch'd, in heavenly music spoke;
And, coming down to earth, the chain of Satan broke.

How Christ for man upon the cross had died,
And pour'd His blood to cleanse their guilt away;
That, plunged beneath its sin-effacing tide,
Their spirits made no more the spoiler's prey,
Might stand before Him clothed in white array,
The Saviour's ransom'd and redeem'd among,
Who worship in his presence night and day,
And join in that "innumerable throng"
Whose voice is as the voice of many waters strong.

Such was his errand. What though he might fare
Year after year, along a foreign strand,
A "lonely pilgrim, as his fathers were;"—
He trusted still his Master's guiding hand,
And still he felt his humble faith expand—
That He who sent him forth would ever prove
A rock of shadow in the weary land;
And give him, in the riches of his love,
To drink the way-side brook, and comfort from above.

Thus did he journey on from day to day,
'Mid savage tribes, a Missionary mild,
Teaching and preaching Jesus, until they,
First by his meek benevolence beguiled,
Then by a mightier spirit, undefiled
With aught of human weakness, touch'd and won,
Were to their heavenly Father reconciled:
And, through his well-beloved and glorious Son,
To them God's kingdom came, by them his will was done.

Then through the influence of redeeming grace,
Whose might can even human wildness tame,
The savage soften'd, and the savage place
A scene of blessedness and love became:
And there, where bloody rites and deeds of shame,
Under religion's name, were done before,
Now, blessed change!—Jehovah's holy name—
His Son's—the Comforter's—along the shore
In sounds of praise and prayer the wandering breezes bore.

But what became of him, that lonely one,
Who thus went forth, commission'd from on high?
He, when he saw his work of love was done,
Felt also that his rest was drawing nigh;
And though it woke perchance a transient sigh
Of natural regret, to think that he
Should far from home and friends an exile die,—
Yet could he humbly pray on bended knee,
"Thy will, O God! not mine, accomplish'd be."

Beneath a palm tree, by the house of prayer,
Upon a bright and tranquil summer eve,
He feebly sat; and round him gather'd there
The little flock he was so soon to leave:
With reverent affection did they cleave
About him—men and women, young and old,
With artless sorrow seem'd alike to grieve
That he who led and kept them in the fold
Must quit them, even for the heav'n of which he told.

They sang a hymn of thanks and praise to God;
And while its echoes floated yet in air,
Their feeble pastor, kneeling on the sod,
For them, and for himself, pour'd forth in prayer
His wishes, hopes, affections, thanks, and care:—
Rising, with grateful heart he look'd around,
And when he saw that each and all were there
To whom his spirit was so strongly bound,
His blessing he pronounced, with low and falt'ring sound.

They bore him home unto his lowly cot,
And laid the dying saint upon his bed;
No mark of kind attention they forgot
Toward him who long their hungry souls had fed:
And when life's lingering spark at last was fled,
They mourn'd for him with many a simple tear,
Such as for pious parent should be shed:
And taught their children ever to revere
The memory of one so holy and so dear.

They buried him beneath the lofty palm
Where last in prayer his dying charge he gave;
While through the leaves the breezes whisper'd calm,
Mixt with the murmur of the distant wave:
And when, in after-years, the white man's grave,
With its moss'd stone, beside old Ocean's brim,
They pointed out to strangers, each would crave
In broken speech, with eyes by tears made dim,
That as he follow'd Christ, so they might follow him.

OLD AGE.

Old age! thou art a bitter pill
For humankind to swallow;
Fraught with full many a present ill,
And fear of worse to follow.

And yet thou art a medicine good,
Not to be bought for money;
Worse than the worst of nauseous food,
Yet sweeter far than honey.

Thy aches and cramps, thy weary groans,
Infirmities which breed them,
Might move the very hearts of stones,
If stones had hearts to heed them.

But these must come, of course, with thee,
And none dispute, or doubt them;
Such may be borne, and wisest he
Who pothers least about them.

Old age! be what thou wilt, thy reign
Cannot endure for ever;
Feebleness, weariness, and pain
Are links that soon must *sever!*

And if thy pains the soul recall
To heavenly truth and warning,
Who would regret the ruin'd wall
That lets in such a morning?

PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS.

THE only treaty framed in Christian love
  Without a single oath; and by that token
Recorded and approved in heaven above,
  And in a world of sin and strife *unbroken!*

DEWS that nourish fairest flowers,
  Fall unheard in stillest hours;
Streams which keep the meadows green,
  Often flow themselves unseen.

Violets hidden on the ground,
  Throw their balmy odours round;
Viewless in the vaulted sky,
  Larks pour forth their melody.

Emblems these, which well express
  Virtue's modest loveliness;
Unobtrusive and unknown,
  Felt but in its fruits alone!

ALDBOROUGH.

TO THE MEMORY OF CRABBE.

How could I tread this winding shore,
In sadness, or in glee,
By Thee so often paced of yore,
Nor turn, in thought, to thee?

For here were pass'd thy early days,
With fortune waging strife;
And here thy muse's embryo lays
First struggled into life.

Thy verse hath stamp'd on all around
The impress of its truth,
And render'd far and near renown'd
"THE BOROUGH" of thy youth!

The self-same sea in foam may break
On shores less tame or drear;
But were it only for *thy sake*,
These to my heart were dear.

TO A FRIEND,

ON THE DEATH OF HER FATHER.

THOUGH nature's feelings rend thy heart,
Shock'd by a parent's death;
Though friendship could not turn the dart
Which took his vital breath;

The record of my feeble pen,
Engraven on thy breast,
May welcome to thee once again
The pillow of thy rest.

Though quick the change, and prompt the stroke
That snapt the tender chain
Of life, it saved him from the yoke
Of slow consuming pain.

With much to hope and nought to fear
Beyond the silent tomb,
Peaceful was once his dwelling here;
More peaceful now his home.

To him whose task was daily done,
Death could be no surprise;
For well he knew that life's last sun
Would with his Saviour rise.

The splendour of that promised morn
What numbers can set forth,
When robes of glory shall adorn
The majesty of worth?

Still on his manly face and form
Thy memory long may dwell,
And still affection's yearnings warm
Thy wounded bosom swell.

Nature such feelings will betray,
And own the tribute due;
But faith should wipe the tear away,
And inward peace renew.

The path a righteous sire has trod
Distinctly points to heaven:
The grace and goodness of his God
To thee are also given.

That path observed, what rapture sweet,
Beyond my skill to paint,
Thy panting soul shall feel to greet
Thy father in the saint!

IN THE FIRST LEAF OF AN ALBUM.

THE warrior is proud when the battle is won;
The eagle is proud as he soars to the sun;
The beauty is proud of the conquest she gains;
And the humblest of poets is proud of his strains:
Then forgive me, my friend, if some pride should be mine,
When I fill the first leaf in an Album of thine.

The miser is glad when he adds to his hoard;
The epicure placed at the sumptuous board;
The courtier when smiled on; but happier the lot
Of the friend who though absent is still unforgot:
Then believe that a feeling of gladness is mine,
When I fill the first page of an Album of thine.

But my pride and my pleasure are chasten'd with fears,
As I look down the vista of far distant years,
And reflect that the progress of time must ere long
Bring oblivion to friendship, and silence to song:
Thus thinking, what mingled emotions are mine,
As I fill the first leaf in an Album of thine!

Yet idle and thankless it were to allow
Such reflections to sadden the heart and the brow;
We know that earth's pleasures are mix'd with alloy,
But if virtue approve them, 't is wise to enjoy:
And this brief enjoyment at least shall be mine,
As I write my name first in this Album of thine.

A STREAM.

It flows through flowery meads,
Gladdening the herds that on its margin browse;
Its quiet bounty feeds
The alders that o'ershade it with their boughs.

Gently it murmurs by
The village churchyard with a plaintive tone
Of dirge-like melody,
For worth and beauty modest as its own.

More gaily now it sweeps
By the small school-house, in the sunshine bright,
And o'er the pebbles leaps,
Like happy hearts by holiday made light.

SABBATH DAYS.

MODERNIZED FROM VAUGHAN'S "SILEX SCINTILLANS."

Types of eternal rest—fair buds of bliss,
In heavenly flowers expanding week by week;
The next world's gladness imaged forth in this—
Days of whose worth the Christian's heart can speak.

Eternity in time — the steps by which
We climb to future ages — lamps that light
Man through his darker days, and thought enrich,
Yielding redemption for the week's dull flight.

Wakeners of prayer in man — his resting bowers
As on he journeys in the narrow way,
Where, Eden-like, Jehovah's walking hours
Are waited for, as in the cool of day.

Days fixt by God for intercourse with dust,
To raise our thoughts and purify our powers;
Periods appointed to renew our trust—
A gleam of glory after six days' showers.

A milky way marked out through skies else drear,
By radiant suns that warm as well as shine:
A clue which he who follows knows no fear,
Though briers and thorns around his path may twine.

Foretastes of heaven on earth — pledges of joy
Surpassing Fancy's flights and Fiction's story—
The preludes of a feast that cannot cloy,
And the bright out-courts of immortal glory.

SONNET

TO

WILLIAM AND MARY HOWITT.

THE breath of Spring is stirring in the wood,
Whose budding boughs confess the genial gale;
And thrush and blackbird tell their tender tale;
The hawthorn tree, that leafless long has stood,
Shows signs of blossoming; the streamlet's flood
Hath shrunk into its banks, and in each vale
The lowly violet, and the primrose pale,
Have lured the bee to seek his wonted food.
Then up! and to your forest haunts repair,
Where Robin Hood once held his revels gay;
Yours is the greensward smooth, and vocal spray;
And I, as on your pilgrimage ye fare,
In all your sylvan luxuries shall share
When I peruse them in your minstrel lay.

SONNET.

TO THE SAME.

WINTER hath bound the brooks in icy chains;
The bee that murmur'd in the cowslip bell,
Now feasts securely in his honey'd cell;
Silence is on the woods and on the plains,
And darkening clouds and desolating rains
Have marr'd your forest-fountain's quiet spell:
Yet, though retired from these awhile ye dwell,
Your heart's best hoard of poesy remains.
The sports of childhood, the exhaustless store
Of home-born thoughts and feelings dear to each,
Converse, or silence eloquent as speech;
History's rich page, tradition's richer lore
Of tale and legend prized in days of yore;—
These, worthy of the muse, are in your reach.

SONNET.

IN MEMORIAL OF ELIZABETH FRY.

THY name, now writ in heaven, will live on earth,
So long as human hearts are left to prize
That sterling virtue whose deep source supplies
Each Christian grace, a woman's highest worth!
And Heaven forbid we e'er should dread a dearth
Of these in England; where the good and wise
Have, by their reverence of such sanctities,
Honour'd the country which had given them birth.
True gospel preacher of that law of love
By JESUS taught; nor for thyself would I
Indite this simple brief obituary!
May thy example kindred spirits move
To follow thee; and thus themselves approve
Number'd with them whose record is on high!

ON SOME ILLUSTRATIONS

OF

COWPER'S "RURAL WALKS."

Why are these tamer landscapes fraught
With charms whose meek appeal
To sensibility and thought
The heart is glad to feel?

Cowper, thy muse's magic skill
Has made them sacred ground;
Thy gentle memory haunts them still,
And casts a spell around.

The hoary oak, the peasant's nest,
The rustic bridge, the grove,
The turf thy feet have often prest,
The temple and alcove;

The shrubbery, moss-house, simple urn,
The elms, the lodge, the hall,—
Each is thy witness in its turn,
Thy verse the charm of all.

Thy verse, no less to nature true
Than to religion dear,
O'er every object sheds a hue
That long must linger here.

Amid these scenes the hours were spent
Of which we reap the fruit;
And each is now thy monument,
Since that sweet lyre is mute.

"Here, like the nightingale's, were pour'd
Thy solitary lays,"
Which sought the glory of the Lord,
"Nor ask'd for human praise."

THE WALL-FLOWER.

Delightful flower, whose fair and fragrant bloom
Tinges with beauty many a mouldering tower,
Lending a grace to its declining doom
Beyond the splendour of its proudest hour.

What art thou like? the cheerful smile of those
Whose eyes are dim with years, whose locks are grey;
The tranquil brightness of whose evening shows
They gave to God the morning of their day.

"BUT IT SHALL COME TO PASS, THAT AT EVENING TIME IT SHALL BE LIGHT." ZECH. XIV. 7.

We journey through a vale of tears,
By many a cloud o'ercast;
And worldly cares, and worldly fears,
Go with us to the last!
Not to the last — Thy word hath said,
Could we but read aright:
Poor pilgrim! lift in hope thy head;
At eve there shall be light.

Though earth-born shadows now may shroud
Thy thorny path awhile;
God's blessed word can rend each cloud,
And bid the sunshine smile:
Only believe, in living faith,
His love and power Divine,
And, ere life's sun shall set in death,
His light shall round thee shine.

When tempest-clouds are dark on high,
His bow of love and peace
Shines sweetly in the vaulted sky,
Betokening storms shall cease!
Walk on thy way, with hope unchill'd,
By faith, and not by sight:
So shalt thou own his word fulfill'd,
At eve it shall be light.

WINTER EVENINGS.

THE summer is over,
The autumn is past,
Dark clouds o'er us hover,
Loud whistles the blast;
But clouds cannot darken, nor tempest destroy
The soul's sweetest sunshine, the heart's purest joy.

The Bright fire is flinging
Its happy warmth round:
The kettle too singing,
And blithe is its sound:
Then welcome in evening, and shut out the day,
And with it its soul-fretting troubles away.

Our path is no bright one,
From morning till eve;
Our task is no light one,
Till day takes its leave:
But now let us cheerfully pause on our way,
And be thankfully cheerful, and blamelessly gay.

We 'll turn to the pages
Of history's lore;
Of bards and of sages
The beauties explore:
And share o'er the records we love to unroll
The "feast of the reason and flow of the soul."

To you who have often,
In life's later years,
Brought kindness to soften
Its cares and its fears;
To you, with true feeling, your Poet and Friend,
The joys you have heighten'd may fondly commend.

"DESPISE NOT THOU THE CHASTENING OF THE ALMIGHTY."—
JOB v. 17.

THE sunshine to the flower may give
The tints that charm the sight,
But scentless would that flow'ret live
If skies were always bright;
Dark clouds and showers its scent bestow,
And purest joy is born of woe.

He who each bitter cup rejects,
No living spring shall quaff;
He whom Thy rod in love corrects,
Shall lean upon Thy staff:
Happy, thrice happy, then, is he
Who knows his chast'ning is from Thee.

ON SOME PICTURES.

THEY err'd not who relied for fame
On works of such magnificence;
Whose charms, unchangeably the same,
Surprise and ravish soul and sense.

For here, though long since dead, they live
With power to waken smiles and tears;
And to unconscious canvass give
What lived and breathed in distant years.

What still shall captivate, when we
Who now with admiration gaze,
Like those who fashioned them, shall be
The creatures of departed days.

Still shall that sleeping infant's face,
Beauty and innocence reveal;
That sainted mother's matron grace
To every mother's heart appeal.

Those misty mountains still shall rise,
As now they do; those vales expand;
And still those torrents, trees, and skies,
Tell of each master's magic hand.

As I roam'd on the beach, to my memory rose
The bliss I had tasted in moments gone by;
When my soul could be soothed in a scene of repose,
And my spirit exult in an unclouded sky!

I thought of the past; and while thinking, thy name
Came uncalled to my lips, but no language it found;
Yet my heart felt how dear and how hallow'd its claim —
I could *think*, though my tongue could not utter a sound.

The beginning and end of our love was before me,
And both touch'd a cord of the tenderest tone;
Thy spirit, then near, shed its influence o'er me,
And told me that still thou wert truly mine own.

I thought at that moment (how dear was the thought!)
There still was a union that death could not break;
And if with some sorrow the feeling were fraught,
Yet even that sorrow was sweet for thy sake.

Thus musing on thee, every object around
Seem'd to borrow thy sweetness to make itself dear;
And each murmuring wave reach'd the shore with a sound
As soft as the tones of thy voice to mine ear.

THE PHILISTINE CHAMPION.

THOUGH he of Gath no more
The living God defy,
Champions like him of yore
Satan can now supply.

The champions he can call,
Though hid from mortal sight,
Are deadlier in their thrall
Than that fierce giant's might.

They rise not in the field
Of war with warlike mien;
But in the heart conceal'd,
They fight for him unseen.

Lust, with its wanton eye,
False shame, and servile fear;
Despair, whose icy sigh
Would freeze contrition's tear;—

Doubt, with its scornful jest;
Pride, with its haughty brow;—
These, lurking in the breast,
Are Satan's champions now.

Vainly our strength we boast
Or reason's triumphs tell,
Sin's hydra-headed host
Arms not our own must quell.

Be ours, then, those alone
God's word and grace bestow;
Faith's simple sling and stone
Shall lay each giant low.

LEISTON ABBEY BY MOONLIGHT.

Imposing must have been the sight
Ere desolation found thee,
When morning breaking o'er thee bright,
With new-born glory crown'd thee:

When, rising from the neighbouring deep,
The eye of day survey'd thee;
Aroused thine inmates from their sleep,
And in his beams array'd thee.

And not to Fancy's eye alone
Thine earlier glories glisten;
Her ear recovers many a tone
To which 'tis sweet to listen.

Methinks I hear the matin song
From those proud arches pealing;
Now in full chorus borne along,
Now into distance stealing.

But yet more beautiful by far
Thy silent ruin sleeping
In the clear midnight, with that star
Through yonder archway peeping.

More beautiful that ivy fringe
That crests thy turrets hoary,
Touch'd by the moonbeams with a tinge
As of departed glory.

More spirit-stirring is the sound
Of night-winds softly sighing
Thy roofless walls and arches round,
And then in silence dying.

THE VALLEY OF FERN.

THERE is a lone valley, few charms can it number,
Compared with the lovely glens north of the Tweed;
No mountains enclose it where morning mists slumber,
And it never has echoed the shepherd's soft reed.
No streamlet of crystal, its rocky banks laving,
Flows through it, delighting the ear and the eye;
On its sides no proud forests, their foliage waving,
Meet the gales of the autumn or summer wind's sigh;
Yet by me it is prized, and full dearly I love it,
And oft my steps thither I pensively turn;
It has silence within, heaven's proud arch above it,
And my fancy has named it the Valley of Fern.

O deep the repose which its calm recess giveth,
And no music can equal its silence to me;
When broken, 't is only to prove something liveth,
By the note of the sky-lark, or hum of the bee.
On its sides the green fern to the breeze gently bending,
With a few stunted trees, meet the wandering eye;
Or the furze and the broom, their bright blossoms extending,
With the braken's soft verdure delightfully vie;—

These are all it can boast; yet, when Fancy is dreaming,
Her visions, which poets can only discern,
Come crowding around, in unearthly light beaming,
And invest with bright beauty the Valley of Fern.

Sweet valley, in seasons of grief and dejection,
I have sought in thy bosom a shelter from care;
And have found in my musings a bond of connexion
With thy landscape so peaceful, and all that was there:
In the verdure that soothed, in the flowers that brighten'd,
In the blackbird's soft note, in the hum of the bee,
I found something that lull'd, and insensibly lighten'd,
And felt grateful and tranquil while gazing on thee.
Yes, moments there are, when mute nature is willing
To teach, would proud man but be humble and learn;
When her sights and her sounds on the heart-strings are thrilling;
And this I have felt in the Valley of Fern.

For the bright chain of being, though widely extended,
Unites all its parts in one beautiful whole,
In which grandeur and grace are enchantingly blended,
Of which God is the centre, the light, and the soul.
And holy the hope is, and sweet the sensation,
Which this feeling of union in solitude brings
It gives silence a voice, and to calm contemplation
Unseals the pure fountain whence happiness springs.

Then nature most loved in her loneliest recesses,
Unveils her fair features, and softens her stern;
And spreads, like that being who bounteously blesses,
For her votary a feast in the Valley of Fern.

And at times in its confines companionless straying,
Pure thoughts born in stillness have pass'd through my mind;
And the spirit within, their blest impulse obeying,
Has soar'd from this world on the wings of the wind;
The pure sky above, and the still scene around me,
To the eye which survey'd them, no clear image brought:
But my soul seem'd entranced in the vision which bound me,
As by magical spell, to the beings of thought;
And to him their dread Author, the fountain of feeling,
I have bow'd, while my heart seem'd within me to burn;
And my spirit contrited, for mercy appealing,
Has call'd on his name in the Valley of Fern.

Farewell, lovely valley, when earth's silent bosom
Shall hold him who loves thee, thy beauties may live;
And thy turf's em'rald tint, and thy broom's yellow blossom,
Unto loiterers like him soothing pleasure may give.
As brightly may morning, thy graces investing
With light and with life, wake thy inmates from sleep;
And as softly the moon, in still loveliness resting
To gaze on its charms, thy lone landscape may steep.

Then should friend of the bard, who hath paid with his praises
The pleasure thou'st yielded, e'er seek thy sojourn,
Should one tear for his sake fill the eye while it gazes,
It may fall unreproved in the Valley of Fern.

AN INVITATION.

My fireside friend, the moon to-night,
Moore says, is near the full;
My ingle-nook is warm and bright,
If I be cold and dull.

But, that I may resemble it,
I need a guest like thee
Beside its cheerful blaze to sit
And share its warmth with me.

Iron sharpens iron — the kindling touch
Of steel strikes fire from stone;
That friend for friend can do as much
We both of us have known.

Then come, and let us try once more
On topics grave, or gay,
How converse, or the muse's lore,
Can while an hour away.

AUTUMN.

Hoarser gales are round us blowing,
Clouds drive o'er the sky;
Day by day is shorter growing,
Weary nights are nigh.

Morn and eve are chill and dreary,
Birds have lost their mirth;
Whispering leaves, of converse weary,
Silent sink to earth.

Flowers are in the garden faded,
From the fields are fled;
Many a nook the blossom shaded
With the seed is spread.

Dewy drops, the long grass bending,
Glitter bright, yet chill;
Earth is cold, and showers descending
Make her colder still.

Brighter skies and warmer weather
Made our fancies roam;
Winter binds our hearts together
Round the fire at home.

SPRING.

WRITTEN FOR A CHILD'S BOOK.

THE bleak winds of winter are past,
The frost and the snow are both gone,
And the trees are beginning at last
To put their green liveries on.

And now if you look in the lane,
And along the warm bank, may be found
The violet in blossom again,
And shedding her perfume around.

The primrose and cowslip are out,
And the fields are with daisies all gay,
While butterflies, flitting about,
Are glad in the sunshine to play.

Not more glad than the bee is to gather
New honey to store in his cell;
He too is abroad this fine weather,
To rifle cup, blossom, and bell.

The goldfinch, and blackbird, and thrush
Are brimful of music and glee;
They have each got a nest in some bush,
And the rook has built his on a tree.

The lark's home is hid in the corn,
  But he springs from it often on high,
And warbles his welcome to morn,
  Till he looks like a speck in the sky.

O, who would be sleeping in bed
  When the skies with such melody ring,
And the bright earth beneath him is spread
  With the beauty and fragrance of spring?

IN AN ALBUM.

How strange the thought — a day draws nigh,
Involved in present mystery,
When names which here have met before
May meet again — one moment more!

When amid throngs of wakening dead
The Book of Life shall be outspread!
O grateful bliss, beyond compare,
To find our names recorded there!

SONNET.

ON THE DEATH OF JOSEPH GURNEY. 1831.

To be preserved from "sudden death" we pray:
And many have just cause to breathe the prayer,
Whom GRACE hath not instructed to prepare
For that most awful summons. — Happy they
Whom HE, the Light, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Hath train'd in living faith *His* cross to bear;
Such only shall the crown immortal wear,
And stand before Him clothed in white array!
Believing thee all ready, then, shall we
So selfishly thy sudden call profane,
And mourn a captive's quickly sever'd chain?
Oh! let us rather thank thy God for thee!
Trusting this line thy Epitaph may be,
"To me to live *was* Christ! to die *is* gain!"

TO JOANNA,

HER SENDING ME THE LEAF OF A FLOWER GATHERED IN WORDSWORTH'S GARDEN.*

JOANNA! though I well can guess
That in mirth's very idleness,
And raillery's enjoyment,
This leaf is sent; it shall not lose
Its errand, but afford the Muse
Some minutes' light employment.

Thou sent'st it, in thy naughty wit,
As emblem, type, or symbol, fit
For a mere childish rhymer;
And I accept it, not as such,
But as indicative of much
Lovelier and far sublimer.

I own, as over it I pore,
It is a simple leaf, no more:
And further, without scandal,
It is so delicate and small
One sees 't was never meant at all
For vulgar clowns to handle.

* Written at a time when Wordsworth was appreciated by very few.

But in itself, for aught I see,
'T is perfect as a leaf can be;
For can I doubt a minute,
That on the spot where first it grew,
It had each charm of shape and hue,
And native sweetness in it.

Thus sever'd from the stem where first
To life and light its beauty burst,—
It brings to recollection
A fragment of the poet's lay,
Torn from its native page away,
For critical dissection.

But 't is not by one leaf alone
The beauty of the flower is known;
Nor do I rank a poet
By parts, that critics may think fit
To quote, who, "redolent of wit,"
Take up his words to show it.

If on its stem this leaf display'd
Beauty which sought no artful aid,
And scatter'd fragrance round it;
If the sweet flower on which it grew
Was graceful, natural, lovely too,
Delighting all who found it;—

Then will I own that flower to be
A type of Wordsworth, or of thee;
For kindred virtues grace you;
And though the bard may think me bold,
And thou may'st half resolve to scold,
I in one page will place you!

THE SOLITARY TOMB.

Not a leaf of the poplar above me stirr'd,
Though it stir with a breath so lightly;
Not a farewell note sang the sweet singing bird
To the sun that was setting brightly.

I stood alone on the quiet hill,
The quiet vale before me;
And the spirit of nature serene and still
Gather'd around and o'er me.

There was the Deben's glittering flood
Far away in its channel sweeping;
And under the hill-side where I stood
The dead in their graves were sleeping.

Quiet their place of burial seem'd,
Where trouble could never enter;
And sweetly the rays of sunset beam'd
On the solitary tomb in its centre.

And often when I have wander'd here,
And in many moods have view'd it,
With many a form to memory dear
My fancy has endued it.

Sometimes it look'd like a lonely sail
Far away on the deep green billow;
And sometimes like a lamb in the vale
Asleep on its grassy pillow.

He that lies under was on the seas
In his days of youth a ranger;
Borne on the billow, and blown by the breeze,
Little cared he for danger.

And yet through peril and toil he kept
The freshness of gentlest feeling;
Never a tear has woman wept
A tenderer heart revealing.

But here he sleeps — many there are
Who love his lone tomb and revere it;
And one who, like yon evening star
Far away, yet is ever near it.

IVE-GILL.

THE pride that springs from high descent
May be no pride of mine;
My lowlier views are well content
To claim a humble line:
Fancy shall wing no daring flight,
And rear no lofty dome;
Ive-gill's small hamlet her delight,
Ive-gill her modest home.

And now before my inward eye
I see a lowly vale;
The silent stars are in the sky,
And moonlight's lustre pale
Illumes its scatter'd cots and trees,
While with a tuneful song,
Louder and steadier than the breeze,
Ive gladly flows along.

The sun comes forth — the valley smiles
In morning's blithe array;
The song of birds the ear beguiles
From every glistening spray;

The bee is on her journey gone
To store her humble hive;
And still in music rolling on
Is heard the gladsome Ive.

In such a spot I love to dream
That ancestor of mine
Once dwelt, and saw on Ive's fair stream
The cloudless morning shine;
I love to trace back "kith and kin"
To air so fresh and free,
And cherish still an interest in
The bonnie North countrie.

THE rose which in the sun's bright rays
Might soon have droop'd and perish'd,
With grateful scent the shower repays
By which its life is cherish'd.

And thus have e'en the young in years
Found flowers within that flourish,
And yield a fragrance fed with tears
That joy could never nourish.

"WHICH THINGS ARE A SHADOW."

I saw a stream whose waves were bright
With morning's dazzling sheen;
But gathering clouds, ere fall of night,
Had darken'd o'er the scene:
"How like that tide,"
My spirit sigh'd,
"This life to me hath been!"

The clouds dispersed; the glowing west
Was bright with closing day
And o'er the river's peaceful breast
Shone forth the sunset ray:—
My spirit caught
The soothing thought,
"Thus life might pass away."

I saw a tree with ripening fruit
And shady foliage crown'd;
But ah! the axe was at its root,
And fell'd it to the ground:
Well might that tree
Recall to me
The doom my hopes had found.

The fire consumed it; but I saw
  Its smoke ascend on high—
A shadowy type, beheld with awe,
  Of that which will not die,
    But from the grave
    Will rise and have
  A refuge in the sky.

TO AN OLD GATEWAY.

Thou wast the earliest monument
  Of what in former days
Had once been deem'd magnificent,
  Which met my boyish gaze.
And first emotions kindled then,
Now seem to start to life again,
  As thou, when morning's rays
First strike upon thine ancient head,
All grey and ivy-garlanded.

Through such a gate as this perchance,
  Methought, once issued free,
All I have read of in romance,
  And, reading, half could see;
Robed priests advancing one by one,
And banners gleaming in the sun,
  And knights of chivalry:
Until I almost seem'd to hear
The sound of trumpet thrilling near.

"'T was idlesse all"—such flights as please
A castle-building boy,
Whom Nature early taught to seize
Far more than childish toy,—
The forms of fancy, free to range
O'er rhyme and record old and strange,
And with romantic joy
Who even then was wont alone
To dream adventures of his own.

Alas! the morning of the soul
Has heavenly brightness in it;
And as the mind's first mists unroll,
Makes years of every minute—
Years of ideal joy:—life's path
At first such dewy freshness hath,
'T is rapture to begin it;
But soon, too soon, the dew-drops dry,
Or glisten but in sorrow's eye.

It boots but little—smiles and tears,
Even from beauty beaming,
Must fade alike with fleeting years,
Like phantoms from the dreaming:
And never can they be so bright
As when life's sweet and dawning light
On both by turns was gleaming;
Unless it be when, unforgot,
We feel "they were and they are not."

FIRESIDE QUATRAINS.

TO CHARLES LAMB.

It is a mild and lovely winter night,
The breeze without is scarcely heard to sigh;
The crescent moon and stars of twinkling light
Are shining calmly in a cloudless sky.

Within the fire burns clearly: in its rays
My old oak book-case wears a cheerful smile;
Its antique mouldings brighten'd by the blaze
Might vie with any of more modern style.

That rural sketch—that scene in Norway's land
Of rocks and pine trees by the torrent's foam—
That landscape traced by Gainsborough's youthful hand,
Which shows how lovely is a peasant's home—

That Virgin and her Child, with those sweet boys—
All of the fire-light own the genial gleam;
And lovelier far than in day's light and noise
At this still hour to me their beauties seem.

One picture more there is, which should not be
Unhonour'd or unsung, because it bears
In many a lonely hour my thoughts to thee,
Heightening to fancy every charm it wears—

A quaint familiar group — a mother mild
And young and fair, who fain would teach to read
That urchin, by her patience unbeguiled,
The volume open on her lap to heed.

With fingers thrust into his ears, he looks
As much he wish'd the weary task were done;
And more, far more, of pastime than of books
Lurks in that arch dark eye so full of fun.

Graver, or in the pouts, (I know not well
Which of the twain,) his elder sister plies
Her needle so, that it is hard to tell
What the full meaning of her downcast eyes.

Dear Charles, if thou shouldst haply chance to know
Where such a picture hung in days of yore,
Its highest worth, its deepest charm, to show
I need not tax my rhymes or fancy more.

It is not womanhood in all its grace,
And lovely childhood plead to me alone;
Though these each stranger still delights to trace,
And with congratulating smile to own;

No — with all these my feelings fondly blend
A hidden charm unborrow'd from the eye;
That wakes the memory of my absent friend,
And chronicles the pleasant hours gone by.

SONNET.

TO THE SISTER OF AN OLD SCHOOLFELLOW.

"HEAVEN lies about us in our infancy!"
If so, we should not with indifference meet
Aught that recalls a memory so sweet
As one of bright and early days gone by!
For, could we but abide continually
As we were wont in hours so fair and fleet,
Like little children, guiltless of deceit,
This o'er the world were glorious mastery!
My school-mate's sister! none of us can add
One year to life's brief span, or take from thence:
Yet ought we not, dear friend, to borrow hence
Desponding thoughts, and make our spirits sad;
But holier aspirations, to be clad
In robes more white than our first innocence!

THE CURSE OF DISOBEDIENCE.

"And thy heaven that is over thy head shall be brass, and the earth that is under thee shall be iron."—DEUTERONOMY xxviii. 23.

APPALLING doom! yet hearts there are
Its fearful truth have found,
Have known a heaven where sun nor star
Its radiance sheds around;

An earth of iron, whose barren breast
Seem'd icy cold and dead,
Whose sterile paths, by joy unblest,
In endless mazes spread.

They who have trod that hopeless path,
Beneath that rayless sky,
Have known the hour of righteous wrath
These metaphors imply.

These know how God's most holy will
Can mar creation's face,
And leave the disobedient, still,
No pleasant resting-place.

One only hope for such remains—
Repent, return, and live;
He who no penitent disdains,
New heavens, new earth can give.

Simple obedience shall restore
Green fields and sunny skies;
And hearkening to His voice bring more
Than Eden to their eyes.

SIGNS AND TOKENS.

He who watcheth winds that blow,
May too long neglect to sow;
He who waits lest clouds should rain,
Harvest never shall obtain.

Signs and tokens false may prove;
Trust thou in a Saviour's love,
In his sacrifice for sin,
And his Spirit's power within.

Keep thou Zion-ward thy face,
Ask in faith the aid of grace,
Use the strength which grace shall give,
Die to self — in Christ to live.

Faith in God, if such be thine,
Shall be found thy safest sign,
And obedience to His will
Prove the best of tokens still.

THE IVY.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

Dost thou not love, in the season of spring,
To twine thee a flowery wreath,
And to see the beautiful birch-tree fling
Its shade on the grass beneath?
Its glossy leaf and silvery stem,
Oh dost thou not love to look on them?

And dost thou not love when leaves are greenest,
And summer has just begun,
When in the silence of moonlight thou leanest
Where glistening waters run,
To see by that gentle and peaceful beam,
The willow bend down to the sparkling stream?

And oh! in a lovely autumnal day,
When leaves are changing before thee,
Do not Nature's charms, as they slowly decay,
Shed their own mild influence o'er thee?
And hast thou not felt, as thou stood'st to gaze,
The touching lesson such scene displays?

It should be thus at an age like thine;
And it has been thus with me,
When the freshness of feeling and heart were mine,
As they never more can be:

Yet think not I ask thee to pity my lot,
Perhaps I see beauty where thou dost not.

Hast thou seen in winter's stormiest day
The trunk of a blighted oak,
Not dead, but sinking in slow decay,
Beneath time's resistless stroke,
Round which a luxuriant Ivy had grown,
And wreath'd it with verdure no longer its own?

Perchance thou hast seen this sight, and then,
As I, at thy years, might do,
Pass'd carelessly by, nor turn'd again
That scathed wreck to view:
But now I can draw from that mouldering tree
Thoughts which are soothing and dear to me.

O smile not! nor think it a worthless thing,
If it be with instruction fraught;
That which will closest and longest cling,
Is alone worth a serious thought!
Should aught be unlovely which thus can shed
Grace on the dying, and leaves not the dead?

Now, in thy youth, beseech of Him
Who giveth, upbraiding not,
That his light in thy heart become not dim,
And his love be unforgot;
And thy God, in the darkest of days, will be
Greenness, and beauty, and strength to thee!

SILENT WORSHIP.

THOUGH glorious, O God, must thy temple have been
On the day of its first dedication,
When the cherubim wings widely waving were seen
On high o'er the ark's holy station;

When even the chosen of Levi, though skill'd
To minister standing before Thee,
Retired from the cloud which thy temple then fill'd,
And thy glory made Israel adore Thee;

Though awful indeed was thy majesty then;
Yet the worship thy gospel discloses,
Less splendid in show to the vision of men,
Surpasses the ritual of Moses.

And by whom was that ritual for ever repeal'd?
But by Him unto whom it was given
To enter the oracle where is reveal'd
Not the cloud, but the brightness of heaven.

Who, having once enter'd, hath shown us the way,
O Lord, how to worship before Thee;
Not with shadowy forms of that earlier day,
But in spirit and truth to adore Thee.

This, this is the worship Messiah made known,
When she of Samaria found Him
By the patriarch's well sitting weary alone,
With the stillness of noon-tide around him.

"Woman, believe me, the hour is near,
When He, if ye rightly would hail Him,
Will neither be worshipp'd exclusively here,
Nor yet at the altar of Salem.

"For God is a Spirit! and they who aright
Would do the pure worship he loveth
In the heart's holy temple, will seek with delight
That spirit the Father approveth."

And many that prophecy's truth can declare
Whose bosoms have livingly known it;
Whom God has instructed to visit him there,
And convinced that his mercy will own it.

The temple that Solomon built to his name
Exists but in name and in story:
Extinguish'd long since is that altar's bright flame,
And vanish'd each glimpse of its glory.

But the Christian, made wise by a wisdom Divine,
Though all human fabrics may falter,
Still finds in his heart a far holier shrine,
Where the fire burns unquench'd on the altar.

TO

THE MEMORY OF ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

THOU should'st not to the grave descend
Unmourn'd, unhonour'd, and unsung;
Could harp of mine record thine end,
For thee that rude harp should be strung;
And plaintive notes as ever rung
Should all its simple strings employ,
Lamenting unto old and young
The Bard who sung the Farmer's Boy.

The *Harvest Home's* rejoicing cup
Should pause, when that sad note was heard;
The *Widow* turn her *Hourglass* up,
With tenderest feelings newly stirr'd;
And many a pity-waken'd word,
And sighs that speak when language fails,
Should prove thy simple strains preferr'd
To prouder poets' lofty tales.

Circling the *Old Oak Table* round,
Whose moral worth thy measure owns,
Heroes and heroines yet are found
Like *Abner and the Widow Jones.*

There *Gilbert Meldrum's* sterner tones
In virtue's cause are bold and free,
And ev'n the patient sufferer's moans
In pain and sorrow plead for thee.

Nor thus beneath the straw-roof'd cot
Alone should thoughts of thee pervade
Hearts which confess thee unforgot
On heathy hill, in grassy glade;
In many a spot by thee array'd
With hues of thought, with fancy's gleam,
Thy memory lives, — in Euston's shade,
By Barnham Water's shadeless stream.

And long may guileless hearts preserve
Thy memory, and its tablets be;
While nature's healthy power shall nerve
The arm of labour toiling free:
While childhood's innocence and glee
With green old age enjoyment share,
Richards and Kates shall tell of thee,
Walters and Janes thy name declare.

How wise, how noble, was thy choice,
To be the Bard of simple swains;
In all their pleasures to rejoice,
And soothe with sympathy their pains;

To sing with feeling in thy strains
The simple subjects they discuss,
And be, though free from classic chains,
Our own more chaste Theocritus!

ALL IS VANITY.

In childhood any toy
For one short hour amuses;
And all its store of joy
With its new lustre loses.

The boy keeps up the game
Just as the child began it;
For boyhood's joyous flame
Needs novelty to fan it.

The youth, when beauty's eye
First wakes the pulse of pleasure,
Thinks with a fruitless sigh
That he has found his treasure.

Existence further scan
In all succeeding stages,
View it in ripen'd man,
In hoary-headed sages —

What pleasure can it give
  Unless it stoop to borrow,
And lead us on to live
  On bliss to be — to-morrow?

What can this world bestow
  That should enchain us to it?
Or compensate the woe
  We bear who journey through it?

O man! if to this earth
  Thy heart is wedded only,
Each hope that comes with mirth
  Will leave thee twice as lonely:

And when that hope is gone
  Thou shalt be all forsaken,
For having leant upon
  A reed by each wind shaken.

TO L———.

Midnight has stolen on me—sound is none,
Save when light tinkling cinders, one by one,
Fall from my fire — or its low glittering blaze
A faint and fitful noise at times betrays,
Or distant baying of the watch-dog, caught
At intervals. It is the hour of thought—
Canst thou then marvel, now that thought is free,
Memory should wake and fancy fly to thee?

AUTUMN.

WRITTEN IN THE GROUNDS OF MARTIN COLE, ESQ.

When is the aspect which nature wears
The loveliest and dearest? Say is it in Spring,
When its blossoms the apple-tree beauteously bears,
And birds on each spray are beginning to sing?
Or is it in Summer's fervid pride,
When the foliage is shady on every side,
And tempts us at noon in the green-wood to hide,
And list to the wild birds warbling?—

Lovely is nature in seasons like these
But lovelier when Autumn's tints are spread
On the landscape round, and the wind-swept trees
Their leafy honours reluctantly shed:
When the bright sun sheds a watery beam
On the changing leaves and the glistening stream;
Like smiles on a sorrowing cheek, that gleam
When its woes and cares for a moment are fled.

And such is the prospect which now is greeting
My glance, as I tread this favourite walk;
As the frolicsome sunbeams are over it fleeting,
And each flower nods on its rustling stalk;
And the bosom of Deben is darkening and lightening,
When gales the crests of its billows are whitening,
Or bursts of sunshine its billows are brightening,
While the winds keep up their stormy talk.

Of the brightness and beauty of Summer and Spring
There is little left but the roses that blow
By this friendly wall. To its covert they cling,
And eagerly smile in each sunbeam's glow;
But when the warm beam is a moment withdrawn,
And the loud whistling breeze sweeps over the lawn,
Their beauteous blossoms, so fair and forlorn,
Seem to shrink from the wind which ruffles them so.

Poor wind-tost tremblers! some weeks gone by
You were fann'd by breezes gentler than these;
When you stretch'd your leaves to a summer sky,
And open'd your buds to the hum of bees:
But soon will the Winter be past, and you,
When his winds are gone to the north, shall renew
Your graceful apparel of glossy hue,
And wave your blossoms in Summer's breeze.

The autumnal blasts, which whirl while we listen;
The wan, sear leaf, like a floating toy;
The bright round drops of dew, which glisten
On the grass at morn; and the sunshine coy,
Which comes and goes like a smile when woo'd;
The auburn meads, and the foamy flood,
Each sight and sound, in a musing mood,
Awaken sensations superior to joy.

A GRANDSIRE'S TALE.

THE tale I tell was told me long ago;
Yet many a tale, since heard, has pass'd away,
While this still wakens memory's fondest glow,
And feelings fresh as those of yesterday:
'T was told me by a man whose hairs were grey,
Whose brow bore token of the lapse of years,
Yet o'er his heart affection's gentle sway
Maintain'd that lingering spell which age endears,
And while he told his tale his eyes were dim with tears.

But not with tears of sorrow;—for the eye
Is often wet with joy and gratitude;
And well his faltering voice, and tear, and sigh
Declared a heart by thankfulness subdued:
Brief feelings of regret might there intrude,
Like clouds which shade awhile the moon's fair light;
But meek submission soon her power renew'd,
And patient smiles, by tears but made more bright,
Confess'd that God's decree was wise, and good, and right.

It was a winter's evening — clear, but still;
Bright was the fire, and bright the silvery beam
Of the fair moon shone on the window-sill
And parlour-floor; — the softly mingled gleam
Of fire and moonlight suited well a theme
Of pensive converse unallied to gloom;
Ours varied like the subjects of a dream,
And turn'd at last upon the silent tomb,
Earth's goal for hoary age and beauty's smiling bloom.

We talk'd of life's last hour; — the varied forms
And features it assumes; how some men are
As sets the sun when dark clouds threaten storms,
And starless night; others whose evening sky
Resembles those which to the outward eye
Seem full of promise; — and with soften'd tone,
At seasons check'd by no ungrateful sigh,
The death of one sweet grand-child of his own
Was by that hoary man most tenderly made known.

She was, he said, a fair and lovely child,
As ever parent could desire to see,
Or seeing, fondly love; of manners mild,
Affections gentle, even in her glee
Her very mirth from levity was free;
But her more common mood of mind was one
Thoughtful beyond her early age, for she
In ten brief years her little course had run,—
Many more brief have known, but brighter surely none.

Though some might deem her pensive, if not sad,
Yet those who knew her better, best could tell
How calmly happy and how meekly glad
Her quiet heart in its own depths did dwell,
Like to the waters of some crystal well,
In which the stars of heaven at noon are seen;
Fancy might deem on her young spirit fell
Glimpses of light more glorious and serene
Than that of life's brief day, so heavenly was her mien.

But though no boisterous playmate, her fond smile
Had sweetness in it passing that of mirth;
Loving and kind, her thoughts, words, deeds, the while
Betray'd of childish sympathy no dearth:
She loved the wild flowers scatter'd over earth,
Bright insects sporting in the light of day,
The blackbird trolling joyous music forth,
The cuckoo shouting in the woods away;
All these she loved as much as those who seem'd more gay.

But more she loved the word, the smile, the look,
Of those who rear'd her with religious care;
With fearful joy she conn'd that holy book,
At whose unfolded page full many a prayer,
In which her weal immortal had its share,
Recurr'd to memory; for she had been train'd,
Young as she was, her early cross to bear;
And taught to love with fervency unfeign'd
The record of His life whose death salvation gain'd.

I dare not linger, like my ancient friend,
On every charm and grace of this fair maid;
For, in his narrative, the story's end
Was long with fond prolixity delay'd;
Though fancy had too well its close portray'd
Before I heard it. Who but might have guess'd
That one so fit for heaven would early fade
In this brief state of trouble and unrest?
Yet only wither here to bloom in life more blest.

My theme is one of joy, and not of grief;
I would not loiter o'er such flower's decay,
Nor stop to paint it slowly, leaf by leaf,
Fading and sinking to its parent clay:
She sank, as sinks the glorious orb of day,
His radiance brightening at his journey's close;
Yet with that chasten'd, soft, and gentle ray
In which no dazzling splendour fiercely glows,
But on whose mellow'd light our eyes with joy repose.

Her strength was failing, but it seem'd to sink
So calmly, tenderly, it woke no fear;
'T was like a rippling wave on ocean's brink,
Which breaks in dying music on the ear,
And placid beauty on the eye;—no tear
Except of quiet joy in hers was known;
Though some there were around her justly dear,
Her love for whom in every look was shown,
Yet more and more she sought and loved to be alone.

One summer morn they miss'd her; — she had been
As usual to the garden arbour brought,
After their matin meal; her placid mien
Had worn no seeming shade of graver thought,
Her voice, her smile, with cheerfulness was fraught,
And she was left amid that peaceful scene
A little space; but when she there was sought,
In her secluded oratory green,
Their arbour's sweetest flower had left its leafy screen.

They found her in her chamber, by the bed
Whence she had risen, and on the bed-side chair,
Before her, was an open Bible spread;
Herself upon her knees: — with tender care
They stole on her devotions, when the air
Of her meek countenance the truth made known:
The child had died — died in the act of prayer —
And her pure spirit, without sigh or groan,
To heaven and endless joy from earth and grief had flown.

SONNET.

TO NATHAN DRAKE, ON THE TITLE OF HIS NEWLY ANNOUNCED WORK.

"Mornings in Spring." — Oh! happy thou, indeed,
Thus with the glow of sunset to combine
Day's earlier brightness, and in life's decline
To send thought, feeling, fancy back to feed
In youth's fresh pastures, from the emerald mead
To cull Spring flowers with Autumn fruits to twine;
And borrow from past harmonies benign
Strains sweeter far than of the pastoral reed.
Not such the lot of him who, ere his sun
Have past its Summer solstice, feels the bloom
Of June o'ershadow'd by December gloom;
Thankful if, when life's stormy race be run,
The humble hope that his day's work is done,
May cheer the shadowy entrance to the tomb.

"MOREOVER WHEN YE FAST, BE NOT, AS THE HYPOCRITES, OF A SAD COUNTENANCE; FOR THEY DISFIGURE THEIR FACES, THAT THEY MAY APPEAR UNTO MEN TO FAST. VERILY I SAY UNTO YOU, THEY HAVE THEIR REWARD."—MATT. vi. 16.

WHEN thou a fast would'st keep
Make not its homage cheap,
By publishing its signs to every eye:
But let it be between
Thyself and THE UNSEEN;
So shall it gain acceptance from on high.

God will no rival brook!
Austere or mournful look,
Meant human eye to catch, or heart to move,
Seeking but man's applause,
Glory from God withdraws,—
Treason His spirit sternly will reprove.

From inward exercise,
At seasons will arise
Dark clouds, which cast their shadow on the brow;
Yet darker to impart,
Shows a divided heart,
Which makes the world a witness of its vow.

Nor think in fasts alone,
The precept here made known,
Instruction to the Christian's heart should teach;
In alms, in prayer, in praise—
A lesson it conveys,
'T were wise to learn, and good to feel in each.

Here we may plainly read,
That e'en the holiest deed
Which in the least the praise of man desires;
Howe'er by man esteem'd,
Will not by God be deem'd
That homage of the heart which he requires.

ALDBOROUGH FROM THE TERRACE.

Thy old Moot-hall is but a relique hoar!
Thy time-worn Church stands lonely on the hill!
And he who sojourns here when winds are shrill
In winter — peradventure might deplore
The poor old Borough, — Borough now no more!
Yet, on a summer day, 't is pleasant still,
From this fair eminence to gaze at will
Over the town below, and winding shore.

SONNET.

TO A FRIEND NEVER YET SEEN, BUT CORRESPONDED WITH FOR ABOVE TWENTY YEARS.*

UNKNOWN to sight — for more than twenty years
Have we, by written interchange of thought
And feeling, been into communion brought
Which friend to friend insensibly endears!
In various joys and sorrows, hopes and fears,
Befalling each; and serious subjects, fraught
With wider interest, we at times have sought
To gladden this — yet look to brighter spheres!
We never yet have met — and never may
Perchance, while pilgrims upon earth we fare;
Yet, as we seek each other's load to bear,
Or lighten, and that law of love obey,
May we not hope in heaven's eternal day
To meet, and happier intercourse to share?

* Mrs. Sutton, to whom so many letters in this volume are addressed.

SONNET.

TO CHARLOTTE M——.

Thou art but in life's morning, and as yet
The world looks witchingly; its fruits and flowers
Are fair and fragrant, and its beauteous bowers
Seem haunts of happiness before thee set,
All lovely, as a landscape freshly wet
With dew, or bright with sunshine after showers,
Where pleasure dwells, and Flora's magic powers
Woo thee to pluck a peerless coronet.
Thus be it ever: would'st thou have it so,
Preserve thy present openness of heart;
Cherish the generous feelings that now start
At base dissimulation, and that glow
Of native love for ties which home endears;
And thou wilt find the world no vale of tears.

[1820.]

SONNET.

TO THE REV. J. J. REYNOLDS,

CURATE OF WOODBRIDGE.

DEAR friend, and Christian brother; if thy creed
May not on every point agree with mine;
Yet may we worship at one common shrine,
While both alike we feel our urgent need
Of the same Saviour; as a broken reed
Count all — except his righteousness Divine;
And equal honour reverently assign
Unto that Spirit, who for both must plead!
Since in these grand essentials we agree,
Oh what are modes of worship, forms of prayer,
Or outward sacraments? I would not dare
To doubt that such are helpful unto thee;
Nor wilt thou fail in charity for me,
Seeking *within* to *know* and *feel* them *there!*

FALL OF AN OLD TREE

IN PLAYFORD CHURCHYARD.

THOU hast fallen! and in thy fall
A poet may deplore
The loss of one memorial
Which time cannot restore;
Thy leafless boughs, and barkless stem,
So long that green bank's diadem,
Now greet my eyes no more:
No longer canst thou to my heart
Thy silent chronicles impart.

Since thou that churchyard-gate beside
First waved thy sapling bough,
Beneath thee many a blooming bride
Fresh from the nuptial vow
Hath pass'd, with humble hopes elate;
And slowly borne through that low gate
How many, sleeping now
Beneath the turf's green flowery breast,
Were carried to their dreamless rest!

Under thy shadow, full of glee,
The village children play'd;
And hoary age has seen in thee
His own decline portray'd:
With human joys, griefs, hopes, and fears,
With humble smiles, and lowly tears,
Thy memory is array'd;
And for their sakes, though reft and riven,
This record of thy fall is given.

THE LAND WHICH NO MORTAL MAY KNOW.

THOUGH earth has full many a beautiful spot,
As a poet or painter might show;
Yet more lovely and beautiful, holy and bright,
To the hopes of the heart and the spirit's glad sight,
Is the land that no mortal may know.

There the crystalline stream, bursting forth from the throne,
Flows on, and for ever will flow:
Its waves, as they roll, are with melody rife,
And its waters are sparkling with beauty and life,
In the land which no mortal may know.

And there on its margin, with leaves ever green,
With its fruits, healing sickness and woe,
The fair tree of life, in its glory and pride,
Is fed by that deep inexhaustible tide
Of the land which no mortal may know.

There too are the lost! whom we loved on this earth,
With whose memories our bosoms yet glow;
Their reliques we gave to the place of the dead,
But their glorified spirits before us have fled
To the land which no mortal may know.

Oh! who but must pine, in this dark vale of tears,
From its clouds and its shadows to go,
To walk in the light of the glory above,
And to share in the peace, and the joy, and the love
Of the land which no mortal may know.

FRAGMENT ON AUTUMN.

The bright sun threw his glory all around;
And then the balmy, mild, autumnal breeze
Swept, with a musical and fitful sound,
Among the fading foliage of the trees;
And, now and then, a playful gust would seize
Some falling leaf, and, like a living thing,
Which flits about wherever it may please,
It floated round in many an airy ring,
Till on the dewy grass it fell with wearied wing.

ON A VIGNETTE OF WOODBRIDGE FROM THE WARREN HILL.

My own beloved, adopted town!
Even this glimpse of thee,
Whereon I've seen the sun go down
So oft — suffices me.

For more than forty chequer'd years
Hast thou not been my home?
Till all that most this life endears
Forbids a wish to roam.

I came to thee a stranger youth,
Unknowing and unknown;
And Friendship's solace, and Love's truth,
In thee have been mine own.

Loved for the living and the dead,
No other home I crave;
Here would I live till life be fled,
Here find a nameless grave.

INVOCATION TO AUTUMN.

"It was a day that sent into the heart
A summer feeling!"—and, may memory, now,
Its own inspiring influence so impart
Unto my fancy, as to teach me how
To give it fitting utterance. Aid me, thou
Most lovely season of the circling year!
Before my leaf of life, upon its bough,
In the chill blasts of age shall rustle sere
To frame a votive song to hours so justly dear

Autumn! soul-soothing season! thou who spreadest
Thy lavish feast for every living thing;
Around whose leaf-strew'd path, as on thou treadest,
The year its dying odours loves to fling,
Their last faint fragrance sweetly scattering;
Oh! let thy influence, meek, majestic, holy,
So consciously around my spirit cling,
That its delight may be remote from folly,
In sober thought combined with gentle melancholy.

If, in the morning of my life, to Spring
I paid my homage with a heart elate;
And with each fluttering insect on the wing,
Or small bird, singing to its happy mate,
And Flora's festival, then held in state; —
If joyous sympathy with such was mine;
Oh! still allow me now to dedicate
To thee a tenderer strain: that tone assign
Unto my murmuring lyre, which nature gives to thine;—

A tone of thrilling softness, as if caught
From light winds sweeping o'er a late reap'd field;
And, now and then, be with those breezes brought
A murmur musical, of winds coneeal'd
In coy recesses, by escape reveal'd: —
And, ever and anon, still deeper tone
Of Winter's gathering dirge, at distance peal'd
By harps and hands unseen, and only known
To some enthusiast's ear when worshipping alone.

STANZAS TO WILLIAM ROSCOE, ESQ.

When first, like a child building houses with cards,
I mimick'd the labours of loftier bards;
Though the fabrics I built felt each breath that came near,
Thy smiles taught me hope, and thy praise banish'd fear.

Thou didst not reprove with an Aristarch's pride;
Or unfeelingly chill, or uncandidly chide;
It was not in thy nature with scorn to regard
The fresh-breathing hopes of an untutor'd bard.

Thou knew'st, whether fame crown'd his efforts or not,
That a love of the Muse might enliven his lot;
That poesy acts like a magical balm,
Which in seasons of sorrow can silently calm.

It might win him no wealth, yet its treasure would add
To the store of his mind what would make the heart glad;
Would make the heart glad with a pleasure more pure
And more lasting than all the world's wealth can procure.

Then accept of my thanks! they are justly thy due;
And forgive me for seeking once more to renew
The ties of a friendship with being begun,
By the father once own'd, and bequeath'd to the son.

ON THE ALIENATION OF FRIENDS

IN THE DECLINE OF LIFE.

"When I see leaves drop from their trees in the beginning of autumne, just such, thinke I, is the friendship of the world." — "He is an happy man that hath a true friend at his need; but he is more truly happy that hath no need of his friend."—*Warwick's Spare Minutes.*

THE flower that blooms beneath the ray
Of summer's cloudless sky,
May see its blossoms torn away,
And yet not wholly die:
The summer sunbeams still are warm;
It dreads not winter's distant storm;
And heaven is bright on high:
It spreads its leaves each breeze to greet;—
Beauty is gone, but life is sweet.

It may not bloom again,—but still
Its leaf is green and bright;
Of evening's dew it drinks its fill,
And smiles in morning's light:
The bee may find no honey there;
But round its foliage, fresh and fair,
And lovely to the sight,
The butterfly on beauteous wing
Will hover, and for shelter cling.

Not so the flower which autumn's smile,
Instead of summer's blaze,
Seduces, by its specious wile,
To bloom in later days:
Scarce hath its opening blossom spread,
When all that charm'd it forth has fled;
It droops — and then decays!
Blasted in birth, its blight complete,
And winter's snow its winding-sheet.

How could it hope, the beam, which nursed
Its bud, would bless its bloom?
The languid rays which warm'd the first,
But mock'd the latter's doom:
Instead of genial shower and breeze,
Come rains that chill, and winds that freeze;
Instead of glory — gloom.
How could it then but loathe to live,
When life had nothing left to give?

Thus fares it with the human mind,
Which Heaven has seem'd to bless
With a capacity to find
In friendship — happiness: —
Its earliest and its brightest years
Predict no pangs, forebode no fears;
No doubts awake distress:
Within it finds a cloudless sun,
Without, a friend in every one.

How soon ere youth itself be flown,
  It learns that friends are few;
Yet fondly fancies still its own
  Unchangeable, and true!
The spell is broken; and the breast
On which its hopes had loved to rest,
  Is proved but human too;
And Disappointment's chilling blight
Strikes its first blossom of delight.

But if that blow be struck when life
  Is young, and hopes are high,
Passion will yet maintain the strife,
  Though pain extort the sigh:
The heart, though wounded, still can beat
With something of its earlier heat,
  And feels too young to die;
It may not with first rapture thrill,
But better feelings haunt it still.

Not so, if in life's after hours,
  The autumn of our day,
While yet we feel our mental powers
  Unconscious of decay;—
If *then* confiding in the truth
Of love that looks as fresh as youth,
  We see it fall away,—
It brings a desolating grief,
That withers *more* than *flower or leaf!*

[1818.]

POSTSCRIPT.

But yet, however cheerless seem
Such sufferer's lonely state,
There is a light whose cheering beam
Its gloom can dissipate:
It comes with healing on its wings,
And heavenly radiance round it flings.

It rises on the darken'd mind,
In lustre brighter far
Than that to outward orb assign'd
Of sun, or moon, or star;
And matchless is its mild control
Over the desolate in soul.

There is A Friend more tender, true,
Than brother e'er can be;
Who, when all others bid adieu,
Will still abide by thee;
Who, be their pathway bright or dim,
Deserts not those that turn to Him.

The heart by Him sustain'd, though deep
Its anguish, still can bear;
The soul He condescends to keep,
Shall never know despair:

In nature's weakness, sorrow's night,
God is its strength, its joy, and light.

He is the Friend, who changeth not
In sickness or in health,
Whether on earth our transient lot
Be poverty or wealth;
In joy or grief, contempt or fame,
To all who seek Him still the same.

Of human hearts He holds the key:
Is friendship meet for ours?
Oh! be assured that none but He
Unlocks its purest powers:
He can recall the lost, the dead,
Or give us nobler in their stead.

Of earthly friends — who finds them true,
May boast a happy lot;
But happier still, life's journey through,
Is he who needs them not:
A heavenly Friend — to know we need,
To feel we have — is bliss indeed.

[1823.]

SELBORNE.

THAT quiet vale! it greets my vision now,
As when we saw it, one autumnal day,
A cloudless sun brightening each feathery spray
Of woods that clothed the Hanger to its brow:
Woods, whose luxuriance hardly might allow
A peep at that small hamlet, as it lay,
Bosom'd in orchard plots and gardens gay,
With here and there a field, perchance, to plough.
Delightful valley! still I own thy claim;
As when I gave thee one last lingering look,
And felt thou wast indeed a fitting nook
For him to dwell in, whose undying name
Has unto thee bequeath'd its humble fame,
Pure and imperishable, — like his book!

DUNWICH.

"Nature has left these objects to decay,
That what we are, and have been, may be known."

In Britain's earlier annals thou wert set
Among the cities of our sea-girt isle:
Of what thou wert — some tokens linger yet
In yonder ruins; and this roofless pile,
Whose walls are worshipless, whose tower — a mark,
Left but to guide the seaman's wandering bark!

Yet where those ruins grey are scatter'd round,
The din of commerce fill'd the echoing air;
From these now crumbling walls arose the sound
Of hallow'd music, and the voice of prayer;
And *this* was unto some, whose names have ceased,
The wall'd and gated CITY OF THE EAST!*

* To those who may think my epithet of "The wall'd and gated city of the east," somewhat hyperbolical as applied to Dunwich, I must submit an extract from Gardner's History of Dunwich, as containing at least traditional authority.

"The oldest inhabitants of this neighbourhood report, that Dunwich (in ancient time) was a city surrounded with a stone wall, and brazen gates; had fifty-two churches, chapels, religious houses, and hospitals, a king's palace, a bishop's seat, a mayor's mansion, and a mint." He further states his endeavours — "to preserve the fame of that renowned city, now almost swallowed up by the sea, from

Thus time, and circumstance, and change, betray
The transient tenure of the worldly wise!
Thus "Trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,"
And leaves no splendid wreck for fame to prize.
While Nature her magnificence retains,
And from the contrast added glory gains.

Still in its billowy boundlessness outspread,
Yon mighty deep smiles to the orb of day,
Whose brightness o'er this shatter'd pile is shed
In quiet beauty. — Nature's ancient sway
Is audible in winds that whisper round,
The soaring sky-lark's song, the breaker's hollow sound.

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sinking into oblivion, by collecting such occurrences dependent thereon, as may perpetuate the memorial thereof to posterity."— But after all, tradition has done more for the past glories of Dunwich than history, "Time's slavish scribe," has ever condescended to do.

There is yet to be found growing on the hills and heaths about Dunwich a small and very sweet rose, peculiar, I believe, to the place; and said to have been brought thither by the monks. There is also a tune called "*Dunwich Roses*," known in the county.

THE SKY-LARK.

Bird of the free and fearless wing!
Up, up, and greet the sun's first ray,
Until the spacious welkin ring
With thy enlivening matin lay:
I love to track thy heavenward way
Till thou art lost to aching sight,
And hear thy numbers, blithe and gay,
Which set to music morning's light.

Songster of sky and cloud! to thee
Hath Heaven a joyous lot assign'd;
And thou, to hear those notes of glee,
Would'st seem therein thy bliss to find:
Thou art the first to leave behind
At day's return this lower earth,
And soaring as on wings of wind,
To spring where light and life have birth.

Bird of the sweet and taintless hour,
When dew-drops spangle o'er the lea,
Ere yet upon the bending flower
Has lit the busy humming-bee;—

Pure as all nature is to thee —
Thou, with an instinct half divine,
Wingest thy fearless flight so free
Up toward a yet more glorious shrine.

Bird of the morn! from thee might man,
Creation's lord, a lesson take:
If thou, whose instinct ill may scan
The glories that around thee break,
Thus bidd'st a sleeping world awake
To joy and praise; — oh! how much more
Should mind immortal, earth forsake,
And man look upward to adore!

Bird of the happy, heaven-ward song!
Could but the poet act thy part,
His soul, up-borne on wings as strong
As thought can give, from earth might start,
And with a far diviner art
Than ever genius can supply,
As thou the ear, might glad the heart,
And scatter music from the sky.

TO A VERY YOUNG HOUSEWIFE.

To write a book of household song,
  Without one verse to thee,
Whom I have known and loved so long,
  Were all unworthy me.

Have I not seen thy needle plied
  With as much ready glee,
As if it were thy greatest pride
  A sempstress famed to be!

Have I not ate pies, pudding, tarts,
  And bread, thy hands had kneaded,
All excellent — as if those arts
  Were all that thou hadst heeded?

Have I not seen thy cheerful smile,
  And heard thy voice as gay,
As if such household cares, the while,
  To thee were sport and play?

Yet can thy pencil copy well
  Landscape, or flower, or face;
And thou canst waken music's spell
  With simple, natural grace.

Thus variously to play thy part,
Before thy teens are spent,
Honours far more thy head and heart,
Than mere accomplishment!

So wear the wreath thou well hast won;
And be it understood
I frame it not in idle fun
For girlish womanhood.

But in it may a lesson lurk,
Worth teaching now-a-days;
That girls may do all household work,
Nor lose a poet's praise!

All round was calm and still; the noon of night
Was fast approaching: up the unclouded sky
The lovely moon pursued her path of light,
And shed her silvery splendour far and nigh:
No sound save of the night-wind's gentlest sigh
Fell on the ear; and that so softly blew
It scarcely stirr'd in passing lightly by
The acacia's airy foliage; faintly too
It kiss'd the jasmine stars that at my window grew.

I turn'd me to past hours, remember'd yet,
When we together walk'd the ocean shore;
What time the sun in hues of glory set,
What time the waves obey'd the winds no more,
And music broke where thunder burst before:
I thought of moments when we turn'd the page
Of Scotland's shepherd Bard, and linger'd o'er
His simple pictures of an earlier age,
Kilmeny's heavenly trance, the Abbot's pilgrimage.

THY path, like most by mortal trod,
Will have its thorns and flowers,
Its stony steps, its velvet sod,
Its sunshine and its showers.

Through smooth and rough, o'er flower and thorn,
Beneath whatever sky,
Still bear thee as a being born
For immortality!

And be thy choicest treasure stored
Where Faith may hold the key;
For "where our treasure is" our Lord
Hath said — "The heart shall be."

JOHN EVELYN.

A TRUE philosopher! well taught to scan
The works of nature, those of art to prize;
The latter cordially to patronize,
But the first, their AUTHOR, and their plan,
Giving that homage of far ampler span
Awarded by the good, the great, the wise:
A hearty lover of old household ties;
And, to crown all, a Christian gentleman!
Such wert thou, EVELYN, in a busy age
Of restless change, to dissipation prone;
And, at thy death, upon thy coffin-stone,
Hast left this record, worthy many a page,
That "all not honest," on this mortal stage,
"Is vain! and nothing wise save piety alone!"

Evylin is buried at Wotton, under a tomb of freestone, shaped like a coffin; with an inscription thereon, by his own direction, stating that, "Living in an age of extraordinary events and revolutions, he had learned from thence this truth, which he desired might be thus communicated to posterity; "THAT ALL IS VANITY WHICH IS NOT HONEST! AND THAT THERE IS NO SOLID WISDOM BUT IN REAL PIETY!"

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

STILL abide the heaven-born three,
Faith, and Hope, and Charity!
Faith — to point out our heavenly goal,
Hope — an anchor to the soul:
Faith and Hope must pass away;
Charity endure for aye!

Hope must in possession die;
Faith — in blissful certainty:
These to gladden each were given;
Love, or Charity — for heaven!
For, in brighter realms above,
Charity survives — as Love.

Love to Him, the great I AM!
Love to Him, the atoning Lamb!
Love unto the Holy Ghost!
Love to all the heavenly host!
Love to all the human race,
Sanctified by saving grace!

In that pure and perfect love,
Treasured up for heaven above,
Christian! may thy grateful heart
Have its everlasting part;
And when Faith and Hope are mute,
Find in endless Love their fruit!

THE SHUNAMMITE WOMAN.

"Behold, thou hast been careful for us with all this care; what is to be done for thee? wouldst thou be spoken for to the king, or to the captain of the host? And she answered, I dwell among mine own people."—2 KINGS iv. 13.

WOMAN of pure and heaven-born fame!
Though Scripture's hallow'd page
Hath made no mention of *thy name*,
Thou liv'st from age to age!

Thy labour of unwearied love
To soothe the prophet's lot,
Prompted by kindness from above,
Shall never be forgot.

The chamber built upon the wall,
The bed whereon he lay,
Stool, table, candlestick, — and all
These things endure for aye.

If humble was each boon conferr'd,
Their giver nameless too,
The record many a heart hath stirr'd
Kind acts of love to do.

And *thus* in human hearts to dwell,
A pure, undying flame,
Is a more glorious chronicle,
Than most that boast *a name.*

For ne'er was brighter lustre thrown
On path by woman trod,
Than HERS, who *dwelt among her own*—
And CARED FOR THOSE OF GOD!

THE DEPARTED.

MUCH as we prize the active worth
Of those who, day by day,
Tread with us on this toilsome earth
Its devious, thorny way;
A charm more hallow'd and profound,
By purer feelings fed,
Imagination casts around
The memory of the dead!

They form the living links, which bind
Our spirits to that state
Of being—pangless, pure, refined,
For which in faith we wait.

By them, through holy hope and love,
We feel in hours serene
Connected with a world above,
Immortal and unseen!

"The dead are like the stars by day,
Withdrawn from mortal eye;"
Yet holding unperceived their way
In heaven's unclouded sky.
The mists of earth to us may mar
The splendour of their light;
But they, beyond sun, moon, or star,
Shine on in glory bright.

In this brief world of chance and change,
Who has not felt and known
How much may alter and estrange
Hearts fondly deem'd our own?
But those whom we lament awhile,
"Not lost, but gone before,"
Doubt cannot darken, sin defile,
Or frailty alter more!

For death its sacred seal hath set
On bright and by-gone hours!
And they, whose absence we regret,
Seem more than ever OURS!

Ours, by the pledge of love and faith,
And hope of heaven on high;
A trust — triumphant over death
In immortality.

VERSES,

SUGGESTED BY A VERY CURIOUS OLD ROOM AT THE "TANKARD," IPSWICH.

Such were the rooms in which of yore
Our ancestors were wont to dwell;
And still of fashions known no more
Even these lingering relics tell.

The oaken wainscot richly graced
With gay festoons of mimic flowers,
Armorial bearings half effaced,
All speak of proud and long past hours.

The ceiling, quaintly carved and groin'd,
With pendent pediments reversed,
A by-gone age recalls to mind,
Whose glories song hath oft rehearsed.

And true, though trite, the moral taught
Well worthy of the poet's rhyme,
By all that can impress on thought
The changes made by chance and time.

These tell "a plain, unvarnish'd tale"
Of wealth's decline and pride's decay,
Nor less unto the mind unveil
Those things which cannot pass away!

And truths which no attention wake
When poets sing, or parsons teach,
Perchance may some impression make,
When thus a public house may preach!

THE MOTHER OF DR. DODDRIDGE TEACHING HIM SCRIPTURE HISTORY FROM THE DUTCH TILES.

HERE he beholds the stories he has heard
From holy lips, embodied to his view;
Faith surely follows sight, for GOD'S own WORD,
And a fond mother's, tell him *all is true!*

Here he beholds his blessed Saviour bear
The cross — there crucified! — his eyes are dim
With childhood's tears — his silent thought is prayer,
As her voice whispers, "It was all for him."

Could I but fly to that calm, peaceful shore,
Where shades of the bless'd suffer anguish no more,
There should I sorrow not,
Mis'ry and grief forgot,
Rapture and joy my lot,
Unfelt before!

Dearest of woman-kind, when I review
All thy fond, plighted vows, faithful and true,
Fain would my spirit fly
To the bright realms on high
And, in thy destiny,
Triumph anew!

Ah! my fond heart, all thy wishes are vain,
Thy transports are vanish'd; thy griefs must remain:
Memory! torment no more,
Fancy! thy reign is o'er!
Canst thou to me restore
Pleasure again?

Silence, my Muse! nor thus idly deplore
Her whom no sorrow of thine can restore!
Nobly endure thy pain,
Sighs and tears both are vain,
Cease then thy mournful strain,
Sorrow no more!

[1811.]

TO A FRIEND.

I own I should rejoice to share
What poorest peasants do;
To breathe heaven's heart-reviving air
Under its vault of blue;
To see great Nature's soul awake
At morn in flower and tree;
And childhood's early joys partake
Amid the fields with thee.

Yet more and more 't would soothe my soul
With thee, my friend, to stray
Where ocean's murmuring billows roll
In some secluded bay:
The silent cliffs, the speaking main,
The breezes blowing free,
These could not look, speak, breathe in vain;
Still less when shared with thee.

But though such luxuries as these
Remain almost unknown,
We from our scanty store may seize
Some pleasures of our own;
And what could fortune bring of bliss,
Of purer bliss to me,
Than when she gave me only this —
To find a friend in thee.

HYMN FOR A SUNDAY SCHOOL.

O THOU! to whom the grateful song
Of prayer and praise is due,
Hear, we entreat, our childish throng,
And grant Thy blessing too.

On those who from Thy holy word
Precepts divine instil,
And teach us how to love Thee, Lord,
And do thy holy will;

On such, O Lord! Thy mercies shed,
Who, in this world of woe,
Like fountains with fresh waters fed,
Bear blessings as they flow.

May we, beside them planted, bow
To Thee, the source of love!
And drawing nurture from below,
Breathe sunshine from above.

Then shall we, while on earth we live,
To thine a comfort be;
And wither, but through death to live
An endless life with Thee!

RIVER SCENE.

O COME and stand with me upon this ridge
That overlooks the sweet secluded vale;
Before us is a little rustic bridge,
A simple plank; and by its side a rail,
On either hand to guide the footsteps frail
Of first and second childhood; while below,
The murmuring brooklet tells its babbling tale,
Like a sweet under-song, which in its flow
It chanteth to the flowers that on its margin grow.

For many a flower does blossom there to bless
With beauty, and with fragrance to imbue
The borders — strawberry of the wilderness,
The starlike daisy, violet deeply blue,
And cowslip, in whose cup the morning dew
Glistens unspent till noontide's languid hour;
And, last of all, and fairest to the view,
The lily of the vale, whose virgin flower
Trembles at every breeze within its leafy bower.

THE ABBOT TURNED ANCHORITE.

"John Greene, relinquishing his Abbacie by choice, was consecrated an Anchorite of the chapel of St. Mary, in the old monastery, near the sea." — OLD CHRONICLE. On the shore near Leiston Abbey there is a little monastic ruin, which the poet may perhaps be allowed to fancy this abbot's retreat.

A MOST impressive change it must,
Methinks, to such an one have been,
To abdicate the abbot's trust,
And seek this solitary scene;

Resigning all the ample sway
Of yon fair abbey's outstretch'd lands
For this small cell, this silent bay,
And barren beach of drifted sands.

O, did he feel how little all
Religion's outward pomp and power,
The soul from earth can disenthral,
And fit it for its parting hour?

And having thus been taught to trace
Snares in the path his feet had trod,
Sought he this solitary place,
Here to "prepare to meet his God?"

FROM A POEM ADDRESSED TO SHELLEY.

——— THERE are, whose soaring spirits spurn
At humble lore, and, still insatiate, turn
From wholesome fountains to forbidden springs;
Whence having proudly quaff'd, their bosoms burn
With visions of unutterable things,
Which restless Fancy's spell in shadowy glory brings.

Delicious the delirious bliss, while new;
Unreal phantoms of wise, good, and fair,
Hover around, in every vivid hue
Of glowing beauty; these dissolve in air,
And leave the barren spirit bleak and bare
As Alpine summits: it remains to try
The hopeless task (of which themselves despair)
Of bringing back those feelings, now gone by,
By making their own dreams the code of all society.

"All fear, none aid them, and few comprehend;"
And then comes disappointment, and the blight
Of hopes, that might have bless'd mankind, but end
In stoic apathy, or starless night:
And thus hath many a spirit, pure and bright,
Lost that effulgent and ethereal ray,
Which, had religion nourish'd it, still might
Have shone on, peerless, to that perfect day,
When death's veil shall be rent, and darkness dash'd away.

Ere it shall prove too late, thy steps retrace,
The heights thy Muse has scaled can never be
Her loveliest or her safest dwelling-place.
In the deep valley of humility,
The river of immortal life flows free
For thee — for all. Oh! taste its limpid wave,
As it rolls murmuring by, and thou shalt see
Nothing in death the Christian dares not brave,
Whom faith in God has given a world beyond the grave!

AUTUMN MUSINGS.

Summer leaves are fading,
Sere ones flitting by;
Frequent clouds are shading
Heaven's o'er-arching sky.

Gusty winds are blowing
Through the shortening day;
Evenings longer growing,
Winter's on his way.

My Spring too is over,
And my Summer past;
Daily I discover
Life more overcast.

But not pain nor weakness
Can the soul enthral,
Which, in faith and meekness,
Looks to God through all.

THE SEA.

Ocean, once more upon thy breast
Delightedly I gaze;
Dearer in life's decline confest
Than in our earlier days.

When health and strength begin to fail,
And spirits are deprest,
Finding less "pleasure in the tale,
Less smartness in the jest;"

'T is then, when fades full many a flower
And life draws near the lees,
We find how much has lost its power
E'en momently to please.

But still to every grander phase
Of Nature we return,
And find in our declining days
Yet more to love and learn.

And what can Nature's self supply,
From all her varied store,
That may with thee, old Ocean, vie,
To soothe, or teach us, more.

Whether our mood be gay or grave,
Our spirits high or low,
There's music in thy dashing wave,
Or in thy rippling flow.

Earth is too prone to chance and change,
Although her face be fair:
We find, wherever we may range,
How much is alter'd there.

But thou in sunshine or in storm,
In grandeur or in grace,
Retain'st thine old primeval form,
Thine old familiar face.

Beneath the over-arching sky,
And sun, and moon, and star,
Thy beauty and thy majesty
Man hath no power to mar.

Even as first the Almighty plann'd
Where thy domain should be,
Parted thy waters from dry land
And named their concourse *Sea;*

E'en so, from that creative hour,
With freedom still unquell'd,
In glory, majesty, and power,
Hast thou dominion held.

Yet, endless as may seem thy reign,
And mighty as thou art,
Thy sceptre thou shalt not retain,
It must from thee depart:

For prophecy foretells a day
When thou must cease to be:
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
"There shall be no more sea."

TO A PIOUS SLAVE-OWNER.

Would'st thou before the altar place thy gift,
Thou who canst hold thy fellow-creature slave,
First from his neck the yoke of bondage lift,
And then of God and him forgiveness crave.

Till this be done, the word of holy writ
The folly of the offering implies,
Oh! read, mark, learn, and inly ponder it,
"I will have mercy, and not sacrifice!"

WHIGS AND TORIES.

SUSAN, in friendship's social hour,
Perchance for want of better themes,
We 've scann'd the deeds of those in power,
And argued on their various schemes;

Of Whigs and Tories, ins and outs,
Of this and that administration,
We 've had our fears, our hopes, our doubts,
To which the state might owe salvation.

Nor did our converse lack the zest
Which difference of opinion gives;
A true-blue Tory thou confest;
And I as staunch a Whig as lives.

When I to censure Pitt have dared
In sober truth, or playful mirth,
How zealously hast thou declared
His matchless eloquence and worth!

By me the statesman's fame and power
Unheeded shone, though bright their blaze:
But I must own at such an hour
I always envied him thy praise.

And though I fear I still must be
A Whig, and in the name must glory;
So warm my friendship that, for thee,
I would, but cannot be, a Tory.

THE DESERTED NEST.

'T was but a wither'd, worthless heap
Of dirt, and moss, and hair;
Why then should Thought and Fancy keep
A busy vigil there?

Yet for some moments as I stood,
And on it look'd alone,
I could but think in musing mood,
Where are its inmates gone?—

Perhaps beneath some sunnier sky
They joyous sing and soar;
Perhaps in sad captivity
Eternally deplore —

And then, Imagination stirr'd
Down to its hidden spring,
Far, far beyond both nest and bird,
Thought spread her airy wing.

When from our tenements of clay,
Where briefly they are shrined,
Thought, Fancy, Feeling pass away—
Where flies the deathless Mind?

Either, from sin redeem'd, it soars
On angel wing above,
And there its gratitude outpours
In praise and joy and love;

Or, exiled from the eternal source
Whence such alone can flow,
It breathes in accents of remorse
Unutterable woe.

TRIPLETS,

FOR TRUTH'S SAKE.

Let sceptics doubt, philosophers deride
The Christian's privilege, "an inward guide;"
"Wisdom is of her children justified!"

Let such as know not what that boon implies,
God's blessed book above his spirit prize;
No stream can higher than its fountain rise!

Let them whose spirits types and shadows crave,
For baptism trust the elemental wave;
"One Lord, one faith, one baptism" still must save!

Let those who, like the Jews, require a sign,
Partake, unblamed, of outward bread and wine:
Thou, Lord, within — canst make the substance mine.

Believing, in Thy glorious gospel day,
Types, emblems, shadows, all must pass away;
In such I dare not place my trust and stay.

Abba! on Thee with child-like trust I call;
In self-abasement at thy footstool fall;
Asking to know but Thee, and find Thee all!

TO LITTLE SUSAN.

The lark, as he sings and soars above,
Remembers his humble home with love,
And when he has finish'd his joyful strain,
Gladly sinks down to his nest again.

And thus, dear girl, though thy flight has been
O'er many a gayer and brighter scene;
E'en so must thy grateful heart incline
To a home so happy and loved as thine!

Fair truant! thy song, for this many a day,
Has been "Over the hills and far away,"
And now unto us, who seldom roam,
Thou shalt sing the glad measure of "Home, sweet home."

THE butterfly, which sports on gaudy wing;
The brawling brooklet, lost in foam and spray,
As it goes dancing on its idle way;
The sun-flower, in broad daylight glistening;
Are types of her who in the festive ring
Lives but to bask in fashion's vain display,
And glittering through her bright but useless day,
"Flaunts, and goes down, a disregarded thing!"
Thy emblem, Lucy, is the busy bee,
Whose industry for future hours provides;
The gentle streamlet, gladding as it glides
Unseen along; the flower which gives the lea
Fragrance and loveliness, are types of thee,
And of the active worth thy modest merit hides.

A DREAM.

A DREAM came lately in the hours
To nightly slumber due;
It pictured forth no fairy bowers
To Fancy's raptured view;
It had not much of marvels strange,
Nor aught of wild and frequent change:—

But all seem'd real—ay! as much,
As now the page I trace
Is palpable to sight and touch;
Then how could doubt have place?
Yet was I not from doubt exempt,
But ask'd myself if still I dreamt.

I felt I did; but spite of this,
Ev'n thus *in dreams* to meet,
Had much, too much of dearest bliss,
Though not enough to cheat:
I knew the vision soon would fade,
And yet I bless'd it while it stay'd.

But oh, *thy* look! It was not one
That earthly features wear;
Nor was it aught to fear or shun,
As fancied spectres are:
'T was gentle, pure, and passionless,
Yet full of heavenly tenderness.

One thing was strange. — It seem'd to me
We were not long alone;
But many more were circling thee,
Whom thou on earth hadst known;
Who seem'd as greeting thy return
From some unknown, remote sojourn.

To them thou wast as others be
Whom on this earth we love;
I marvell'd much they could not see
Thou camest from above;
And often to myself I said,
"How can they thus approach the dead?"

But though all these, with fondness warm,
Said "Welcome!" o'er and o'er,
Still that expressive shade, or form,
Was silent, as before!
And yet its stillness never brought
To *them* one hesitating thought.

I only knew thee as thou *wert*,
A being not of earth!
Yet had I not the power to exert
My voice to check their mirth;
For blameless mirth was theirs, to see,
Once more a friend beloved like thee.

And so apart from all I stood,
Till tears, though not of grief,
Afforded, to that speechless mood,
A soothing, calm relief:
And, happier than if speech were free,
I stood, and watch'd thee silently!

I watch'd thee silently, and while
I mused on days gone by,
Thou gav'st me one celestial smile,
One look that cannot die.
It was a moment worthy years!
I woke, and found myself in tears.*

* "I never could cry — nor do I remember, since childhood, to have shed a tear, save once in a dream about Lucy's angel mother; when sleep had won from me what the waking reality of her loss never could." — *From a letter.*

IN MEMORY OF F. H.

And thou indeed art dead!
So living, loving, one short week ago;
And bitter tears are shed
For one whose smiles were wont to banish woe.

While I, who some time past
Thy birthday sang with mingled hope and fear,
Now sing of thee my last,
A dirge of lamentation o'er thy bier.

Then feebly burn'd the flame
Of life in thee; for sickness dimm'd thy brow;
And *I* might seem to claim
A longer lease of this poor life than thou.

But thou wast younger far:
The storm swept over thee; the cloud pass'd by:
A re-appearing star,
Thy gentle lustre gladden'd heart and eye.

Now, in full womanhood,
Thou to the unknown spirit-land art gone;
While I in saddest mood
Am still left hoping, fearing, lingering on.

Thus scathed and blighted stems,
Leafless and fruitless, cumber still the ground;
While flowers, that shone like gems
Of living loveliness, no more are found.

Not that these flowers die:
Transplanted to a happier soil, they grow
Beneath a cloudless sky,
And there with everlasting fragrance blow.

To be remember'd when the face
Of Nature is most fair;
Or when some touch of heavenly grace
Uplifts the soul in prayer!

These are the richest, best reward
A poet's heart can own,
And happy is the humblest bard
Who writes for these alone.

TO THE DEBEN.

No stately villas, on thy side,
May be reflected in thy tide;
No lawn-like parks, outstretching round,
The willing loiterer's footsteps bound
By woods, that cast their leafy shade,
Or deer that start across the glade;
No ruin'd abbey, grey with years,
Upon thy marge its pile uprears;
Nor crumbling castle, valour's hold,
Recalls the feudal days of old.

Nor dost thou need that such should be,
To make thee, Deben, dear to me
Thou hast thy own befitting charms,
Of quiet heath and fertile farms,
With here and there a copse to fling
Its welcome shade, where wild birds sing;
Thy meads, for flocks and herds to graze;
Thy quays and docks, where seamen raise
Their anchor, and unfurl their sail
To woo and win the favouring gale.

And, above all, for me thou hast
Endearing memories of the past!
Thy winding banks, with grass o'ergrown,
By me these forty years well known,
Where, eve or morn, 't is sweet to rove,
Have oft been trod by those I love;
By those who, through life's by-gone hours,
Have strew'd its thorny path with flowers,
And by their influence made thy stream
A grateful poet's favourite theme.

EPITAPH,

ON A YOUNG SOLDIER WHO DIED IN INDIA.

What though the youth who silent rests below,
Has prematurely met his earthly doom
What though his generous breast no more shall glow
With love, nor friendship call the wand'rer home:

Yet the same hour which summons from their graves
His mould'ring kindred on Britannia's shore,
And the same trump, resounding o'er the waves,
Shall bid the Indian dead to sleep no more.

Oh had I the wings of a dove!
Far, far from the world would I fly,
And seek a new home for my love
In those happier regions on high.

I am weary of this lower earth,
Its turmoils, its hopes, and its fears;
The mourning that follows its mirth,
Its mirth that is sadder than tears!

But there is a world yet to come,
By God's presence eternally blest,
Where the good shall inherit a home,
And the weary for ever shall rest.

Oh had I the wings of the dove!
Far, far from the world would I fly,
And find a new home for my love
In those happier regions on high!

"TOO LATE!"

Bitter the anguish with these two words blended,
For those contemplating their hopeless lot,
Who find life's summer past,—its harvest ended,—
And winter nigh! while they are gather'd not.

Yet do thou, Lord, by thy supreme conviction,
Give them to feel that, though their sins are great,
Thy love and mercy own not our restriction,
But that, *with Thee*, it NEVER IS TOO LATE.

ON A GARDEN.

Enough of Nature's wealth is there
Lost Eden to recall:
Enough of human toil and care
To tell man's hapless fall.

And Fancy, being once awake,
Recalls one memory more,
Of Him who suffer'd for our sake,
Lost Eden to restore.

SONNET TO G. D. L.

My much-loved friend! whose labours oft dispense,
To the worn sufferer, health's returning bloom;
Skilful, yet modest; kind, without pretence;
Whose cordial sympathy has cheer'd the gloom
Of hours more dark than Winter's self can show:
While lengthen'd evenings linger out the year,
May we, beside thy fire's reviving glow,
Beguile in social converse evenings drear.
And if at such an hour a transient thought
Of vain regret for blessings known no more
Should cross my mind; thy friendship, richly fraught
With consolation, shall my peace restore;
Grateful I'll bow to Heaven's supreme decree,
Which, though it call'd for much, yet left me thee.

SONNET.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

"ANOTHER, and another still succeeds!"
And one by one are from us call'd away,
Friends — valued, loved, and cherish'd many a day,
For noble thoughts and honourable deeds.
Yet reckon not that we have leant on reeds,
Which broke to pierce us, when, without dismay,
In such we have reposed that trust and stay
For which, e'en from the grave, their virtue pleads.
The loved are not the lost! though gone before:
To live in others' hearts is not to die!
Worth thus embalm'd by faithful memory,
As dead — it were ungrateful to deplore;
Having outlived the grave is one proof more
That it was born for immortality!

WRITTEN IN A PRAYER-BOOK GIVEN TO MY DAUGHTER.

My creed requires no form of prayer;
Yet would I not condemn
Those who adopt with pious care
Their use as aids to them.

One God hath fashion'd them and me;
One Spirit is our guide;
For each, alike, upon the tree
One common Saviour died!

Each the same trumpet-call shall wake,
To face one judgment-seat;
God give us grace, for Jesus' sake,
In the same heaven to meet!

INSCRIPTION FOR A CEMETERY.

Time may be lost, and soon shall be destroy'd;
No watchman cries the hour beneath the sod:
Death dost thou dread? the sting of death avoid:
Seek'st thou for pleasure? learn to please thy God.

TO A. L——

THERE are who travel "life's dull road,"
Whom discontent with ceaseless goad
Drives forward, murmuring at their load
Of care and woe;
Regardless of the good bestow'd
On all below.

Let us more patiently survey
The prospect, gilded by the ray
Of hope, and cheer'd by fancy gay,
A lovely pair!
And from our spirits cast away
All vain despair.

Believe me, Anne, though I have striven,
On life's rough ocean tempest driven,
And borne the heaviest stroke that Heaven
Inflicts on man,
I will not aught withheld or given
Presume to scan.

And though I often must retrace
The griefs which time can not efface,
I'm not so selfish, blind or base,
As to repine
That *she* has join'd the angelic race
Who once was mine.

Amid this bitterness of woe
Yet it has been my lot to know
The comfort friendship can bestow,
The kindly tear
That sympathy has made to flow
From hearts sincere.

To thee, my friend, may Heaven assign
A more auspicious fate than mine:
May pure religion's light divine
Thy steps attend,
And cheer with influence benign
Thy journey's end.

LANDGUARD FORT.

Along the sands, and by the sound
Of ocean, moaning night and day,
It stands; — its lonely burial-ground
Scatter'd with low stones, moss'd and grey,
Whose brief inscriptions waste away
Beneath the ocean-breeze's spell;
And there, beneath the moon's pale ray,
Still walks the nightly centinel.

TO A FRIEND IN DISTRESS.

THE waters of Bethesda's pool
Were to the outward eye as clear,
And to the outward touch as cool,
Before the visitant drew near.

But, while untroubled, they possess'd
No healing virtue: — gentle friend,
Is there no fount within the breast
To which an angel may descend?

O, while the soul unruffled lies
Its mirror only can display,
However beautiful their dyes,
The forms of things that pass away.

But when its troubled waters own
A Saviour's presence — in the wave
The healing power of grace is known,
And found omnipotent to save.

A glimpse of glories far more bright
Than earth can give is mirror'd there;
And perfect purity and light
The presence of its God declare.

TARDY APPROACH OF SPRING.

E'EN now, my daily labour done,
When faintly gleams the setting sun,
I wander forth: while, all around,
The ear can catch no livelier sound
Than gusts of wind, which, hurrying by,
Through yonder branches seem to sigh;
Unless on evening's gale should float,
In fitful swell, the casual note
Of martial music*—faintly caught,
With pleasing melancholy fraught.
And though the lengthen'd day would fain
Assert fair Spring's returning reign,
The leafless boughs, the sighing gale,
The gathering clouds, the misty veil
Which shroud the sun's declining ray,
Confess stern Winter's lengthen'd sway.
Yet still to me this dreary hour,
This shadowy landscape, has the power
To soothe my pensive troubled heart,
And tranquillizing bliss impart.
I like to see bleak Winter yield
To Spring reluctantly the field;

* In 1811, when there was a garrison at Woodbridge.

I love to mark the watery gleam
Of sunshine on the Deben's stream;
While still in some sequester'd lane,
Screen'd from the blast that sweeps the plain,
Some little flower its head uprears,
Smiling even amid its tears,
Whose chilly drops shall soon be dried,
And Flora claim her garland's pride.

THE VALLEY OF FERN.

PART II.

Thou art changed, lovely spot! and no more thou displayest,
To the eye of thy votary, that negligent grace,
Which, in moments the saddest, the tenderest, the gayest,
Allured him so oft thy recesses to trace.
The hand of the spoiler has fallen upon thee,
And marr'd the wild beauties that deck'd thee before;
And the charms, which a poet's warm praises had won thee,
Exist but in memory, and bless thee no more.

The green, palmy fern, which the softest and mildest
Of summer's light breezes could ruffle,—is fled;
And the bright-blossom'd ling, which spread o'er thee her wildest
And wantonest hues,—is uprooted and dead.

Yet now, even now, that thou neither belongest,
Or seem'st to belong, unto nature or art;
The love I still bear thee is deepest and strongest,
And thy fate but endears thee the more to my heart.
Thou art passing away, like some beautiful vision,
From things which now are, unto those that have been!
And wilt rise to my sight, like a landscape elysian,
With thy blossoms so bright, and thy verdure so green.
Thou wilt dwell in remembrance, among those recesses,
Which Fancy still haunts, though they were and are not;
Whose loveliness lives, and whose beauty still blesses,
And, though ceasing to be, can be never forgot.

We know all we see in this beauteous creation,
However enchanting its beauty may seem,
Is doom'd to dissolve—like some bright exhalation.
That dazzles and fades in the morning's first beam,
The gloom of dark forests, the grandeur of mountains,
The verdure of meads, and the beauty of flowers,
The seclusion of valleys, the freshness of fountains,
The sequester'd delights of the loveliest bowers:

Nay, more than all these, that the might of old Ocean,
Which seems as it was on the day of its birth,
Must meet the last hour of convulsive commotion,
Which, sooner or later, will uncreate earth.

Yet acknowledging this, it may be that the feelings
Which these have awaken'd, the glimpses they've given,
Combined with those inward and holy revealings
That illumine the soul with the brightness of heaven,
May still be immortal, and destined to lead us,
Hereafter, to that which shall not pass away;
To the loftier destiny God hath decreed us,
The glorious dawn of an unending day.
And thus like the steps of the ladder ascended
By angels, (which rose on the patriarch's eye,)
With the perishing beauties of earth may be blended
Sensations too pure and too holy to die.

Nor would Infinite Wisdom have plann'd and perfected,
With such grandeur and majesty, beauty and grace,
The world we inhabit; and thus have connected
The heart's better feelings with Nature's fair face;
If the touching emotions, thus deeply excited,
Towards Him who made all things, left nothing behind,
Which, enduring beyond all that sense has delighted,
Becomes intellectual, immortal, as mind!

But they do; and the heart that most fondly has cherish'd
Such feelings, nor suffer'd their ardour to chill,
Will find, when the forms which inspired them have perish'd,
Their spirit and essence remain with it still.

Thus thinking, I would not recall the brief measure
Of praise, lovely valley! devoted to thee;
Well has it been won by the moments of pleasure
Afforded to others and chaunted by me.
May their thoughts and mine often silently ponder
Over every loved spot that our feet may have trod;
And teach us, while through Nature's beauties we wander,
All space is itself but the temple of God!
That so when our spirits shall pass through the portal
Of Death, we may find, in a state more sublime
Immortality owns what could never be mortal!
And eternity hallows some visions of time!

TO CHARLOTTE M———.

"Thou art but in life's morning!" Years have sped
Their silent flight, since thus my idle rhyme
Address'd thee in thy being's opening prime;
If, since that hour, some clouds at times have spread
Their shadow o'er thy path, these have not shed
Their wrath upon thee; but, from time to time,
Have led thy spirit sunnier heights to climb,
Communing with the loved, lamented dead.
And still thou art but in the later morn
Of thy existence — hearts of finest mould
And best affections are empower'd to hold
The purer, nobler feelings with them born,
Which will not let them droop, of hope forlorn,
Nor by a few brief years grow dull and cold.

[1828.]

SCOTT OF AMWELL.

In childhood's dawn, in boyhood's later days,
Dear to my heart the Bard of Amwell's lays:
Whether his Muse portray'd upon her scroll
The ever-changing "Seasons," as they roll;
Or touch'd the heart's more tender sympathies,
Mourning the rupture of love's sweetest ties;
Or whether, with a genuine past'ral grace,
The simple scenery round her loved to trace,
And tune her Doric reed, or artless lyre,
To Amwell's tufted groves, and modest spire;
Or, mindless how the world's vain glory frown'd,
Denounced the martial "drum's discordant sound;"
Or true to Nature's social feelings, penn'd
Sonnets and rhymes to many a distant friend; —
Whate'er the theme — truth, tenderness, in all
Their echo woke, and held my heart in thrall.

And, even now, in health and strength's decay,
Ay, on this cheerless, dull November day,
When moaning winds through trees all leafless sigh,
And all is sad that greets the ear and eye;
Now in my heart of hearts, I cherish still
The lingering throb, the unextinguish'd thrill,

Woke by the magic of his verse of yore,
When new to me the Muse's gentle lore;
And gratefully confess the boundless debt
Due to my boyhood's benefactor yet;
Nor boyhood's only — when his page I scan,
What charm'd the child, still fascinates the man,
And better test of merit none need claim,
Than thus in youth and age to seem the same.

Some griefs there are which seem to form
Our nature's heaviest doom;
Which like some dark and dreadful storm
Cover the soul with gloom;
And with the tempest's direful wrath
Leave devastation in their path.

But others soft as summer-showers
Descend upon the heart,
And to its most delightful flowers
Fresh loveliness impart;
Awakening feelings not of earth,
Which could not owe to joy their birth.

STANZAS.

I FEEL that I am growing old,
  Nor wish to hide that truth,
Conscious my heart is not more cold
  Than in my by-gone youth.

I cannot roam the country round
  As I was wont to do;
My feet a scantier circle bound,
  My eyes a dimmer view.

But on my mental vision rise
  Bright scenes of beauty still,—
Morn's splendour, evening's glowing skies,
  Valley and grove and hill.

Nor can infirmities o'erwhelm
  The purer pleasures brought
From the immortal spirit's realm
  Of feeling and of thought.

My heart! let no dismay or doubt
  In thee an entrance win,
Thou hast enjoy'd thyself without,
  Now seek thy joy within!

[1845.]

THERE be those who sow beside
The waters that in silence glide,
Trusting no echo will declare
Whose footsteps ever wander'd there.

The noiseless footsteps pass away,
The stream flows on as yesterday;
Nor can it for a time be seen
A benefactor there had been.

Yet think not that the seed is dead
Which in the lonely place is spread;
It lives — it lives — the spring is nigh,
And soon its life shall testify.

That silent stream, that desert ground,
No more unlovely shall be found;
But scatter'd flowers of simplest grace
Shall spread their beauty round the place.

And soon or late a time will come
When witnesses, that now are dumb,
With grateful eloquence shall tell
From whom the seed there scatter'd fell.

TO THE WIFE OF ONE DISAPPOINTED OF HIS ELECTION TO PARLIAMENT.

LADY, I send this tributary strain
Not to condole, but to congratulate:
I would not so insult thy noble mate
As to suppose defeat could give him pain.
Not worthless was the struggle, though in vain,
Which leaves the vanquish'd victor over fate,
Up-bearing still with head and heart elate,
And with a conscience wholly free from stain.
The world may shout upon the winning side,
Yet he who loses not his self-control,
But stands erect with independent soul,
Though foil'd has still a better source of pride;
And may be *envied* — seated by thy side,
First in thy heart, though last upon the poll!

TO SOME FRIENDS

RETURNING FROM THE SEA-SIDE.

FORGET not the moments
I've wander'd with you,
When Nature was glorious,
And beautiful too.

When the dash of the billow
That broke on the beach,
Made loftier music
Than science can reach.

When the clouds, sailing over
The bright azure sky,
Look'd like structures of glory
That proudly pass'd by.

When the breeze sweeping near us
Seem'd life to impart,
And each glowing sun-beam
Shone into the heart.

O think of those moments,
When home you return!
And the social fire blazing
Before you shall burn.

While you, sitting by it,
With many a smile,
And sisterly converse,
The hours shall beguile.

Should fancy then wander,
As wander it will,
May it come back and tell you
I think of you still.

Should you, when 'tis star-light,
Look out on the sky,
And Jupiter's glory
Flash full on your eye;—

Will you then remember
How brightly he shone
In our lone sea-side parlour,
When daylight was gone?

Or, when nights are stormy,
And winter winds high,
When the war of the elements
Sweeps through the sky;—

Should it rouse you from slumber,
May memory awake;
And the sounds that disturb you
Be sweet for its sake.

Be the tone of the tempest
Like that of the sea,
And in pauses of silence
Give one thought to me!

A VILLAGE CHURCH.

How quietly it stands within the bound
Of its low wall of grey and mossy stone!
And like a shepherd's peaceful flock around
Their guardian gather'd — graves or tombstones strown
Make their last narrow resting-places known,
Who, living, loved it as a holy spot;
And dying, did their deep attachment own
By wishing here to sleep when life was not,
And that some humble sign might keep them unforgot.

TO A FRIEND.

ON HER BIRTH-DAY

THIS is thy birth-day! and for friendship's sake,
Ev'n in this gloomiest season of the year,
Feelings as warm as spring could ever wake
Have chronicled, and bid me hold it dear.
The heart has in itself a hemisphere
That knows not change of season, day or night;
For still when thoughts of those we love are near,
Their cherish'd forms arise before our sight,
And o'er the spirit shed fresh sunshine and delight

Nature, who wore when few months since we met
Her summer garb, a different dress displays;
Your garden walks may now be moss'd and wet;
The jasmine's star-like bloom, which, in the rays
Of the bright moon seem'd lovely to my gaze,
Has faded now; and the green leaves, that grew
So lightly on the acacia's topmost sprays,
Have lost, ere this, the beauty of their hue,
And quiver o'er the path their reliques soon must strew.

Is there nought left then loveliness to lend
Unto the spot my memory loves to trace?
Should I now find, were I to come and spend
A day with you, no beauty left to grace
What seemed of quiet joy the dwelling-place?
Oh, yes! believe me, much as I admired
Those charms which change of seasons can efface,
It was not such alone, when home retired,
That memory cherish'd most, or most the Muse inspired.

When Nature sheds her leafy loveliness,
She does not die: her vital principle
But seeks awhile its innermost recess,
And there securely finds a citadel
Which even winter owns impregnable;
The sap, retreating downward to the root,
Is still alive, as spring shall shortly tell,
By swelling buds, whence blossoms soon will shoot,
Dispensing fragrance round, and pledge of future fruit.

And thus our best affections, those which bind
Heart unto heart by friendship's purest tie,
Have an internal life, and are enshrined
Too deeply in our bosoms soon to die.
Spring's opening bloom and summer's azure sky
Might lend them animation scarce their own;
But when November winds are loud and high,
And Nature's dirge assumes its deepest tone,
The joy of social hours in fullest charm is known.

"AND I SAID, THIS IS MY INFIRMITY, BUT I WILL REMEMBER THE YEARS OF THE RIGHT HAND OF THE MOST HIGH."—PSALM LXXVII. 10.

ALMIGHTY Father! in these lines, though brief,
Of thy most holy word, how sweet to find
Meet consolation for the troubled mind,
Nor for the suffering body less relief!
When pain or doubt would as a nightly thief
Rob me of faith and hope in Thee enshrined,
O be there to these blessed words assign'd
Balm for each wound, a cure for every grief.
Yes, I will think of the eternal years
Of Thy right hand—the love, the ceaseless care,
The tender sympathy Thy works declare,
And Thy word seals; until misgiving fears,
Mournful disquietudes, and faithless tears,
Shall pass away as things that never were.

A NEW-YEAR OFFERING,

ADDRESSED TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

1847.

Once more hath Time's revolving flight,
Which knows no stop, and brooks no stay,
From busy day, or silent night,
Brought us another "New-year's Day:"
And I, who oft, with votive lay,
Have heralded the new-born year,
Once more feel bound my debt to pay,
Although with trembling, and in fear.

For who that has attain'd threescore,
And upwards, — glancing to the past,
Conning the future, too, once more,
And conscious that life's sands ebb fast,
While clouds his evening sky o'er-cast,
But well may feel — that as to all
An hour must come, of life *the last!*
How soon the night round him may fall!

But this must be as God shall will!
Suns rise, and set; moons wax, and wane;
Stars hold their onward courses still;
And ebbs and flows the mighty main;
The trees, now leafless on the plain,
Shall bud and blossom with the Spring;
And Summer deck with flowers again
Valley, and hill, where wild birds sing.

Hope springs perpetual in the breast,
That one more year may yet be ours;
And though *this* cannot be our rest,
Life's roughest paths have still their flowers;
E'en through the cloud that darkest lours
Some gleams of sunshine find their way;
The dreaded storm goes off in showers,
And, once more, all around looks gay.

Hence, e'en in seasons dark and drear,
When Winter binds the frozen earth,
By many a blazing fire we hear
The blythesome laugh of joyous mirth:
And, round the cheerful household hearth,
The kindly wish, the look, the word,
Call'd forth in spite of Nature's dearth,
Are kindling, as a fire just stirr'd!

It is the season of the year
When thoughts and feelings, apt to roam
While groves are green and skies are clear,
Up-gather, and unfold at home!
In lowly hut, or lordly dome,
Greetings of glee are interchanged;
E'en wanderers on the salt sea-foam,
From kindred seem no more estranged.

They gaily trim their cabin fire,
And think of those — who, by the light
Of their own hearths, now blazing higher,
To hail this festal day and night,
With many a jocund New-year rite,
And thoughts nor tide nor time can stem,
Their home-bound memories *now* requite,
And turn, instinctively, to them.

Hail to the time! when social joys,
In which the humblest have their part,
Give birth to bliss which seldom cloys,
But binds more closely heart to heart;
And if unbidden tears may start
At gaps, by death or absence made,
A better hope will cheer the heart
Of unions that shall never fade.

What marvel, then, if at this time,
That English hearts, in grief, or glee,
Hallow'd by many a midnight chime,
Brighten'd by many a holly-tree,
With its green leaves, and berries free
To glisten in home's happy smiles,
My heart should fondly turn to THEE,
Who rulest o'er our sea-girt Isles?

Where are the links that home endear,
The joys which gladden its fire-side,
More fondly loved and prized than here,
Search where you will the world so wide?
Such in their purer bliss, and pride,
Thy CONSORT'S, CHILDREN'S smiles inspire;
With such is evermore allied
The *memory* of THY NOBLE SIRE!

To the true soul of England's Queen,
In English hearts and homes to live,
And rule them with a sway serene,
Should be a proud prerogative.
A WIFE, a MOTHER, must receive
From empery so pure and high,
A joy the sceptre cannot give,
Nor all the pomp of courts supply.

The loyalty that owes its birth
To happy hearts — must far transcend,
And boast a higher, purer worth,
Than common homage can pretend;
For thoughts and feelings with it blend,
Which have their origin above!
And ever to their birth-place tend,
Whose loyalty is based on love.

Then may this coming year — to THEE,
And THINE, with every good be fraught;
From shore to shore, from sea to sea,
May seeming ill be overwrought,
And into such subjection brought,
By Him who loves to guard the right,
That skies now dark to boding thought,
May round thee beam in cloudless light.

"NO MAN THAT WARRETH ENTANGLETH HIMSELF WITH THE AFFAIRS OF THIS LIFE, THAT HE MAY PLEASE HIM WHO HATH CHOSEN HIM TO BE A SOLDIER."—2 TIMOTHY ii. 4.

He who would win a warrior's fame,
Must shun, with ever watchful aim,
Entangling things of life;
His couch the earth, heaven's arching dome
His airy tent,—his only home
The field of martial strife.

Unwearied by the battle's toil,
Uncumber'd by the battle's spoil,
No dangers must affright;
Nor rest seduce to slothful ease;
Intent alone his chief to please,
Who call'd him forth to fight.

Soldier of Christ, if thou would'st be
Worthy that epithet, stand free
From time's encumb'ring things;
Be earth's enthralments fear'd, abhorr'd;
Knowing thy Leader is the Lord,
Thy Chief the King of kings!

THE BIBLE.

Lamp of our feet! whereby we trace
Our path, when wont to stray;
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace!
Brook by the traveller's way!

Bread of our souls! whereon we feed;
True manna from on high!
Our guide, and chart! wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky.

Pillar of fire — through watches dark!
Or radiant cloud by day!
When waves would whelm our tossing bark —
Our anchor and our stay!

Pole-star on life's tempestuous deep!
Beacon! when doubts surround
Compass! by which our course we keep;
Our deep sea-land, to sound!

Riches in poverty! our aid
In every needful hour!
Unshaken rock! the pilgrim's shade;
The soldier's fortress tower!

Our shield and buckler in the fight!
Victory's triumphant palm!
Comfort in grief! in weakness, might!
In sickness, Gilead's balm!

Childhood's preceptor! manhood's trust!
Old age's firm ally!
Our hope — when we go down to dust,
Of immortality!

Pure oracles of Truth Divine!
Unlike each fabled dream
Given forth from Delphos' mystic shrine,
Or groves of Academe!

Word of the Ever-living God!
Will of His glorious Son!
Without Thee how could earth be trod?
Or heaven itself be won?

Yet to unfold thy hidden worth,
Thy mysteries to reveal,
That SPIRIT which first gave thee forth
Thy volume must UNSEAL!

And we, if we aright would learn
The wisdom it imparts,
Must to its heavenly teaching turn
With simple, child-like hearts!

THE springs of life are failing one by one,
And Age with quicken'd step is drawing nigh;
Yet would I heave no discontented sigh,
Since cause for cold ingratitude is none.
If slower through my veins life's tide may run,
The heart's young fountains are not wholly dry;
Though evening clouds shadow my noontide sky,
Night cannot quench the spirit's inward sun!
Once more, then, ere the eternal bourn be pass'd,
Would I my lyre's rude melody essay;
And, while amid the chords my fingers stray,
Should Fancy sigh — "These strains may be its last!"
Yet shall not this my mind with gloom o'ercast,
If my day's work be finish'd with the day!

VERSES TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

If, long ere this, no lay of mine,
Has been to thee devoted,
'T is not because such worth as thine
Has idly pass'd unnoted.

To charms more transient, tribute due
Has oft been idly chanted;
And auburn locks, or eyes of blue,
Have gain'd what folly wanted!

To beauty's song and beauty's smile
My Muse has homage render'd;
And unto many a trifling wile
Some trifling meed has tender'd.

In praising such, my short-lived song
Did all that I desired it;
It lived, perchance, about as long
As that which first inspired it.

Not such, my friend, the song for thee;
Did I that lyre inherit,
Which Cowper woke, its strings should be
Responsive to thy merit.

Thou art not one whose path has been
  Strew'd but with summer roses;
With sky above of blue serene,
  Which never storm discloses.

Who tread *such* paths, with graceful glee,
  May cull what clusters round them;
And, fading, may to memory be
  Just like the flowers that crown'd them.

But in the bloom of youth to tread
  As through a desert dreary;
With much to harass heart and head,
  To harass and to weary;

So circumstanced, to cultivate
  Each flower that leisure graces;
And thus to find, in spite of fate,
  Sweet spots in desert places:

To do all this, and still to be,
  In social life, a woman
From half thy sex's follies free,
  Is merit far from common.

THE lamp will shed a feeble glimmering light,
When the sustaining oil is nearly spent;
The small stars twinkle in the firmament.
And the moon's paler orb arise on night,
When day has waned; the scathed tree, despite
Of age, look green, with ivy-wreaths besprent;
And faded roses yet retain a scent,
When death has made them loveless to the sight.
So linger on, as seeming loth to die,
Light, colour, sweetness; thus unto the last
The poet o'er his worn-out lyre will cast
A nerveless hand, and still new numbers try;
Not unrewarded, if its parting sigh
Seem like the lingering echo of the past.

JACOB WRESTLING.

"And he said, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me."—GENESIS xxxii. 26.

NOBLE words, heroic vow,
Worthy imitation;
Meet to waken, even now,
Holy emulation.

Seed of Jacob! you who share
Aught of Israel's spirit,
Wrestle thus in fervent prayer,
Blessing to inherit.

Prayer, surpassing human might;
Prayer, heaven's holy portress;
Prayer, the saint's supreme delight,
Prayer, the sinner's fortress.

Prayer and faith can joy impart,
Joy beyond expressing,
And call down upon the heart
Israel's richest blessing.

WINTER EVENING DITTY.

FOR A LITTLE GIRL.

'Tis dark and cold abroad, my love, but warm and bright within,
So ransack o'er thy treasured store, and evening's sports begin;
Thy playthings, what an endless list! thy dolls, both great and small;
Empty thy Lilliputian hoard, and let us see them all.

There's not a king who wears a crown, nor miser hoarding pelf,
More absolute and rich than thou, my little sportive elf;
Those dolls thy docile subjects are, that footstool is thy throne.
And all the wealth which mammon boasts is worthless to thy own.

Or must it be a living thing, to please thy fancy now,
There 's puss, although she looks so grave, as fond of play as thou;
Who patiently submits to sports which common cats would tire,
Contented, if she can but keep her post beside the fire.

She quietly consents to be in baby garments drest,
Or, in thy little cradle rock'd, as quietly will rest;
I know not which most happy seems when mirthful is your air,
Nor could I find a puck, or puss, with either to compare.

But if a graver mood be thine — with needle and with thread —
When sport grows dull, e'en give it o'er, and play at work instead;
Yet much I doubt, though sage thy look, and busy as a bee,
Whether that fit of sempstress-ship will long suppress thy glee.

But hark! I hear the curfew-bell—thy little eyes grow dim;
Put by thy work, dolls, toys, and all — and say thy evening hymn:
'T is said! now bid us all farewell, kiss dear mamma — and then
Sweet sleep and pleasant dreams be thine till morning dawn again.

"AND THE BARREL OF MEAL WASTED NOT, NEITHER DID THE CRUSE OF OIL FAIL, ACCORDING TO THE WORD OF THE LORD, WHICH HE SPAKE BY ELIJAH."—1 KINGS xvii. 16.

How rich is poverty's scant hoard,
When God hath bless'd its lot!
How poor the heaps that wealth has stored,
If He hath bless'd them not!—
Witness proud Ahab's regal dome,
And the poor widow's humble home.

There dwelt she, with sufficient food
For nature's simple calls;
While fear and caution sentries stood
Beside the monarch's walls:—
Her cruse by power unseen was fed,
Her meal supplied their daily bread.

Is there no cruse whose store should feed
Devotion's hallow'd fire?
No living bread, whose daily need
Our deathless souls require?
Are there not seasons when we sigh
In secret o'er our scant supply?

Be ours the faith the widow knew,
When she the seer supplied,
So shall we own the promise true,
God's goodness will provide;
The meal shall last, the cruse fail not
Till plenty be our spirits' lot.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD OF EXTRAORDINARY ENDOWMENTS AND PIETY.

It is not length of years which lends
The brightest loveliness to those
Whose memory with our being blends,
Whose love within our bosom glows.

The age we honour standeth not
In locks of snow, or length of days;
But in a life which knows no spot,
A heart which heavenly wisdom sways.

For wisdom taught by Heavenly Truth,
Unlike mere worldly wisdom, finds
Its full maturity in youth,
Its antitype in infant minds.

Thus was this child made early wise,
Wise as those sages who, from far,
Beheld at once in Bethlehem's skies
The new-born Saviour's herald star.

No more could learning do for them
Than guide them in the path they trod;
And the same star of Bethlehem
Led this child's spirit to his God.

Well may his memory be dear,
Whose loss is still its sole alloy;
Whose happy lot dries every tear
With holy hope and humble joy.

"The brightest star in Morning's host"
Is that which shines in twilight skies;
"Scarce ris'n, in brighter beams 't is lost,"
And vanishes from mortal eyes.

Its loss inspires a brief regret,
Its loveliness is unforgot;
We know full well 't is shining yet,
Although we may behold it not.

TO THE "BERNARD BARTON" SCHOONER.

Glide gently down thy native stream,
And swell thy snowy sail
Before fair April's morning beam,
And newly waken'd gale.

Thine onward course in safety keep,
By favouring breezes fann'd,
Along the billows of the deep
To Mersey's distant strand.

Thou bearest no such noble name
As all who read may know;
But one at least that well may claim
The blessing I bestow.

That name was given to honour me
By those with whom I dwell;
And cold indeed my heart would be
Did I not speed thee well.

Not all the glory those acquire,
Who far for glory roam,
Can match the humble heart's desire
For love fulfill'd at home.

BIRTH-DAY VERSES;

AT SIXTY-FOUR.

TIME, that, as he travels past,
Seems sometimes slow and sometimes fast,
Swift as bird, when all looks bright,
Slow as snail, in sorrow's night;
Time, that, with a little span,
Measures out the life of man,
And draws the limit at four-score,
Has brought me now to Sixty-four.

When, with retrospective eye,
Age considers days gone by,
And contrasts the dreams of youth
With the present's sterner truth,
In our outward, inward frame,
Scarcely we appear the same!
Yet the contrast why deplore?
Come it must at Sixty-four.

Fancy, painting all things bright,
Gay Hope, shedding cloudless light,
Sanguine ardour for all good,
In itself scarce understood,
Buoyant spirits, health robust,—
Such, with time, must yield their trust;
And with most their sway is o'er
Ere they come to Sixty-four.

Then the weary Fancy palls;
Sober Truth gay Hope enthrals;
Good — we would aspire to still,
Hopeless seems 'mid so much ill;
Buoyant spirits lose their sway;
Health declines, and must decay;
Till sad hearts sicken at the core,
Reviewing life at Sixty-four.

Yet this should not be the *end*
Unto which life ought to tend;
Such were but the bud, the bloom,
Of a morn that fear'd no gloom;
Bud and bloom should leave behind
Fruit to feed the immortal mind:
Spirit! count thine inward store;
Hast thou *none* at Sixty-four?

Is the past a barren void?
Hast thou suffer'd, and enjoy'd,
Loathed, and loved, and felt, and thought,
Yet from all hast gather'd nought,
Which, the flower now past and gone,
Thou canst inly feed upon?
Life has taught thee no true lore,
Lacking such at Sixty-four.

Though thy health and strength decline,
Though thy drooping spirits pine
Though full many a friend be fled,
And full many a loved one dead;
Thou art not left all alone,
O'er the past to make thy moan;
But *Achor's valley* IS a *door*
Of hope to thee — at Sixty-four.

Friends well-tried, and kindred dear,
Filial love — are left to cheer;
Sweetest memories of the past,
Fondly cherish'd to the last;
Hopes that soar, and thoughts that climb
Far beyond the verge of time;
Healing influence round thee pour,
And *call for* THANKS! — at Sixty-four.

Weariness will follow those
Who touch upon their journey's close;
But as the sun, though setting, burns
Still brightly, and to glory turns
The very clouds that round him roll;
So, even so, do thou, my soul,
With in-born radiance, more and more,
Illume the shades of Sixty-four.

Nay, let a yet Diviner power
Glorify thy latter hour:
Too long faithless and forlorn,
Earthly image thou hast borne;
Now that heavenly impress seek,
Which, when flesh is frail and weak,
Gives the soul new power to soar,
Eagle-wing'd — at Sixty-four.

ON THE GLORY DEPICTED ROUND THE HEAD OF THE SAVIOUR.

A BLAMELESS fancy it perchance might be
Which first with glory's radiant halo crown'd Thee;
Art's reverent homage, eager all should see
The majesty of Godhead beaming round Thee.

But if thine outward image had been such,
The glory of the inner God revealing,
What hand had dared thy vesture's hem to touch,
Though conscious even touch was fraught with healing!

More truly, but more darkly, prophecy
The form of thy humanity had painted;
One not to be desired of the eye,
A Man of sorrows, and with grief acquainted.

Saviour and Lord! if in thy mortal hour
Prophets and saints alone could tell thy story,
O how shall painter's art, or poet's power,
Describe Thee coming in thy promised glory!

TO A GRANDMOTHER.

"Old age is dark and unlovely." — Ossian.

O say not so! A bright old age is thine;
Calm as the gentle light of summer eves,
Ere twilight dim her dusky mantle weaves
Because to thee is given, in thy decline,
A heart that does not thanklessly repine
At aught of which the hand of God bereaves,
Yet all He sends with gratitude receives; —
May such a quiet thankful close be mine!
And hence thy fire-side chair appears to me
A peaceful throne — which thou wert form'd to fill;
Thy children, ministers who do thy will;
And those grand-children, sporting round thy knee,
Thy little subjects, looking up to thee
As one who claims their fond allegiance still.*

* "A good Sonnet. *Dixi.*" — C. Lamb.

I WALKED the fields at morning prime,—
The grass was ripe for mowing;
The sky-lark sang his matin chime,
And all the world was glowing.

I wander'd forth at noon,—alas,
On earth's maternal bosom
The scythe had left the withering grass,
And stretch'd the faded blossom.

Once more at eve abroad I stray'd,
Through lonely hay-fields musing,
While every breeze that round me play'd
The perfume was diffusing.

And so the "actions of the just,"
When memory has enshrined them,
Breathe upward from decay and dust,
And leave sweet scent behind them.

ON A

DRAWING OF NORWICH MARKET-PLACE,

BY COTMAN.—TAKEN IN 1807.

MOMENTS there are in which
We feel it is not good to be alone!
Shrined in our narrow niche,
As if we would all fellowship disown.

And least of all for me,
A poor recluse and book-worm, is it good
An alien thus to be,
Standing aloof from my own flesh and blood.

In desk-work through the day,
In minstrel labour to the noon of night,
I would not wear away
My sympathy with every social right.

In many an hour of thought,
And solitary musing mood of mind,
Good is it to be brought
Thus into intercourse with human kind.

To see the populous crowd
Who throng the busy market's ample space;
To hear their murmur loud,
And watch the workings of each busy face.

To let my Fancy roam,
As Fancy will, would we but grant her leave.
With each unto his home —
There finding what may glad the heart or grieve.

On all around to look,
With a true heart to feel and sympathize;
As reading in a book,
Those countless windows looking down like eyes

On the dense mass below —
O, who can guess what feelings past and gone,
Of varied weal or woe,
Throbb'd in the busiest there, or lookers on!

Needs there a graver thought
To give the motley scene more solemn power?
How quickly is it brought
By that old church's lengthen'd roof and tower!

It looks down on the scene
Where buyers — sellers — earn their daily bread;
Forming a link between
The busy living and the silent dead.

And ever and anon,
High above all that hubbub's mingled swell,
For some one dead and gone
Is heard its deep sonorous funeral bell.

Thirty-eight years gone by
Thus did this motley moving medley look;
And still unto mine eye
It utters more than any printed book.

THE SPIRITUAL LAW.*

"But the word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth, and in thy heart, that thou mayest do it."—DEUT. xxx. 14.

SAY not the Law Divine
Is hidden from thee, or afar removed:
That Law within would shine,
If there its glorious light were sought and loved.

* "I am particularly pleased with the 'Spiritual Law.' It reminded me of Quarles, and holy Mr. Herbert, as Izaak Walton calls him — the two best, if not only, of our devotional poets; though some prefer Watts, and some Tom Moore."—C. LAMB.

Soar not on high,
Nor ask who thence shall bring it down to earth;
That vaulted sky
Hath no such star, didst thou but know its worth.

Nor launch thy bark
In search thereof upon a shoreless sea,
Which has no ark,
No dove to bring this olive-branch to thee.

Then do not roam
In search of that which wandering cannot win:
At home, at home
That word is placed, thy mouth, thy heart within.

O, seek it there,
Turn to its teachings with devoted will;
Watch unto prayer,
And in the power of faith this love fulfil.

SONNET.

THE night seems darkest ere the dawn of day
Rises with light and gladness on its wings:
And every breaker that the ocean flings
To shore before the tempest dies away,
Some sign of wreck or token of dismay,
Awakening thoughts of death and ruin, brings.
But he whose spirit resolutely clings
To his best hopes, on these his mind can stay.
Faith, humble faith, can doubt and fear defy;
For every wound it bears a healing balm,
Turns sorrow's moan into thanksgiving's psalm;
And those who trust in God when storms are high,
And waves are rough, and starless is the sky,
Shall sing his praise in the eternal calm.

VISION OF AN OLD HOME.

Straight before me rose
A house where all was hush'd in calm repose;
For 't was a summer morning, bright and fair,
And none of human kind were near me there.
Before the house there were some lofty trees,
Whose topmost branches felt the morning breeze
And glisten'd in the sunbeams; these among
Were numerous rooks attending on their young,
Whose clamorous cawings, as they hover'd round,
Seem'd to my ear like Music's sweetest sound.
Below, before the house, there was a space,
Where in two rows were set, with bloomy grace,
Orange and lemon trees; which to the sun
Open'd their fragrant blossoms every one;
And round them bees all busily were humming,
Cheerily to their morning labours coming: —
And in the centre of each space beside,
An aloe spread its prickly leaves with pride.

* * * * *

Now in the garden of that house I stray'd,
Its flowers, its mossy turf, its walks survey'd;

Explored each nook and roam'd through each recess
With pleasure and light-hearted carelessness:
Nor was it long before I found a walk
Where I might meditate alone or talk;—
A grassy walk, with lime trees on one side,
Bordering a pond which yet they did not hide;
For here and there upon its rippling bosom
The water-lily oped her dewy blossom;
And, at the end of this sweet walk I found
A grotto, where I listen'd to the sound
Of turtle-doves, which in a room above,
Were tremulously telling tales of love.

TO FELICIA HEMANS.

Much do I owe thee for the passing gleams
Of verse, along my weary pathway thrown:
Musical verse, that came like sound of streams
Heard from afar, and in whose silver tone
My soul the happy melodies could own
That gladden'd childhood—like the softest breeze
Breathing at eve from leafy copses lone,
Mix'd with the song of birds, and hum of bees,
With deeper notes between like sounds of mighty seas.

THE SQUIRREL.

(FOR A CHILD'S BOOK.)

THE squirrel is happy, the squirrel is gay,
Little Henry exclaim'd to his brother,
He has nothing to do or to think of but play,
And to jump from one bough to another.

But William was older and wiser, and knew
That all play and no work would n't answer,
So he ask'd what the squirrel in winter must do,
If he spent all the summer a dancer.

The squirrel, dear Harry, is merry and wise,
For true wisdom and mirth go together;
He lays up in summer his winter supplies,
And then he don't mind the cold weather.

IT is a glorious summer eve, and in the glowing west,
Pillow'd on clouds of purple hue, the broad sun sinks to rest;
From me his radiant orb is hid behind the towering cliff,
But brightly fall his parting beams on yonder seaward skiff.

An hour it is when memory wakes, and turns to former years,
And lives along the travell'd line of parted hopes and fears;
A time when buried joys and griefs arise and live again,
Those sober'd in their happiness, these soften'd in their pain.

PLAYFORD.

Upon a hill-side green and fair
  The happy traveller sees
White cottages peep here and there
  Between the tufts of trees;
With a white farm-house on the brow,
And an old grey Hall below
  With moat and garden round;
And on a Sabbath wandering near
Through all the quiet place you hear
  A Sabbath-breathing sound
Of the church-bell slowly swinging
  In an old grey tower above
The wooded hill, where birds are singing
  In the deep quiet of the grove;—
And when the bell shall cease to ring,
And the birds no longer sing,
And the grasshopper is heard no more,
  A sound of praise, of prayer,
Rises along the air,
Like the sea murmur from a distant shore.

SONNETS TO BURSTAL.*

I. BERRY'S HILL.

WHO gave this spot the name of Berry's Hill?
I know not, and in sooth care not to know;
For names, like fashions, often come and go
By mere caprice of arbitrary will;
But 't is a lovely spot — enough of skill
Hath been employ'd to make it lovelier show,
Yet not enough for art to overthrow
What Nature meant should be her livery still.
That gleaming lakelet sparkling in the ray
Of summer sunshine; these embowering trees,
Rustled each moment by the passing breeze;
And those which clothe with many-tinted spray
Yon wooded heights; green meads with flowerets gay;
Each gives to each yet added powers to please.

---

* These eight sonnets were composed during a day's visit to the village of Burstal, near Ipswich, in some grounds belonging to John Alexander.

II.

THE SEAT AT BERRY'S HILL.

It was a happy thought, upon the brow
Of this slight eminence, abrupt and sheer,
This artless seat and straw-thatch'd roof to rear;
Where one may watch the labourer at his plough;
Or hear well-pleased, as I am listening now,
The song of wild birds falling on the ear,
Blended with hum of bees, or, sound more drear,
The solemn murmur of the wind-swept bough.
Tent-like the fabric — in its centre stands
The sturdy oak, that spreads his boughs on high
Above the roof: while to the unsated eye
Beauteous the landscape which below expands,
Where grassy meadows, richly cultured lands
With leafy woods and hedge-row graces vie.

III.

THE SAME SCENE.

It were, methinks, no very daring flight
Unto a poet's fond imagination,
To make this tent a prouder habitation;
Where Nature's worshipper and votary might,
With each appropriate and simple rite,
Bow to her charms, in quiet adoration
Of Him who meant his visible creation
Should minister to more than outward sight.
O then this tent-like seat might well become
A temple — more befitting prayer or praise
Than the mere listless loiterer's idle gaze;
And if it struck the sordid worldling dumb,
Proving of Nature's charms the countless sum,
'T were not less worthy of the poet's praise.

IN THE SHRUBBERY NEAR THE COTTAGE.

Fair Earth, thou surely wert not meant to be
  Time's show-room; but the glorious vestibule
  Of scenes that stretch beyond his sway and rule,
Or that of aught we now can hear or see.
For he who most intently looks at thee,
  Must be a novice e'en in Nature's school —
  In one far higher a more hopeless fool,
To go no further with her master-key!
  Beautiful as thou art, thou art no more
Than a faint shadow or a glimmering ray
Of beauty, glory, ne'er to pass away;
  Nor thankless is thy minstrel, at three-score,
  While he can revel in thy beauteous store,
To look beyond thy transitory day.

V.

THE BURSTAL LAKELET.

THE dweller on Ullswater's grander shore,
Or Keswick's, would deny thee any claim
Even to bear a lakelet's borrow'd name,
Of thy small urn so scanty seems the store.
And such would doubtless scout the poet's lore,
Who one poor sonnet should presume to frame
In celebration of thy humble fame,
Although to theirs he could award no more.
Yet all the pomp and plenitude of space
They boast, can but reflect the wider scene
Of beauty round; as lovely is the sheen
Of thy clear mirror, in which now I trace
The soften'd impress and the heighten'd grace
Of earth and sky both silent and serene.

VI.

THE TWO OAKS.

THERE are among the leafy monarchs round,
Trees loftier far than you, of ampler size,
And likelier to attract a stranger's eyes,
With sylvan honours more superbly crown'd.
And yet in you a higher charm is found
And purer — to our sweetest sympathies,
Than all that Nature's lavish hand supplies
To others, growing on this fairy ground.
Ye are mementos of a wedded pair,
Once wont this loved familiar scene to tread —
Death, which has lowly laid one honour'd head,
Has but conferr'd on you an added share
Of love and interest, since to us you are
Memorials of the living and the dead.

VII.

EVENING IN THE VALLEY.

"EARTH has not anything to show more fair."
So Wordsworth sang what time he made his theme
The bridge that arches Westminster's proud stream;
Yet had he seen this lovely valley wear
The lingering brightness day hath yet to spare,
Each lengthening shadow and each sunny gleam,
Silent in all their changes as a dream,
He might have doubted which the palm should bear.
And now calm evening draws her curtain grey
Over the melting twilight's mellower flush;
But for the brightly glowing roseate blush
That tinges still the west, it fades away;
And Nature owns the meek and gentle sway
Of pensive Twilight's uuiversal hush.

VIII.

BURSTAL, IN THE FOUR SEASONS.

How sweet it were, methinks, to sojourn here
And watch the seasons in their changeful flight:
To see the Spring bedeck with wild-flowers bright
The valley and those swelling uplands near;
To mark the Summer in her blithe career
Bursting in full luxuriance on the sight
And matron Autumn re-assert her right
To crown with harvest-boons the circling year.
Nor undelightful would it be, I ween,
At Christmas here to trim the cottage fire,
Pore o'er the lay or tune the Muse's lyre,
What time rude Winter, with his sterner mien,
In spotless snow array'd the alter'd scene,
And hush'd in stillness all the woodland choir.

RETIREMENT AND PRAYER.

"And he withdrew himself into the wilderness and prayed."—Luke v. 16.

If thus our Lord himself withdrew,
Stealing at times away,
E'en from the loved, the chosen few,
In solitude to pray,
How should his followers, frail and weak,
Such seasons of retirement seek!

Seldom amid the strife and din
Of sublunary things,
Can spirits keep their watch within,
Or plume their heaven-ward wings;
He must dwell deep, indeed, whose heart
Can thus fulfil true wisdom's part.

Retirement must adjust the beam,
And prayer must poise the scales,
Our Guide, Example, Head supreme,
In neither lesson fails;
Oh, may we in remembrance bear,
He sought retirement,—practised prayer!

IN CŒLO QUIES.

Not in this weary world of ours
Can perfect rest be found;
Thorns mingle with its fairest flowers,
Even on cultured ground;
A brook — to drink of by the way,
A rock — its shade to cast,
May cheer our path from day to day,
But such not long can last;
Earth's pilgrim, still, his loins must gird
To seek a lot more blest;
And this must be his onward word,—
"In heaven, alone, is rest."

This cannot be our resting-place!
Though now and then a gleam
Of lovely nature, heavenly grace,
May on it briefly beam:
Grief's pelting shower, Care's dark'ning cloud,
Still falls, or hovers near;
And sin's pollutions often shroud
The light of life, while here.
Not till it "shuffle off the coil"
In which it lies deprest,
Can the pure spirit cease from toil;—
"In heaven, alone, is rest!"

Rest to the weary anxious soul,
That, on life's toilsome road,
Bears onward to the destined goal
Its heavy galling load;
Rest unto eyes that often weep
Beneath the day's broad light,
Or oftener painful vigils keep
Through the dark hours of night!
But let us bear with pain and care,
As ills to be redrest,
Relying on the promise fair,—
"In heaven there will be rest!"

THE END.

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